# RADIO MIRROR

February

25¢

ALICE FAYE

How I Bring Up Phil Harris — By ALICE FAYE

# Blankness or Beauty—

## IT'S UP TO YOU!

Of course you use flattering face powder and just the right lipstick. But do you neglect your most important feature—your *eyes*? Smart, modern girls are realizing that when make-up stops with just a nice complexion and brilliant red lips, neglected eyes appear dull and drab by contrast.

It's so easy to give your eyes *their* full share of beauty-magic—with MAYBELLINE! A few simple brush strokes of this famous Mascara will make your lashes look naturally dark, long, sweeping. And it's so easy to shape your brows gracefully with the soft, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Then behold the difference! Your eyes are so much lovelier! Your entire face is more attractive, for your make-up is perfectly balanced—*completely* flattering.

So never, never forget to accent your eyes, daytime or evening. Only be sure you use MAYBELLINE, the eye make-up in good taste—preferred by smart women everywhere.

MAYBELLINE CAKE MASCARA in smart gold-tone metal vanity, $1. Refills, 50c. Shades: Black, Brown, Blue. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.)

MAYBELLINE CREAM MASCARA (applied without water) comes in handy leatherette case, $1. (Also in 25c and 10c sizes.) Shades: Black, Brown, Blue.

MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL, soft, smooth quality, fine point—so easy to use! Purse size, 10c. Professional size, 25c. Shades: Black, Dark Brown and Light Brown.

MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW in subtle shades of Blue, Brown, Blue-gray, Green, Violet, Gray.

**Maybelline**

WORLD'S FAVORITE EYE MAKE-UP

# "Party line out of order, Honey?"

**GIRL:** What do you mean, *party* line? I *never* get a buzz to go to a party. As far as men are concerned, this is strictly a dead wire!

**CUPID:** For whom the bell doesn't toll, eh? Well, Gloom Child, didn't it ever occur to you that the big-time operators like their party girls equipped with dazzling smiles?

**GIRL:** And where do I phone for one of *those?* I brush my teeth—but *regularly.* And I *still* wind up with the same old wrong-number smile!

**CUPID:** Hmmmm . . . Been noticing any "pink" on your tooth brush these days?

**GIRL:** Uh-huh—the *loveliest* shade of pink you ever—

**CUPID:** For your information, Cookie, that "pink" means *see your dentist.* Could be serious. Or could be that soft foods are robbing your gums of exercise. In which case, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

**GIRL:** And—zing!—I get a smile that sparkles like sequins, I suppose?

**CUPID:** Listen, dateless-and-mateless: A sparkling smile depends so much on firm, healthy gums. So if your dentist advises Ipana and massage, pay attention! Get yourself an Ipana smile, Honey . . . and you'll have to get a switchboard to handle your calls!

Ipana

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

*For your Smile of Beauty*

**Follow your dentist's advice** about gum massage. Correct massage is so important to the health of your gums and the beauty of your smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in special cases, according to a recent national survey. Same survey shows dentists recommend and use Ipana 2 to 1 over any other tooth paste! *Help your dentist guard your smile of beauty!*

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**February, 1948**

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## *Coming Next Month*

**"I love my life, the way I live it," Peggy Lee will tell you.**

IF you've ever wondered what becomes of the large sums of money won by successfu contestants on quiz programs, you'll enjoy the feature in next month's Radio Mirror. The outstanding winners on Break the Bank since that program has been on the air pass in review and tell how an evening's experience affected their lives.

* * *

There's a grave and tender little love story, her own, by singer Peggy Lee, with a great deal in it about her husband, Dave Barbour, and their young daughter.

* * *

Two such diverse gentlemen as Walter Winchell and Arthur Godfrey appear in word-and-picture sketches, to each his own, of course. You'll know them both well when you've finished reading.

* * *

Of course you've heard the Bickersons. Their midnight-to-dawn squabbling is a Wednesday night feature. The story about them is even funnier, and complete with pictures of Frances Langford and Don Ameche, who created this acrimonious pair.

* * *

Living Portraits will bring you Wendy Warren, with a full-color portrait of Wendy and black-and-white pictures of the cast, taken against the fascinating background of a small town newspaper.

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I know a sweater is dynamite...

**I'm a safety-first girl with Mum**

Bright you are and right you are! When snug-fitting wool traps underarm odor, *other* girls catch the men! You play it smartly—help guard your charm with Mum!

Even in winter there's a heat wave under your arms. Odor can form without any noticeable moisture. *Everyone* should remember: a bath washes away *past* perspiration but Mum prevents risk of *future* underarm odor.

*Product of Bristol-Myers*

**Mum** safer for charm

**Mum** safer for skin

**Mum** safer for clothes

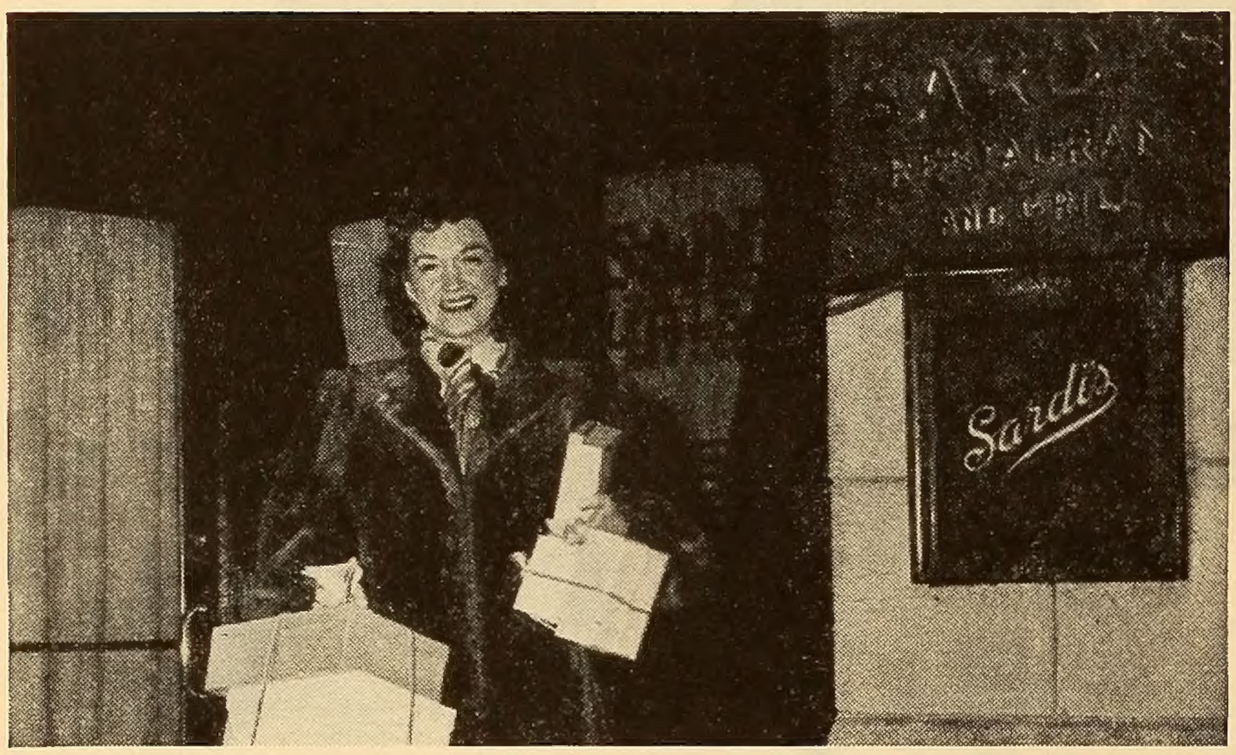
Mum checks perspiration odor, protects your daintiness and charm.

Because Mum contains no harsh or irritating ingredients. Snow-white Mum is gentle—harmless to skin.

No damaging ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

# Bill Slater GETS HIS Stories FROM THE STARS

Bill with columnist Paul Dennis, opera star Risë Stevens and Mrs. Evan Francis on the day a lucky listener to the Luncheon at Sardi's program had identified Risë's voice.




The lavish assortment of prizes were delivered by Risë herself.

Glamor in Brooklyn. Mrs. Vernon N. Mitchell receives her guests and gifts.

"IT'S like a magic carpet that whisks me away to a wonderland I never could enter alone." That's the way one woman listener enthusiastically described WOR's Luncheon At Sardi's program which every Monday through Saturday from 1:00 to 1:30 P.M. parades a bright company of celebrities to m.c. Bill Slater's microphone for intimate first-hand table chats on what's afoot in the world of the famed.

The stage screen, radio and sports stars who frequent the famed New York restaurant as well as authors, newspaper columnists and hosts of other celebrities evidently enjoy dropping tidbits of gossip about themselves and their careers when interviewed by Bill Slater.

Screen star Lizabeth Scott revealed that a luncheon at Sardi's was an especial thrill for her because she could remember many an earlier day, prior to her stardom, when she passed the famous restaurant without the price of a meal in her pocket.

Luncheon At Sardi's, always casual and friendly, reached new heights in informality recently when Gary Stevens, the program's director strolled up to the microphone with actor Basil Rathbone and drummer Gene Krupa. In answer to Bill's questions on jazz, Krupa gave a spirited demonstration of drumming techniques using Sardi's best silverware while the usually dignified Rathbone chimed in with a British-accented imitation of Jimmy Durante.

Slater's persuasive ability to get guests to let down their hair while on the air is a result of years of intensive news training. A West Point graduate, Class of 1924, and a former mathematics instructor at the New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, Bill is noted as one of the finest sports reporters and broadcasters in the business. Since his first broadcast years ago, when he reported a double-header ball game and talked from one in the afternoon until six in the evening, Bill has been interviewing celebrities of all kinds. Major football games, track meets and boxing bouts are also routine assignments to Slater who is especially noted for his coverage of the Olympic games at Berlin, the World Series, New Year's Day football broadcasts, and the annual 500-mile auto races at the Indianapolis Speedway. In addition to Luncheon At Sardi's, produced by Mina Bess Lewis, Bill is m.c. of Twenty Questions, quiz program heard over WOR and the Mutual network Saturdays from 8:00 to 8:30 P.M.

Slater's skillful questioning, however, has resulted in numerous amusing replies for listeners to Luncheon At Sardi's. With all Broadway wondering how much had been spent on the musical hit, "Allegro," Richard Rogers sat down at a Sardi table and revealed to Slater that the cost was $250,000, a bargain at current Broadway prices.

But there was one time when Bill, who usually gets the answers from others, found himself absolutely without a reply. Interviewing a successful magazine writer, Bill asked him why it was he seemed to show such an interest in the program. "That's easy to answer," replied the writer, "I've been getting half my ideas for magazine articles for the past year from replies given by your audience during the course of your program."

# Wet Feet? Sniffles? Look out for a COLD!

*Gargle*

# LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

*Quick!*

**"SECONDARY INVADERS"**

These are some types of the threatening germs that can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

WET FEET or cold feet or a sudden change of temperature may be all that is needed to reduce your resistance and enable the threatening germs called the "secondary invaders" to start a mass invasion of your throat tissues.

These "secondary invaders", according to some authorities, are responsible for so much of the misery associated with colds.

**What Listerine Antiseptic Does**

So, when you've been exposed, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at once, and continue it regularly. Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of those "secondary invaders". Used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, Listerine Antiseptic may help guard against the mass invasion of germs and head off the trouble before it gets a good start.

**A Remarkable Record**

If your cold has already started, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, repeated often, may help reduce the severity of the infection.

Bear in mind that tests made during a 12 year period revealed this impressive result: Those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

Make a habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night as a precaution against colds; and at the first sign of a cold increase the frequency of the gargle. It may spare you a lot of trouble.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
*St. Louis, Missouri*

**Tests made during a 12 year period showed**

**FEWER COLDS, MILDER COLDS for users of LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC**

# Colgate's New Deodorant

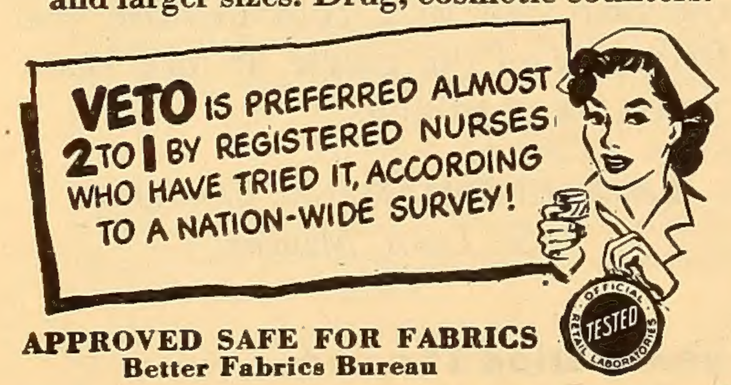
# Veto

## Safe for Skin! Safe for Clothes!

## Doubly Safe!

**Only VETO, No Other Deodorant, Contains Exclusive New Safety Ingredient—DURATEX**

To guard your loveliness, protect your charm—use VETO! Colgate's amazing new antiseptic deodorant checks perspiration, stops odor, yet is *doubly* safe! Safe for any normal skin! Safe for clothes! Only Veto contains *Duratex*, exclusive new safety ingredient—it's different from any deodorant you've used before. Use Colgate's Veto regularly to check perspiration, stop underarm odor *safely*. 10¢ and larger sizes. Drug, cosmetic counters.

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STAYS MOIST IN JAR! NEVER GRITTY OR GRAINY!


# *Take a look at the* RECORDS

By Joe Martin

Lena Horne discusses her latest release.

**VITAL VOCALS**

WOODY HERMAN (Columbia)—Woody feels very much at home in singing Frank Loesser's "A Tune For Humming"—just that—practically no words. Reverse is "Baby Have You Got A Little Love To Spare."

PEGGY LEE (Capitol)—If ever a husband and wife combination really "belonged" together, it's the Mr. and Mrs. Team of Peggy and Dave Barbour. It's just about impossible to decide whether the best of this platter is Peggy's vocal or Dave's guitar. The pairing, though, is perfect on "Golden Earrings."

DENNY DENNIS (London)—This English crooner could give lessons to many an American. His robust baritone voice makes for swooning in "It's The Bluest Kind Of Blues" and "Make Believe World." "Blues," by the way, is the most requested song on the American Forces Network's "Midnight In Munich."

EDDY HOWARD (Majestic)—"I'm A-Comin' A-Courtin' Corabelle" is the latest of Eddy's juke box specials. It'll make Howard fans and others happy.

LENA HORNE (MGM)—It was before her engagement in London, Paris and Mexico City that Miss Horne recorded this one. Her terrific personality is faithfully reproduced on "I Feel So Smoochie" and "Take Love Easy."

PERRY COMO (RCA-Victor)—The lad from Canonsburg, Pa. has learned to apply the Midas Touch to everything he records. "I Never Loved Anyone" is no exception. Only Perry could do it as well as this.

**DANCE DISCS**

XAVIER CUGAT (Columbia)—If Cugie's "Rumba Fantasy" sounds familiar, its probably because Rimsky-Korsakov wrote it as "Capriccio Espagnol." On this record it's good Cugat and that means good dancing.

ELLIOT LAWRENCE (Columbia)—"My, How The Time Goes By" is a capable dance arrangement by the young piano-playing maestro; smooth vocalizing by Rosalind Patton and Jack Hunter. For a lyric that may well start a craze, listen to the reverse, "Baby Boogie."

SY OLIVER (MGM)—The man who was responsible for so many wonderful Jimmy Lunceford and Tommy Dorsey arrangements pairs a ballad "Forsaking All Others" with a calypso, "Bread and Butter Woman," for fine results.

**ALBUM ARTISTRY**

SONGS YOU LOVE—Robert Merrill (RCA Victor): Bob's warm baritone caresses eight popular favorites. With Russ Case supplying the accompaniment, this set is full of tenderness and fervor as Bob switches from love songs to spirituals. The album includes "I'm Falling In Love With Someone," "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life," "Trees," "Always," and other favorites.

MUSIC BY CAMARATA—Camarata conducts the Kingsway Symphony Orchestra (London): After listening to this set of six sides, it's hard to believe that this very same Camarata played trumpet or arranged for such bands as Jimmy Dorsey, Charlie Barnet and Al Goodman. Standout in the album is the two-sided "Rumbalero," Camarata's own composition. Other discs are George Gershwin's "Prelude II," Grieg's "I Love Thee," "The Haunted Ballroom" and "Come Back To Sorrento."

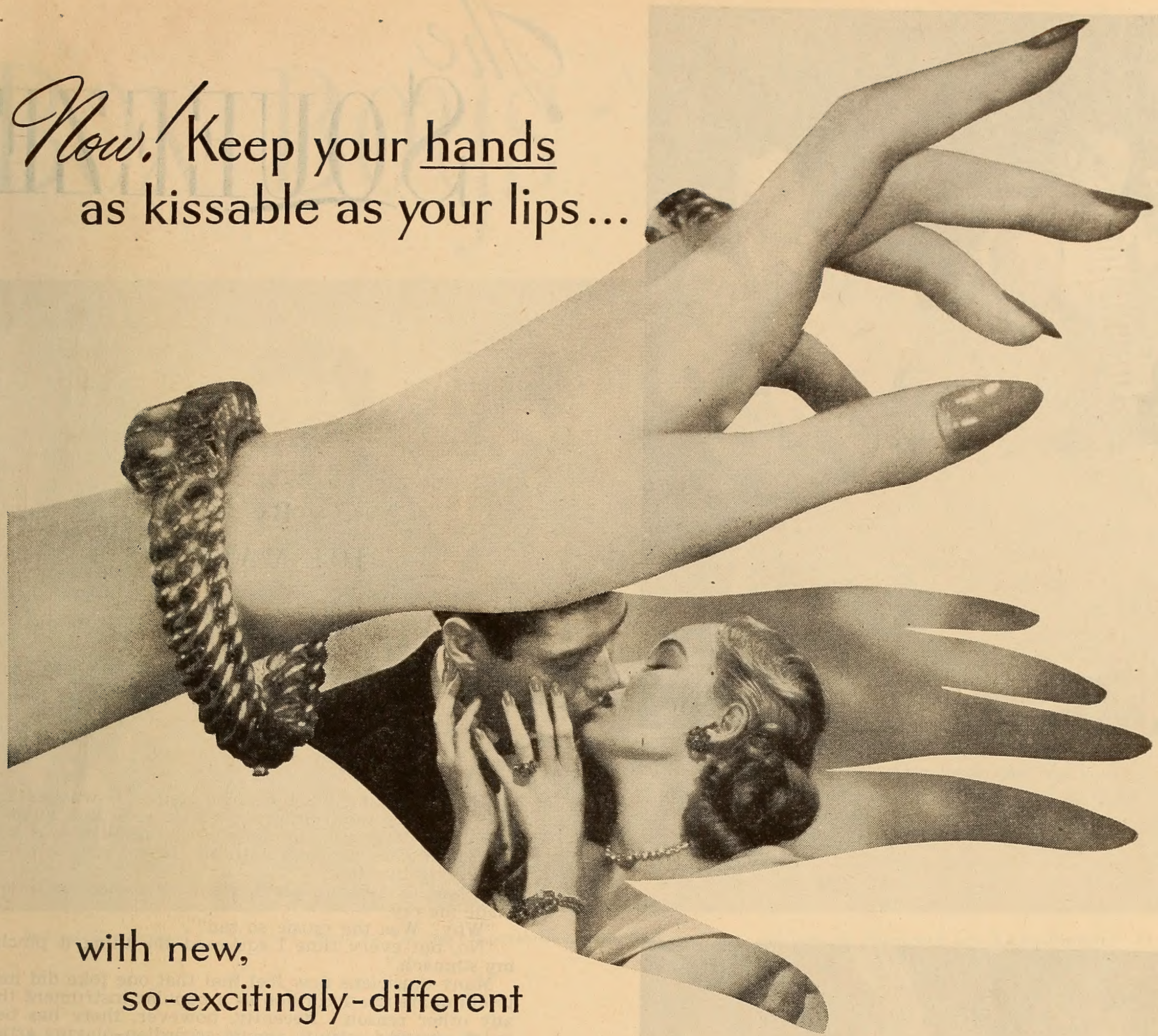
**JAZZ JAMBOREE**

BUSTER BENNETT TRIO (Columbia)—Back to back on this one you'll find "Mr. Bennett Blows" and "Hard Luck Blues." What Mr. Bennett blows so well is a saxophone. The blues side includes Buster's voice.

ARNETT COBB (Apollo)—Following the Illinois Jacquet pattern, Arnett is the latest tenor sax soloist to leave the Lionel Hampton band for bigger things. It's exciting, tricky, not too musical, but interesting listening. Meaningless titles are "Still Flyin'" and "Cobb's Idea."

**FACING the MUSIC**

# *Now!* Keep your hands as kissable as your lips...



with new,
so-excitingly-different

# Woodbury *Beauty-Blended* Lotion

**ACTUALLY 2-LOTIONS-IN-1**

**1. A softening lotion!** Quickly helps bring your hands adorable new softness. Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended with luxury *lanolin* and other costlier-than-usual skin-smoothing ingredients.

**2. A protective lotion, too.** This same Woodbury *beauty*-blend contains *protective* ingredients to help "glove" your hands against roughening, reddening wind and cold, the drying effect of soap and water.

**Your own lovelier hands** will tell you why more women are changing to Woodbury Lotion than to any other leading hand lotion. So different—Woodbury Lotion is beauty-blended to protect as it softens . . . feels so lovely-luscious. Creamy rich. (Never sticky or greasy.) At drug and cosmetic counters . . . 10c, 25c, 50c—plus tax.

*FREE!* **MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE**

Let your own hands tell you, in *one* week, that Woodbury Lotion is really new, wonderfully different.

Mail to Box 56, Cincinnati 14, Ohio
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.) (5014)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....
(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.)

**PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS . . .**
**CONTAINS LUXURY LANOLIN**

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF FAMOUS WOODBURY FACIAL SOAP AND OTHER AIDS TO LOVELINESS

# The SQUEEZE

By

JOE MARTIN

The Three Suns were early advocates of—and are still clinging to—the reliable "portable piano."

ABOUT the time when Charlie Magnante was featured on many radio programs as an accordion virtuoso, Zeke Manners, the New York hillbilly, was convulsing his listeners with an ancient joke. It went something like this:

"I had to give up playing my accordion because it made me cry."

"Why? Was the music so sad?"

"No, but every time I squeezed the thing it pinched my stomach."

Many musicians now feel that that one joke did more to eliminate the accordion as a popular instrument than any other reason. Recently, however, there has been much renewed activity among accordion-playing artists. Although the Three Suns, Lawrence Welk, Henri Rene, Shep Fields and scads of Western bands have continued to use the "portable piano," one Joe Mooney has done more for the accordion industry of late than even a government contract could have done.

Going back a few years, Shep Fields' "Rippling Rhythm" group, recently revived, featured the instrument with which we are presently concerned. The straw-and-bubble sound, however, did most of the rippling and got most of the publicity. Lawrence Welk's "Champagne Music" (those bubbles, again) has been heard and liked by thousands of dancers for oh, so many years. The Three Suns, using an accordion to good effect, feature their organ sound most of all. England, for years, has been enthusiastically supporting Primo Scala's Accordion Band. And, of course, who ever heard a good polka band that didn't have an accordion in its midst?

After playing piano in some of the big name bands and trying his facile hand at arranging, Joe Mooney took to the accordion one day in order to win a bet that he couldn't make it "swing." Joe did and won the bet. More, he won for himself a new sound. The sound stayed pretty much within Joe's heart and head, until he gave up everything to form the kind of group he dreamed about while on his back in a hospital bed for two years. In 1945, he gathered around him Andy Fitzgerald on clarinet, Gate Frega on bass and Jack Hotop on guitar and formed the quartet that has been called the

Joe Mooney took up the accordion to win a bet—won it and a niche for the Joe Mooney quartet.

# Box Boys

Ernie Filice devised a "full band" mute for voicing his accordion, organized a quartet, and brought listeners a new kind of music!

"greatest musical event since the original Benny Goodman band."

Oddly enough, Joe plays only half the accordion. His instrument is specially built and has no bass "buttons" for the left hand. His Decca records are selling well—and that's as it should be.

Out in Hollywood, not so long ago, a young fellow who had spent most of his life playing the accordion decided that his favorite instrument could play "full-band" style. Ernie Filice devised a special mute, practiced voicing his accordion as the brass, string or sax section of a full orchestra; and formed a quartet to play his new music. Since then, Ernie earned a Capitol contract for his foursome and has been featured on Benny Goodman records and all sorts of radio programs.

With the revival of interest in the accordion music schools report an influx of would-be Mooneys, Welks, and Filices. Who knows but what some enterprising young musician will find that he can best express himself with a zither, lute, or lyre? After all, Artie Shaw did use a harpsichord in his "Gramercy Five" and Nat "King" Cole played a nickelodeon on his "Harmony" record date with Johnny Mercer.

If, however, you still think that the accordion has to sound like a second-hand pipe organ, just listen to Joe Mooney, Ernie Filice, Milton De Lugg or Art Van Dam. These are men who use their instruments to express feelings, emotions and thoughts.

The pipe-organ type of accordionist, on the other hand, plays lots of notes, not one of which is noteworthy.

Champagne Music bubbles from the accordion of Lawrence Welk, sets dancers' spirits bubbling too.

# A Medal for "Mr. De Long"

We're heroes to the countless women who use DeLong Bob Pins . . . They fasten a medal on us every time they step up to the counter and ask for DeLong, *the Bob Pin with the Stronger Grip* . . . We're grateful, too. That's why we spare no effort to turn out a better Bob Pin, one made of stronger steel that keeps its snap and shape longer and stays in your hair dutifully.

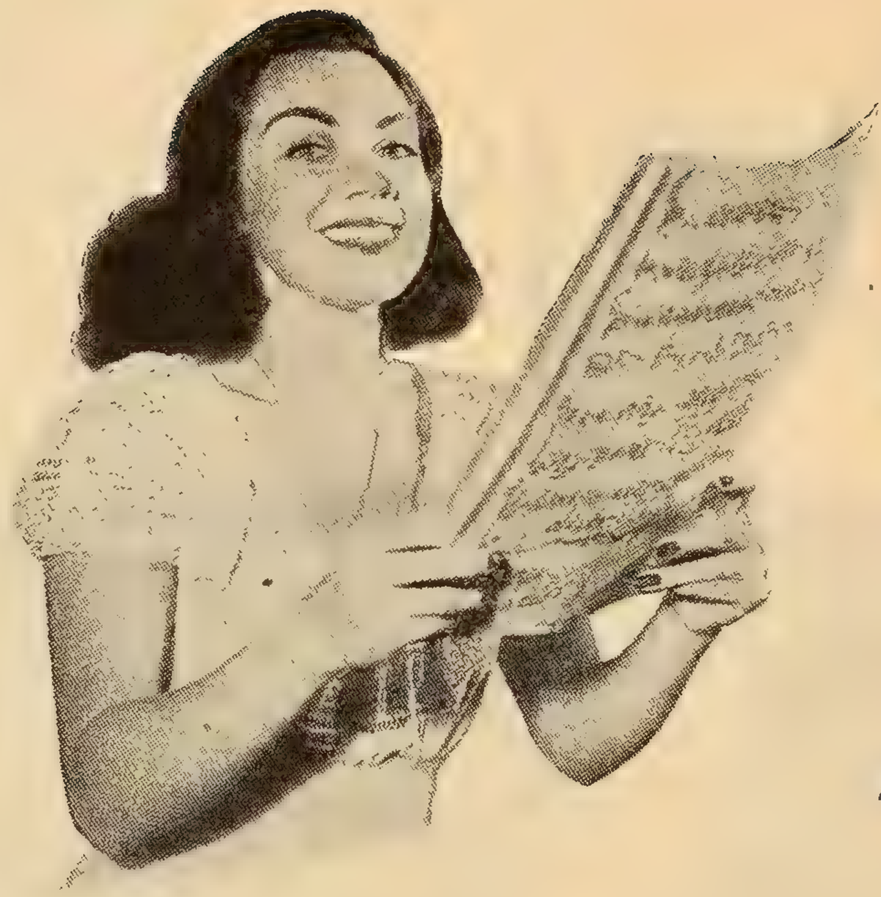
Always remember DeLong for—

## Stronger Grip

*Won't Slip Out*

*Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years*

BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS

# Now that YOU mention it

AT THE time this was written, songstress Kitty Kallen (*pretty* Kitty Kallen, as can be easily seen from the picture above) turned down an offer to appear on the Hit Parade with Frankie Boy because she much preferred to stay in New York after her marriage to publicist Budd Granoff.

* * *

When Vic Damone subbed for the ailing Frank Sinatra on a Hit Parade program a while back, it was the fulfillment of another of Vic's dreams. Last year, when Andy Russell was the Hit Parade star, young Vic was hired as stand-by. As the Mercury moaner puts it, "Andy was the healthiest singer I ever met. I never got on the show." Only after getting his own CBS program and starring at the Commodore Hotel, was Vic called upon to fill in for Frankie. It probably proves that everything comes to him who waits.

* * *

Happiest traveling musicians in the land are the men in the Harry James band. Betty's better-half rents a private Pullman car for the band when they're on the road. The boys use the car as a stationary hotel, too, whenever the railroad siding is near the ballroom in which they are playing.

* * *

If you're a close friend of Guy Lombardo's, you don't have to visit a zoo. For the bandleader has enough pets in his Freeport, Long Island, home to satisfy the curiosity of any average animal lover. The addition of an alley cat to the Lombardo menagerie brings the total to 62 animals. There's the cat, five dogs (four Dalmatians and one "plain dog"), fifty chickens, four love birds, one parrot and a monkey. Soft-hearted Guy bought the cat and two dogs right out of a pet shop window. Both dogs, says Guy, are so ugly that he knew if he didn't buy them, no one would. The cat looked so thin and hungry that he couldn't resist taking it home.

* * *

In his "Celtic Gems" album Apollo's Irish tenor, Frank Saunders, sounds as though he was actually from "the ould sod." Truth is that Frank has visited Eire, but is more talkative about his pre-vocalizing days as a painter on the Golden Gate Bridge, a gas station attendant in Montana and a cowboy in Wyoming.

* * *

If you've ever wondered how important a girl's figure is to her career as a singer, just listen to Lisa Kirk's lament. The beauteous Lisa stars in Broadway's "Allegro," singing "The Gentleman Is a Dope." Lisa's costume throughout the play is either a nurse's uniform or a bulky raincoat. As a model, however, Lisa was voted the girl with the most attractive figure by Publicity Photographers Association!

* * *

George Wettling, the famous Chicago jazz drummer, recently had an exhibition of his painting in New York. According to the experts he shows astonishing talent with the brush and pallette.

* * *

Off and on for the last few months, Paul Lavalle has been suffering from an occupational disease, deltoid bursitis (shoulder strain, in common language). No, not from waving a baton, but from helping the nurse lift his baby's carriage to get it in and out of the apartment house every day.

* * *

Apparently anything goes is the motto of publicity men. Example: one of Sam Donohue's stunts for the promotion of his recording of "Red Wing." Sam had a real Indian Chief in full regalia drop in, unannounced, on the local New York disc jockeys. And what d'you know? The Chief wound up with lots of plugs for the record and interviews on the air!

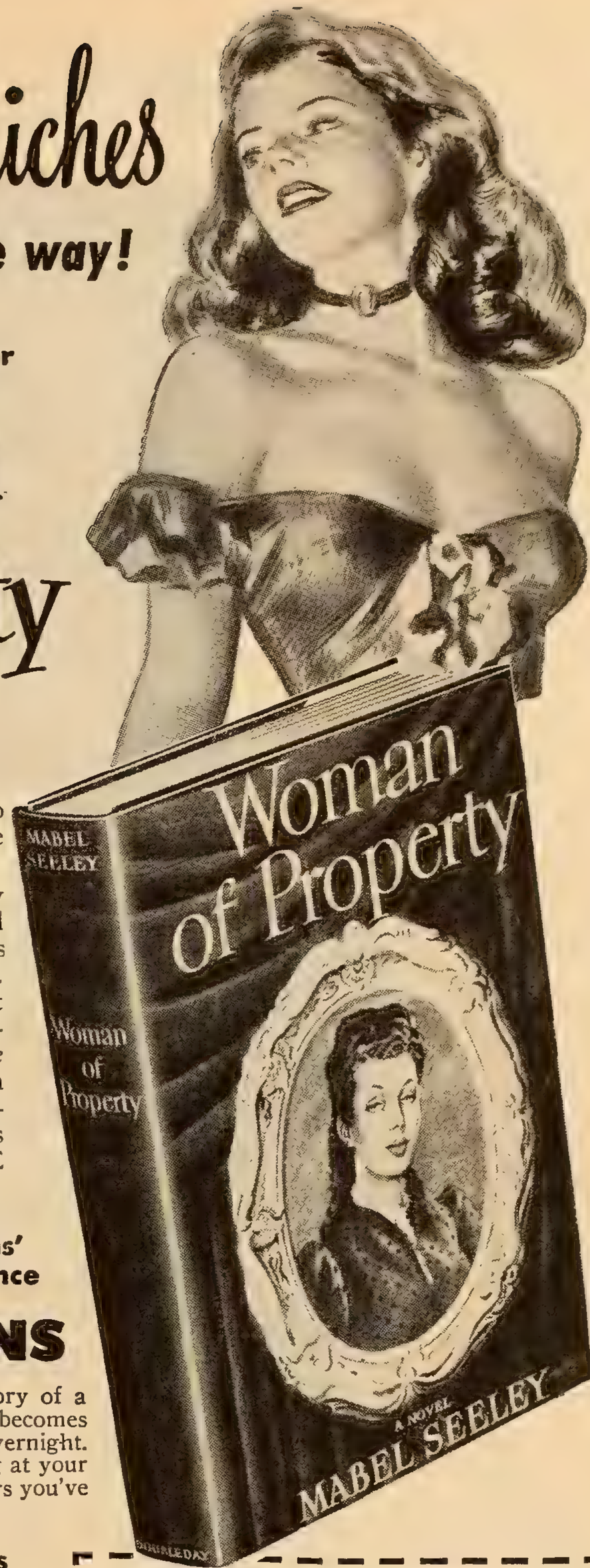
# She found a shortcut to riches

## ..but left a trail of sin and shame along the way!

This Sensational New Best-Seller

# Woman of Property

**by Mabel Seeley**




She was "fed up" with a life of poverty and drudgery. So Frieda vowed to become rich—and she didn't care how she did it. Later, when she blossomed out into an alluring, red-haired beauty men could not resist, she *knew* she had the answer!

One after another, she enslaved men with her wiles. She trapped one man, but he escaped. She soon found another victim. Then she married again and again—always for money. She lied, cheated, and stole. She threw love, decency, and honor to the winds. She found a shortcut to riches—but she left a trail of shame and betrayal along the way!

Here is the most sensational story published in years! You will be held spellbound by the unscrupulous wiles of this wilful, seductive heroine. "Very apt to be one of the most talked-about heroines of this season's fiction," says the *New York Times*. *"Woman of Property"* is a big best-seller—at $3.00 in the publisher's edition. But it is now yours FREE—as one of TWO FREE books on this amazing offer!

## -and you ALSO GET FREE Charles Dickens' Immortal Romance

# GREAT EXPECTATIONS

NOT only do you receive *Woman of Property* as a gift; you ALSO get FREE—the famous novel that is now a smash-hit movie, *Great Expectations*. Millions have laughed and cried at this heart-warming story of a penniless orphan boy who becomes a rich "gentleman" overnight. This glowing tale will tug at your heartstrings like few others you've ever read!

# BOTH BOOKS FREE With Membership in "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club"!

IT COSTS you nothing to join this Club. And every month (or less often, if you wish) you may receive the current Selection—a best seller by an author like J. P. Marquand, Ben Ames Williams, Steinbeck, Maugham, or Hemingway—a book selling for $2.50 and up in the publisher's edition. But you can get it for only $1.49, plus few cents shipping charges!

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You do NOT have to accept each monthly Selection; only *six of your own choice* during the year to fulfill your membership requirement. And each month the Club's "Review" describes *other* popular best-sellers; so that, if you prefer one of these to the *regular* Selection, choose it instead. No membership dues; no further cost or obligation.

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**YANKEE PASHA**—Romantic story of an American owner of a beautiful slave girl in Algeria.

**GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT**—Sensational best-seller that shocked the whole country. Now playing to packed movie houses.

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### *Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon Now*

Send coupon—without money—now. At once you will receive, FREE, *Woman of Property* AND *Great Expectations*. You will also receive, as your first Selection, the book you have chosen in the coupon here. Enjoy these three books—two absolutely FREE, the third at a bargain price.

When you realize that you can get popular best-sellers like these month after month at a tremendous saving—and that you ALSO get FREE Bonus Books of today's and yesterday's finest literature—you will understand why this IS "America's Biggest Bargain Book Club." Mail coupon—without money—now. **BOOK LEAGUE OF AMERICA, Dept. MWG2, Garden City, N. Y.**

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☐ UNCONQUERED ☐ GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT
☐ YANKEE PASHA ☐ THE SILVER NUTMEG

For every two monthly Selections I accept, I will receive, free, a BONUS BOOK. However, I do NOT have to accept each month's new Selection; only six of my own choice during the year to fulfill my membership requirement. Each month I will receive the Club's "Review," describing a number of other best-sellers; so that if I prefer one of them to the regular Selection, I may choose it instead. I am to pay only $1.49 (plus few cents shipping charges) for each Selection I accept. There are no membership dues for me to pay; no further cost or obligation.

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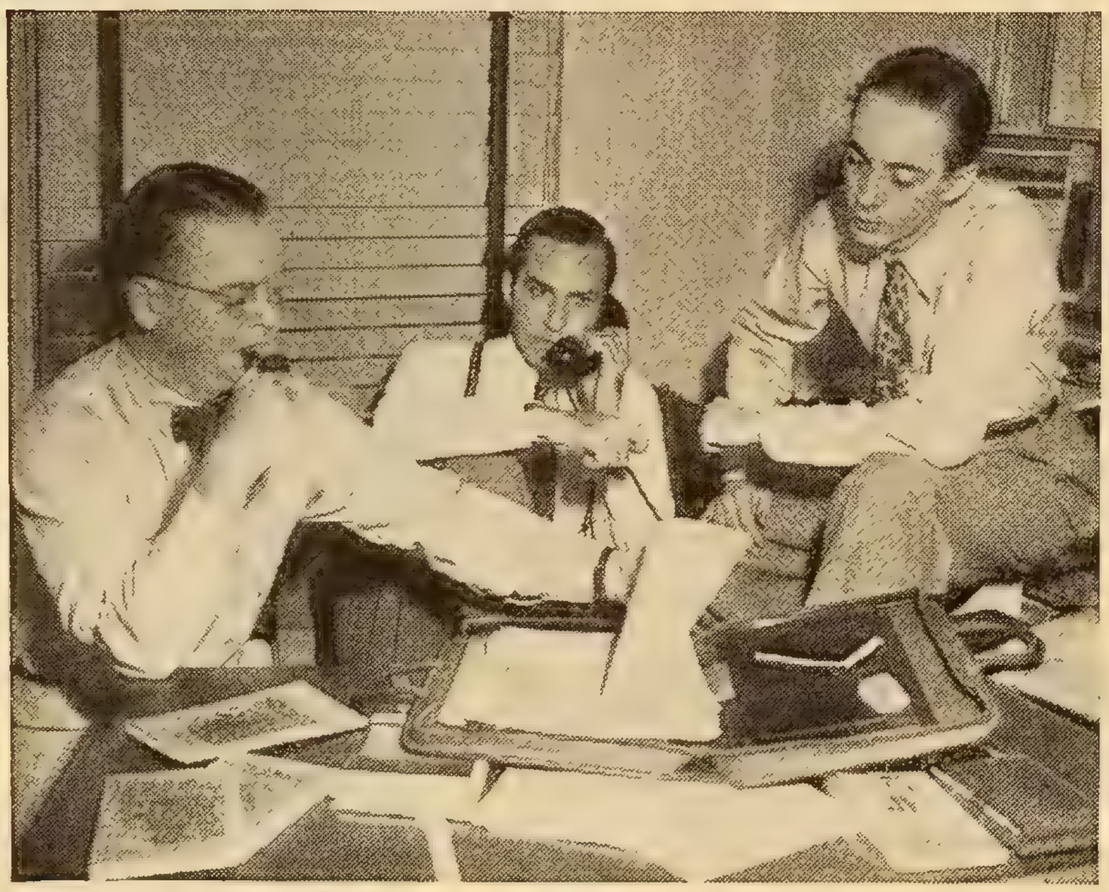
R
M

# What's

## FROM COAST TO COAST—

Screen's Joan Bennett with Jean Hersholt. He's celebrating his 10th year on the air.



George Faulkner, George Zachary and Howard Teichmann, who put together and produce the Ford Theater program.

From where Fred Astaire stands, that's no dance.

By DALE

★ RADIO

NOW that Dwight Weist's voice has become familiar in the m.c. spot on We, the People, this can be told. Weist won the permanent m.c.-ing job after Kate Smith turned down the sponsor's offer of the stint. Miss Smith turned it down, because the sponsor insisted on an audition appearance before signing radio's first lady.

* * *

In case you happen to have missed it, we think it's worth bringing this to your attention. Back in October, the Grand Lodge of Masons broke a long precedent and sponsored its first broadcast—in a good cause. For some time, now, the Masons have been waging a campaign to provide research and proper medical care for all persons suffering from rheumatic fever. The October broadcast announced the establishment of a "Masonic Foundation For Medical Research and Human Welfare," open to all races and creeds. This is a project which calls for public support to combat a disease which is a killer and about which very little is at present known.

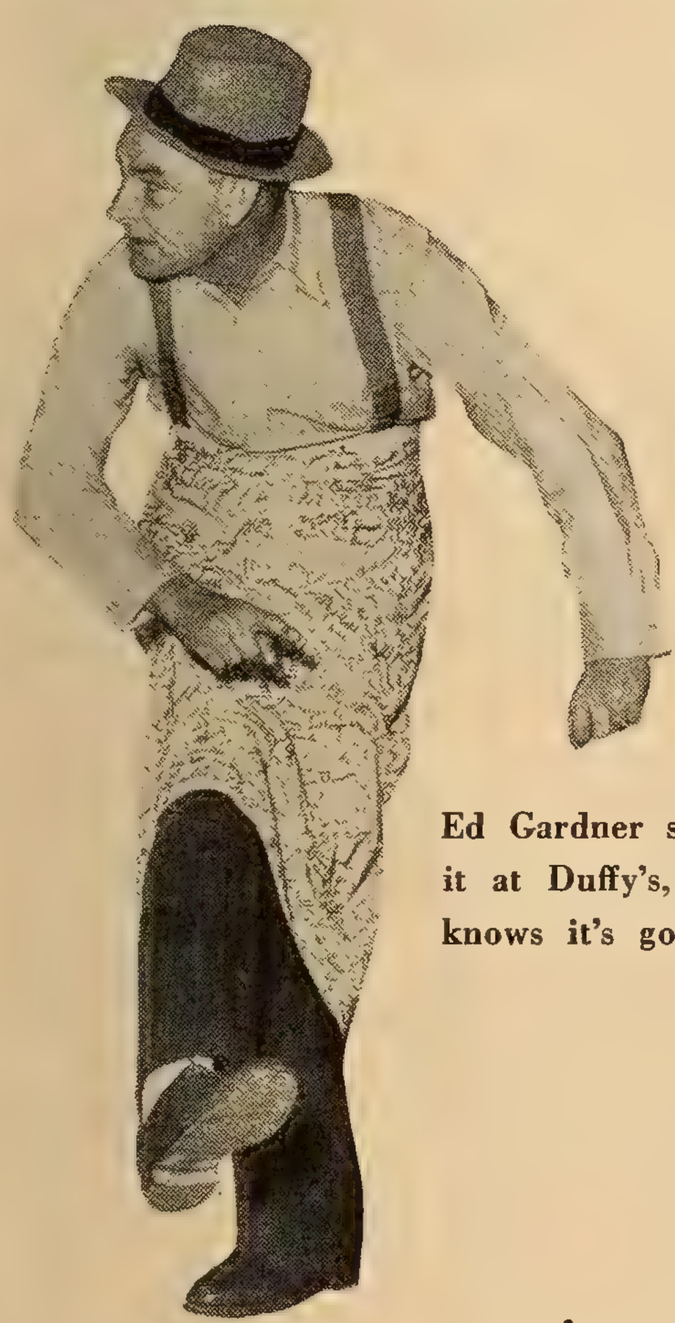
* * *

Gil Doud, co-scripter for the Scarlet Queen adventure series, has named the ship's crew Coulter, Crowder and Gordon —after the three Army camps where he was stationed during the war. What is it, Gil? Play therapy—like when kids act out in imaginary games the things that bother them and get rid of their troubles that way?

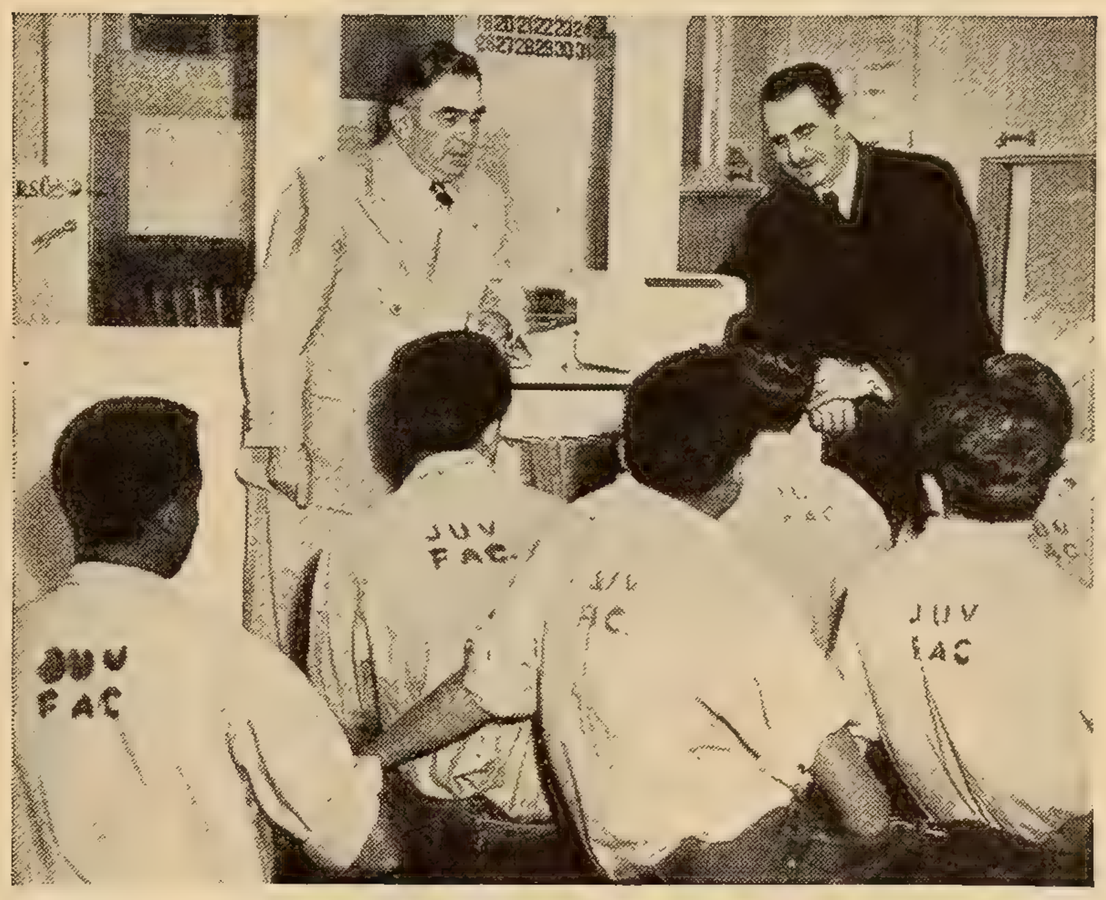
# New

## IN RADIO—IN TELEVISION

Those gay folders on European travel have become Louise Erickson's favorite reading.



Ed Gardner saw it at Duffy's, he knows it's good!




The Greatest Story Ever Told, played for Juvenile Facility boys in the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Office.

BANKS

A star marks the spot where East crosses West on the new CBS program, Broadway and Vine with Radie Harris, for show business' own reporter is chatting daily at 3:55, EST, with entertainment greats. She started her series on December 1 with an interview with Celeste Holm, who, four years ago, gave a magnificent performance as Ado Annie in the original cast of "Oklahoma!" Celeste returned from England to play that same character, same play, same theater, during the past holiday season! Miss Harris' column, Broadway Runaround, is a widely read feature in Hollywood's Daily Variety. She has had years of experience as a reporter for newspapers, magazines and radio and was a charter member of the wartime American Theater Wing and chairman of the entertainment committee which sent stars overseas to perform for the service men and women.

* * *

Louise Erickson, one of radio's younger luminaries, is going abroad for the first time to spend her vacation in Europe next summer. She's got her tickets already.

* * *

We've always known that Robert Young was a pretty swell guy. Now, along comes Bill Lawrence, who bears the directing headache for the Screen Guild Players shows, with another proof that we were right.

Lawrence says it's always been a tough job in past years to find a suitable replacement for a "name" male star who at that last moment was (*Continued on page* 106)

★ TELEVISION

# NOONTIME in ROCHESTER

Noontimers Stew Perkins, Don Haase, Joe Troyan, Claude Moye, Max Raney, Flossie, Bud White and Arthur Birdsall.

Close harmony from Mr. and Mrs. Max Raney. She's Flossie.

Soulful solo by Pie Plant Pete, *un*aided by Bashful Joe.

OF all types of music on the air, perhaps none has more general appeal than American folk tunes such as "Jimmy Crack Corn," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" or "Blue Tail Fly." The Noontimers on Station WHAM each day, Monday through Friday at 12:30 P.M., specialize in these old songs, along with music of a more modern vein.

Starred on this roundup of talent are such WHAM favorites as Max Raney and his Hi Boys with Flossie, Pie Plant Pete and Bashful Harmonica Joe; also daily guest stars.

Pie Plant Pete and Bashful Harmonica Joe are everlasting favorites with both rural and city listeners. The boys both hail from Cleveland, Ohio. Pete's real name is Claude Moye. Joe's neighbors back in Cleveland know him as Joe Troyan.

They have appeared on most of the important radio stations of the country and have delighted audiences in many, many rural communities in numerous states east of the Mississippi.

Joe, as his title "Bashful" implies, does a characterization of a lad afflicted with an acute case of bashfulness. His costume, a tight suit, big red bow tie and a tiny, turned-up, skimmer-hat heighten the effectiveness of the act.

Pie Plant Pete sings, plays the guitar and m.c.'s the Noontimers. Pete also does most of the talking when he and his partner are on the air 'cause Joe is too bashful, most of the time, to utter more than a few hesitant words. Joe also sings, plays numerous harmonicas and does imitations.

Co-starred with top billing on the Noontimers are jovial Max Raney and his Hi Boys with Flossie. The original Hi Boys band originated in Wichita Falls, Texas back in 1933. Max and his gang have literally traveled all over the United States and Canada. Flossie is really Mrs. Max Raney. Her home, prior to marrying Max, was Schenectady, New York. Flossie sings with the band and calls square dances.

Max and Flossie live in Rochester. The Flower City has been their headquarters since 1940. Last summer they caused quite a stir in Western New York when they opened the "Bar M. Ranch" on a 100 acre parcel of land at East Bloomfield, New York.

The Hi Boys include: Stew Perkins who plays clarinet and fiddle; Bud White, guitarist and old time fiddler; Art Birdsall, one of the few bass players who can bow out solos on his big double bass; and Don Haase, Spanish, Hawaiian and Electric Guitarist.

When the Noontimers get together its a happy-go-lucky gang. They play and sing for the love of music and they kid with each other because they're jolly good fellows.

# Are you in the know?

**For that new Romantic Look, should you—**

- ☐ *Appear pale and languid*
- ☐ *Take a tip from great-grandma*
- ☐ *Affect false eye-lashes*

After-dark fashion's all soft lights, sweet music. So rustle out of that jumpin' mood; waltz into the romantic picture wearing dream stuff—a la great-grandma. Such as a fragile little shawl . . . a 3-strand pearl choker centered with an old family brooch. You're an all-time charmer now! And so poised, at *trying* times—with Kotex to protect you. That exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection, you know.

**If you're chatter-shy, which date is wisest?**

- ☐ *Dancing*
- ☐ *Dinner*
- ☐ *An active sport*

Maybe a Cute Brute makes a bid. Maybe you're no whiz at small talk. Suggest some active sport you shine at...and conversation will take care of itself. You're confident, too, when (on "those" days) you let *new* Kotex keep you comfortable. For never, never has there been a napkin like this new, *different* Kotex! With downy *softness* that holds its shape. Actually! Made to *stay* soft while you wear it.

**Think she'll cut more ice with *him*, if she—**

- ☐ *Grooms those gams*
- ☐ *Goes in for hockey*
- ☐ *Plays oh-so-helpless*

On a skate date, can your pegs take a close-up? Are they fuzz-less . . . shapely? To slim them, do this at home, twice daily: Lying on left side, raise right leg as high as possible, touching ankle with right hand. Repeat ten times with each leg. Helps whittle 'em down to glamour-size. On problem days, the proper size of *napkin* aids self-assurance. Choose from the *3 sizes* of Kotex . . . Regular, Junior, Super.

**To a clever hostess, what's a good mixer?**

- ☐ *Cement*
- ☐ *Circus party*
- ☐ *Cola and hamburgers*

When it's your turn to entertain, be different! Pin up home-made circus posters . . . have your guests come dressed like a Big Top troupe. It's a sure-fire warmer-upper. A mixer that can't miss! And don't *you* miss the fun—even if your calendar says "Killjoy is here!" Whatever your costume, Kotex will keep your secret, because those *flat pressed ends* of Kotex* prevent telltale outlines. You'll be gay as a calliope... *supercharged* with confidence!

**3 guesses what girls forget most!**

- ☐ *Brush hair thoroughly*
- ☐ *Exercise faithfully*
- ☐ *Buy a new sanitary belt*

So. You're faithful at giving your locks (and girlish form) the business! But frankly, now—have you remembered to buy a new sanitary belt? That's what girls forget most . . . keep putting off "till next time." To get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You see—the Kotex Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!

**Kotex Sanitary Belt**

*Ask for it by name*

*More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# Boston's own Priscilla

Priscilla, when she was in Hollywood.

Priscilla with Lana Turner when Hollywood came to Boston.

Jim Pollard is right hand man on Listen, Ladies and Gentlemen, the program which is a Boston by-word.

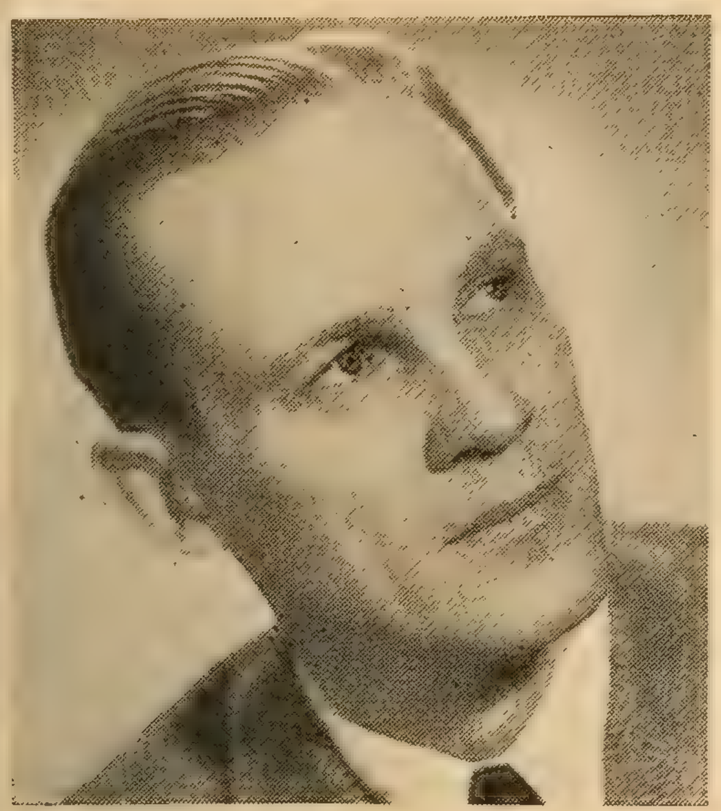
GO WHERE you will in the environs of Boston town, speak to whomever you may, and mention the name Priscilla, and you'll find no doubt as to the Priscilla you mean. Priscilla Fortescue of WEEI has been broadcasting her Listen, Ladies and Gentlemen morning, noon and afternoon for almost a decade, so 'most everyone has heard her cheery "Goodday, Ladies and Gentlemen," with the accent on Gentlemen. You see, she had to add them because they kept writing to her asking what made her think there were only ladies in her audience.

Priscilla's radio interest has been Hollywood personalities, which is a projection of her earliest years. In her grammar school days Priscilla nurtured a childish passion for Mary Pickford. Mary was making a picture in New England. Priscilla's mother took her to the location and Priscilla came away with a specially autographed picture. Fortified by this triumph, Priscilla insisted that Mary was hers and Mary has remained hers to this day. Now, when Priscilla is in Hollywood, she is entertained by Miss Pickford at Pickfair, and Priscilla is one of the few invited to the Pickford hotel suite when Mary is in Boston.

Bette Davis' New Hampshire home is near Priscilla's, and Bette gave Priscilla a stepping stone from her place to be used as a flag in Priscilla's garden walk. Whenever Jane Withers is in Boston she and her mother are entertained at the Fortescue home and the compliment is returned when Priscilla is in Hollywood, or the two happen to meet in New York.

Priscilla makes frequent trips to New York when Hollywood personalities are there, or when some important production is previewed. Thus she brings first-hand impressions of the stars to her audience. This she does with intelligent understanding born of living and working with them. After graduating from Wellesley College, Priscilla continued her studies in voice and dramatics. At Boston's Copley Theatre she had roles in "Katydid" and "So What" and played the lead in "Ceiling Zero." Priscilla's Hollywood experience came on her own merits in R-K-O's production of "Condemned Women." Her current work with the motion picture studios comes during the winter sports season in New Hampshire, when she voices the style shows for M-G-M and Paramount.

While she does not look it, Priscilla is the mother of two very grown-up children, a son in his late teens, and a daughter in her mid-teens. Both young people are well able to take care of themselves now, so Priscilla and her banker husband are beginning to cast longing eyes at their New Hampshire retreat. During the summer Priscilla spends every available minute there. While the furniture is lavishly colored in the popular Peter Hunt fashion, Priscilla refuses to let the interior be marred by electricity. There are no electric lights, or electric equipment. All the cooking and heating is done on a wood-burning stove and wood-fueled fireplaces. The Fortescues were among the first to buy a Jeep which negotiates the New Hampshire hills with the greatest of ease, and spares Priscilla's pet riding horse many a weary mile of burden-carrying.



## *Don MacLaughlin*

DON MACLAUGHLIN, who plays the title role in David Harding, Counterspy, Sunday afternoons at 5:30 P.M., EST on ABC, made his professional debut after numerous experiences which took him into many parts of the world. From the time he was born in 1904 in Webster, Ohio, until he settled down in radio in 1934, Don was a rolling stone.

Shortly after he was christened William Donald MacLaughlin, the MacLaughlin family began a series of treks to different climates because MacLaughlin pere was in very poor health. This traveling about played havoc with Don's education. Before he was graduated, Don studied at Iowa Wesleyan and the Universities of Iowa, Arizona and Northwestern. All of this was interrupted, too, by Don's own wandering.

Eventually Don finished college and got a teacher's license. He tried settling down to teach in his home town, but the whole idea was distasteful to him. He tried his hand at writing, which seemed much more interesting and promised more remuneration. This activity brought him the normal quota of rejection slips.

Then Don decided that he wanted to move around and being a sailor would be one way to do it. So he went to the West Coast and signed on as a seaman on a freighter which took him to the China Seas and the South Pacific area. When he had had enough of sailing, he headed back home by way of Singapore and the Philippines.

Don broke into radio in 1934, rising rapidly after his first two years in the field. He also organized his own stock company and played in Hemingway's "The Fifth Column."

When Phillips Lord created the character of David Harding, he, of course, had a complete mental picture of the secret agent. The voice he was looking for in his auditions had to suggest a typical American, suave, cultured, strong, shrewd and uncommonly clever. No mean job for any one voice. But MacLaughlin's voice did all that as far as Lord was concerned and Don was "in" and has been playing the role ever since.

It's unlikely that wandering fever will hit Don again, for a while. After all, his wife and two children might not like leaving their Darien, Conn., home.

*Before Your Date Tonight*

Rekindle your hair's highlights with Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Just a few finger-tipsful makes a bountiful, cleansing lather, in hard or soft water. *(No special rinse needed.)* Leaves hair *clean*, sparkling, newly soft and manageable. 4 oz. jar $1.00. Also 30¢ and 55¢ sizes. All cosmetic counters.

# 10,000 TIMES MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN LIPSTICK

***This new color concentrate that never deserts your lips when there's a public***

*Hat, John Frederics*
*Photo, Rawlings*

It's not so much a question of manners. Making up in public *does* dispel a woman's glamour. Now at last Lady Esther has discovered how to concentrate color so that it never deserts your lips in patches . . . never piles up in a ring. Without retouching you can go through cocktails, through dinner, through the entire evening with lips that are vibrantly beautiful, happily soft and smooth. LIPCOLORS by Lady Esther come in seven heavenly shades, ranging from Bridal Pink to Crimson Bronze —each a clear, living color. At least one will be very lucky for you. At all drug and department stores.

© 1948 Lady Esther

$1 PLUS TAX

**Lipcolors** *by Lady Esther*

**Clear, living colors for your lips to wear**

# Here's What I Think —

By

Fanny Brice

ONCE upon a time, I—like most people—wasted a lot of time wishing. If only this or that would happen, if only so-and-so were different . . . and so on. But I was luckier than most people; Ziegfeld came along and give me a piece of advice that helped me to really begin to live.

"It's not enough," he told me, "to be a success. It's just as important to be happy. And you can have both those things, success *and* happiness, if you'll always remember your audience."

It worked like a charm; it *was* a charm. It made me think for the first time about my relationship to the rest of my world; and it made me realize that nine times out of ten it was beside the point for me to be wishing that "so-and-so were different." I began to see that *I* was the one who had to change—that when I was different it gave the other person a chance to be different, too. And usually it gave both of us a chance to be happier.

Whenever I begin to feel depressed or in a rut, I know it's time to consider my audience and see what's to be done. I redecorate a script girl's apartment, or design a dress for one of Eddie Cantor's daughters, or stew up a chicken for a couple of my tired writers.

The system works wonders and the funny thing about it, you never run out of ideas when it's someone else you're doing for.

I've had to learn not to take things too hard and to profit by experience. Once I bluffed my way into a revue being staged by George M. Cohan and Sam H. Harris by telling them I was just what they wanted in the way of a singing and dancing chorine. But I was concentrating so hard on getting what I wanted, I left out an important, in fact an essential, consideration. I had neglected to learn how to dance, so I didn't last long.

I cried all night long over losing my big chance, but came the dawn and I faced the fact that all the crying in the world wouldn't make me a dancer. It would take a little more than just the tears. Before long I was traveling in vaudeville as a singer and dancer.

And take Baby Snooks. Baby Snooks and I have been alter egos for twenty-seven years, playing in the Follies, night clubs and vaudeville together. Still, when I made my first radio appearances, the powers-that-be didn't want me to be Snooks—they wanted me to be Fanny Brice on the air and not a kid character. But I started thinking about the audience: what did *it* want? Well—it had liked and wanted Snooks for a long time. I felt convinced that the brat was right for radio, and I stuck to my guns. And the audience, bless its heart, voted with me.

That's why I'm passing on my friend Ziegfeld's advice: it's something I *know* works. Especially if you remember that an audience isn't necessarily made up of strangers. Your own family and friends are the most responsive audience in the world.

**Fanny Brice is heard as Baby Snooks each Friday night at 8 EST on CBS stations.**

# Reach me through

**Ten years ago a girl named Doris Sharpe had a bright idea—and from that idea grew Radio Registry, clearing house for anything and everything in radio**

**By GWEN JONES**

**Actors, who are in a nerve-straining business, pause gratefully for tea-time, traditional in Doris' office: Karl Swenson, Marion Shockley, Grace Matthews, and Clayton Collyer collect around their hostess' desk.**

IT HAPPENED in Grand Central Station. Radio actor Ray Johnson stepped off the train and walked up the ramp into the station. As he came through the gate, two men stopped him.

"Are you Ray Johnson?" one of them asked.

"The radio actor?" added the other.

"Why, yes, I am. What can I do for you?"

"We're from Headquarters," said the first man, showing Ray his badge. "You're to come with us."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Ray in

# Registry!

From the Registry board at NBC, Betty Garde and Jackie Kelk learn they're wanted. It's Registry's boast that it will pick up radio people anywhere, anytime.

At Colbee's Restaurant, Registry maintains a much-consulted callboard. Virginia Payne, Julie Stevens, Minerva Pious, Santos Ortega, and Les Damon are among the many who use it as a rallying-spot.

amazement, "What on earth for? What have I done?"

The detectives smiled. "Far as I know you've never done a thing in your life," said the first one, "but we've got orders to deliver you to a broadcasting studio. You're wanted there. I don't know who put the heat on the Lieutenant to send us after you, but those were the orders, so now if you don't mind, we'll get going."

Ray followed the detectives, his brow furrowed thoughtfully. Then his face cleared and he smiled a big smile. The Registry, of course!

Radio Registry had done it again. Ray Johnson is a Registry client. A casting director had called Registry and said he needed Johnson for his show that night. It was Registry's job to get in touch with the actor and see that he got to the show on time. Registry's methods may be unorthodox at times, but they proudly boast that they always find their man. Even, as in this case, if they have to send detectives after him!

If you're a radio actor and you come to New York to seek your fortune, you find that the first thing you have to do is join AFRA—the American Federation of Radio Artists. And then, if you're smart, the second thing you do is drop over to 21 West 47th Street and sign up with Radio Registry. It will cost you $9.00 a month, and from then on you're looked after, taken care of, encouraged and pampered as though you were a Crown Prince. Registry can make life a lot easier for an actor. I know!

It's quite an organization, this Radio Registry. And the girl who owns and operates it is quite a girl. Doris (*Continued on page* 80)

Bendix, the man of distinction—this is what the decorator had in mind. But William didn't!

# Come and Visit

**Bill Bendix and his family knew what they wanted; it wasn't only a house, it was a whole way of living. And after a while they found out how to get it**

By
PAULINE SWANSON

BILL BENDIX and his family are happy fugitives from Bel Air.

A couple of years ago when Bill counted up the money that a series of hit pictures and his Life of Riley radio show had piled up in the bank, he did what many a successful actor has done before him—he shot the works in a fancy new house in the swankiest subdivision of the swankiest residential colony in America.

Two-story, Georgian colonial, set at the back of well-barbered lawns—the house was a beauty.

Bill and Tess Bendix, who say they "had lived in a lot of joints" in their nineteen years of married life, were very impressed with their new house, as was the expensive decorator who "did" it. The result couldn't have been more lavish, or more formal.

The four servants the house demanded were horrified, Bill recalls, if he took off his coat anywhere except in the privacy of his leather-paneled, mirrored dressing room.

"Nobody could crack a smile in the place," he says. "We were living up to the house all the time—I was so darned dressed up from morning to night that I couldn't be myself."

Tess started wondering if their expensive decorator had understood what the family was *really* like. There had been a lot of talk about designing the house to fit the master's personality, but here was the master's personality disintegrating visibly.

They stood it for a year during which Bill got pale and nervous. He couldn't eat. He couldn't sleep.

Finally one morning, he came down to breakfast in his shirt sleeves, pounded a determined fist on the polished mahogany of the Duncan Phyffe table in the dining room and shouted "Enough! On the air I lead the life of Riley. At home I lead the life of a dog. We're getting out of here."

It was not a good time to move. Real estate was up—especially the sort of smallish, informal house that Bill had in mind. But Daddy had made up his mind. They scoured the San Fernando Valley until they found a

Hear William Bendix as Riley in The Life of Riley, every Saturday

# BILL BENDIX

Lorraine reports to the family on her weight-reducing program, while baby Stephanie goes on eating for two.

house—in bad disrepair, but nevertheless *their* house. One-story stucco, low and rambling, with lots of big, old trees and grass, spacious flagstone patios, room for three-year-old Stephanie to have a safe playyard, an extra "guest" house for sixteen-year-old Big Sister Lorraine to claim where she could be as untidy as she liked. Not a crystal chandelier in sight. Nor a spiral staircase.

IT was empty and dirty and run down at the heels, but the possibilities were enormous.

"Now for heaven's sake," Bill warned Tess, remembering the Georgian colonial, "be careful whom you hire to decorate it."

"Don't worry," his wife replied. "I'm going to decorate it myself. In," she added, "'American comfortable.'"

As it turned out, when Tess said she was going to do the job herself she meant *herself*—with no help except from the family. (Of course, it's a big family. Bill says Tess has more brothers and sisters than he has ever been able to count. Stephanie and Lorraine have fifteen first cousins!)

For the first few weeks, Tess Bendix was never out of blue jeans.

"You can't scrape and paint in good clothes," she said.

There was a month's work—for Tess and Bill and all the volunteer helpers the family could provide—just in scraping the dirty, dark brown stain off walls and woodwork.

Tess got used to shocked looks on the faces of callers who usually opened up with "I *beg* your pardon, could I speak with the lady of the house?"

One day Bill entertained an important writer out from New York to do an interview. Tess scraped busily away in the background hoping not to be noticed. Just as the writer was beginning to blink at Bill's success story, she says, her husband indicated the charwoman on her knees in the corner with an "Oh, by the way, I don't believe you've met *Mrs.* Bendix." That fixed that.

night at 8:00 P.M. EST, on stations of the National Broadcasting Company.

# Come and Visit BILL BENDIX

There's a corner of California that will be forever Flatbush, and Bill owns it.

After a light snack of pablum, fruit, eggs, toast, milk and doughnuts, Stephanie relaxes in the sun.

Tess got even later, after the visitor had gone. Bill had been standing around—"in his fancy pants," she says—"supervising."

"Oh, by the way, dear," she said, mimicking his phrase of the morning, "I've saved a job for you. *You* can scrape the ceilings."

When the gruesome dark paint was replaced with several coats of light colors—also by Tess and team—the place began to look a little more cheerful. So, Bill says, did Tess.

"She began to think she could do anything."

With her sister Snooks' help, she prepared the bathrooms. They made curtains for the whole house, a gargantuan job since Tess had exiled the Venetian blinds and they had to make glass curtains as well as drapes.

Mrs. Bendix is violently anti-Venetian blind.

"You live in California because it's so beautiful outdoors," she says. "Then you close out the view by putting wood slats all over the windows."

Glass curtains come under her description of "American comfortable." So do casual furniture in a pleasant mixture of French provincial and early American, lots of brass and copper ornaments, big squashy sofas and chairs, and tables you can put your feet on.

The massive brick fireplace which is the center of attention in the big living room was designed and built by Ted, one of Bill's brothers-in-law. Another brother-in-law cut wood panels out of the entrance door and

"This," they said when they saw the house, "is ours!" And in they popped.

After escaping from the decorators, Tess did things over in "American comfortable."

substituted glass, letting in light along with the view. Tess herself made the rose-red valances and ruffled pillows for the beds in the master bedroom. She made one magnificent lamp-shade before she called it quits and decided glueing cloth over wire frames was a job which called for a professional. She designed all of the other lamp-shades—but had them made by a decorator.

All of this took a matter of months, during which the family lived happily in the middle of upheaval. Everyone would work until he was weary, then sit cross-legged on the living room floor and do justice to a farmhands' supper. One night Tess would make Bill's favorite Italian dinner—spaghetti with meat balls, salad, hot sour bread. Her sister, Snooks, made a triumphant pizza. Bill himself took a turn in the kitchen one night and came up with the most elaborate dinner of all—including home-made muffins.

"We didn't hire any servants until the house was done," Tess explained. "They couldn't have stood the mess."

While her mother was ripping out the insides of the big house, Lorraine—who had just graduated from Immaculate Heart Convent, and had time on her hands—was turning the three room (with kitchen and bath) pool-house into a teen-age girl's dream of heaven.

She did the whole thing herself—choosing dark green sofa and Scotch plaid chairs for the little living room —"plaid is so cheerful by a (*Continued on page* 70)

Him what works, eats—except for Stephanie. She's already learned the trick of letting Pop work.

# My Friend

The Allens, Mr. and Mrs. (Portland Hoffa).

When a radio comedian graduat

# FRED ALLEN

into the ranks of American humorists, even his good friends begin to talk about him

## By Abe Burrows

I DON'T remember when I met Fred Allen. Or *if* I met him.

A show business acquaintance is a queer phenomenon. You see a guy around town—on the street, in those handy-to-the-studio restaurants, in the barber shop.

Pretty soon it's Hiya, Fred! and Hiya, Abe! (the barber slipped him the information that the fellow with the bald head is Abe Burrows, head writer on Duffy's Tavern.)

Next week, likely as not, you do a hunk of work together, then you're having dinner together. You've known one another for years. You're pals.

Like most of Fred's friends, I started out by being his big fan. When I was beginning in radio—another one of those anonymous joke mills on another one of those nine-man writing "teams"—I made up for the size of my pay check and the fact that the comedian didn't know my last name (I get even now by forgetting *his*) with the size of my ambition. One day, I kept telling my wife (who was the only person who would listen), I was going to write for radio in the Allen manner, using the daily newspapers rather than the joke files as source material, giving the comedian an opinion, a point of view.

Fred was the only comic in those days who dared to be himself on the air; Henry Morgan hadn't been heard of.

When I went to work for Ed Gardner on Duffy's, Ed encouraged me to experiment with topical stuff. He was an Allen fan, too, so he went along with my notion that he—like Allen, I told him—was funniest when he was strictly himself. Archie, as he evolved, is Ed Gardner—with highlights. His humor is pretty much the same whether you hear it in the Sixth Avenue delicatessen or over the air. It hadn't occurred to me then—this was in 1942—that I might one day move over into the performers' bracket myself. Letting Gardner be himself out there in front of all those people was frightening enough. I was satisfied to be *writing* the kind of stuff I thought was funny.

Then one day I found myself with a show to write for Fred Allen. The Head Man of what I had begun to think of even then as a new and good school of radio humor.

The Big Chance, as they say on the soap operas.

Fred had agreed—by long distance telephone—to guest on the first Duffy's show after our move to New York. He worried, vocally, about the script—how, with the Master in New York and the Duffy's crew en route east on the train—could everybody get together to write a show?

"Don't worry about the script," said Ed, who was feeling pretty comfortable by now with his writing staff, "Abe and the boys will knock it out on the way."

Allen, muttering something about how any group of guys referred to as somebody's "boys" were pretty sure to turn out a stinker, and how he supposed this meant he would have to stay up all night after the preview and fix up the script, hung up on a dour note.

Challenged, we worked like little beavers all the way—not looking out the windows once to admire the Texas flatlands, or the first green midwestern farms.

We polished each line with a coat of self-rubbing wax.

The preview went on before an audience, with Allen shaking his head in stern disapproval, about two minutes after we left Grand Central Station.

And it mopped up. They loved it. So the all-night re-writing session Fred had anticipated turned out to be fifteen minutes with the scissors.

Allen, whose rare compliments are more barbed than his insults, shoved back his chair and yawned. In my face.

"What do we do now?" he asked. "All beat hell out of Abe?"

What we all did was to hurry on down to the Sixth Avenue delicatessen for hot pastrami on rye.

The Hiyas in the halls were more cordial after that, and I moved up a notch with Allen, from the

For humor, listen to Abe Burrows Saturday night at 7:45 EST, CBS, and to Fred Allen, Sunday nights at 8:30 EST, NBC.

# My Friend FRED ALLEN

fan club to the more rarefied circle of people who knew at exactly what time Fred will hoist himself up at the counter of the Radio City drug store for his habitual pre-show tomato soup with buttered crackers and two dishes of vanilla ice cream, and who, knowing, are privileged to come along, if they wish. Nobody is ever invited to join Fred anywhere. You're just *admitted.*

Socially, our relationship warmed up in the summer of 1943 when Archie and company came west to invade the movies and Fred was in Hollywood as well, doing "Love Thy Neighbor."

There was always a gang at my house on Sunday nights in those days. I was trying out on my friends some of the "type" songs which anybody who wants to can hear now on the radio (CBS, Saturday nights, advt.). Anybody who could stand to hear "The Girl With the Three Blue Eyes" again was welcome. And anybody who had something of his own to try out could "go on" if he had strength enough to shove me off the piano bench.

It was fun. Frank Loesser was around a lot. We heard "They're Either Too Young or Too Old," "He Puts the Accent Upon the Wrong Syllable" and a lot of other strictly Loesser songs before they went to the publishers. Betty Comdon, Adolph Green and Judy Holliday, then a night club act called the Revuers—were regulars. So was Miltie de Lugg.

On one of those Sunday nights Fred phoned.

He had heard, he said, that "Burrows had a corner on all of the entertainment in Hollywood."

It wouldn't be as good as getting back to New York, where a guy and his wife could see a *show* after the Sunday night spaghetti with clam sauce, he indicated, but if we didn't mind, he and Porty would stroll over.

"Stroll?" After all, the apartment house where they were camping for the summer was twenty blocks away.

"I'll come and get you," I said, the eager beaver.

"Nonsense," said Fred. "Walking is the one thing you can do in New York that you *can* do out here. We'll walk."

So they walked.

Fred came in grousing.

California, he opined, was a mighty fine place if you happened to be an orange.

As for the Allens, they'd take—

They'd sit down and shut up, everybody shouted and the show went on.

Whatever else Allen is, he is a great audience, warm and appreciative. He liked the songs, the crazy, off-center skits we dreamed up—and, because this thing is always a two-way street—we were all funnier because Fred was entertained.

He and Porty came nearly every Sunday after that, and so did a lot of other people who were beginning to hear reports—chiefly from Fred—of what went on at the Burrows'. Fred never moved into the act himself, although, if you happened to be listening, there

*Peter Donald as Ajax Cassidy*

*Allen's*

was always a moment in the evening when the stuff would begin to come out in those Allen curves.

The next winter when all of us were back in New York, Frank and Lynn Loesser went out deliberately and rented an apartment with a living room big enough for a convention to house the now capacity Sunday night business.

It occurred to Portland later that she might have asked the mob to their apartment. "But nobody ever comes to our house," she complained in that moon-struck voice. "We ought to close the living room."

As the season wore on, the Sundays got noisier and noisier. All of the tenants in the Loessers' apartment hotel tried to get the manager on the telephone to complain, but they couldn't reach him—he was at the party. Loesser thinks of everything.

Loesser had thought even of *selling* his stuff by this time, and his private's khaki uniforms were hand-tailored by Brooks Brothers. *Most* of our original cast were big names now. Betty Comdon and Adolph Green were a big hit on Broadway in "On the Town," Judy Holliday ditto in "Born Yesterday." Burrows was the last of the living room comics to go "pro."

More and more pros fought for the best billing, next to closing, as the Sundays grew more and more fabulous. Marc Connolly, Dorothy Stickney and Howard Lindsey, Russell Crouse (Buck's "M-O-T-H-E-R" with gestures will be hard to live down), Benay Ven-

Kenny Delmar as Senator Claghorn

Parker Fennelly as Titus Moody

# Alley Album

uta, Danny Kaye—everybody wanted to get into the act. We wore out a lot of piano benches that winter. And the Allens moved over on the warmers' bench to make room for Dorothy Parker, the John Steinbecks, Leonard Lyons and Billy Rose, among others.

The Sunday night to end all Sunday nights took place the week after I left to go back to the Coast with Duffy's Tavern.

Frank and Lynn nailed up large banners, "Abe Burrows Memorial Hall." When the piano, which was draped in black, began to smoke along about four A.M., they all put through a long distance call to Hollywood, and I talked to everyone, buckling up with homesickness at about the time Fred complained over the wire that everybody missed "the Delicatessen Dwight Fiske."

It was the first of the labels Fred pinned on me which stuck. When my daughter Laurie was born, Fred wrote her a long letter explaining that the "bald headed neurotic" hovering over her crib was her father and she might as well face it. He added in a P.S. "As of today, your share of the national debt is $8,766.42."

The figure so appalled me that I quit Duffy's for an abortive get-rich-quick stab at being a movie producer. I didn't get rich. Neither did Paramount, on me.

When I saw Fred next, I was off on another whirl—this time writing and producing my own package radio show, Holiday and Company. The show needed a shot in the arm along about the (*Continued on page* 84)

Minerva Pious as Daisy Nussbaum

# BETWEEN THE

In the season of valentines and old lace, some verses

## *Gentleman's Gift List*

**Radio Mirror's Prize Poem**

**To look at her you'd think she liked**
**Brown walking shoes,**
**Duck rendezvous,**
**A College-Credit-South-Sea-Cruise,**
**The way a lake plunge feels at dawn.**
**But the lady really likes**
**A small portrait of Mendelssohn.**

**To look at her you'd think she liked**
**A lullaby,**
**A clean blue sky,**
**A sad leaf's whispering goodbye,**
**The thin witch-hazel's wonder bud.**
**But the lady really likes**
**Dance programs autographed in blood.**

**To look at her you'd think she liked**
**Jewels of weight,**
**A dinner date,**
**Frequent drinks of bichromate,**
**Steamer departures without tears.**
**But the lady really likes**
**Corduroy cats with velvet ears.**
**—Virgie Bernhardt**

## *Consolation*

If ever it must look as though
  I've grown a grouch beyond repair;
If ever I have lost my glow
  And don't seem quite so debonair
Or too much like the Romeo
  You wed one tender yesteryear,
Don't let your heart be steeped in woe,
  Don't over-fret, don't really care.
A man is bound at times, you know,
  To get a little out of gear,
So take it lightly, let it go,
  Don't feel too bad about it, dear . . .
It's not a Fate you need to curse
When, after all, I could be worse.
—S. H. Dewhurst

## *Afterthought*

If Love is a tempest of tears and pain,
Remembering is a lulling rain.

If Love is a cyclone, undisciplined,
Remembering is a gentle wind.

If Love is a storm of uncertain bliss,
Remembering is a quiet kiss. . . .
—Edith Grames Schay

## *Query*

**Is it because**
**The words you wrote**
**Combine to form**
**A lovely *note***
**That, when I read them,**
**From their start**
**To finish, they**
**Sing in my heart?**
**—Elaine V. Emans**

## *And Nothing Can Be Done About It*

Since Eve, again and yet again,
  Uncertainty we swim in,
Since ways of women puzzle men
  —And women.
—Berton Braley

# BOOKENDS

about love—both for and against

## *I Knew You Well*

In some delightful ancient place,
  Before the Caesars rose and fell—
In Athens, or at Samothrace
  I think—I knew you very well.

We sat beneath the olive trees
  And spoke of early Grecian lore,
Of myths and old philosophies—
  Oh, I have talked with you before!

On some delightful ancient day,
  Before the Caesars fought and bled,
We knew that all we had to say
  Could not in one brief life be said.

We planned this meeting then, I know,
  Seeking an oracle to foretell
The time and place . . . long, long ago
  I knew you—oh, I knew you well!

—Eva Byron

## *They Live On the Plain*

He loves the mountains; she loves the sea.
They dwell on the plain between.
She likes to play where the surf rolls in;
He, where the hills are green.

His dreams of the mountains, her dreams of the sea
Brighten the busy day
In their home on the plain, where sunlight and rain,
Moonlight and shadows play,
And what they would do, if their dreams came true,
Neither of them can say.

Though he loves the mountains, and she loves the sea,
They cling to each other and want to be
Always together through sun and rain.
They live on the plain.

—Pryor Templeton Scott

## *By Ted Malone*

**Be sure to listen to Ted Malone's morning program, Monday through Friday at 11:45 EST, over ABC.**

## *Tongue In Cheek*

**Darling, I'm not hard to please;**
**I'll settle for little luxuries**
**Like flowers on every important day,**
**A mink coat, and my own way!**

**—May Richstone**

## RADIO MIRROR *will pay $50 each month*

for the original poem, sent in by a reader, selected by Ted Malone as the best of that month's poems submitted by readers. Five dollars will be paid for each other original poem submitted and printed on the Between the Bookends pages in Radio Mirror. Address your poetry to Ted Malone, Radio Mirror, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. Poetry submitted should be limited to thirty lines. When postage is enclosed every effort will be made to return unused manuscripts. This is not a contest, but an offer to purchase poetry for Radio Mirror's Between the Bookends.

# How I Bring Up

"Just about the time," says Alice, "that I'm congratulating myself on putting over a fast one, I find that the tables have been turned."

One of those often-sought, seldom-found peaceful moments.

I HAVE two lovely children—Alice, aged five, and Phyllis, aged three—an Encino ranch home—and a broadcast to do every week for the Bandwagon show. Wouldn't you think that was enough problems for one woman? But, as every wife can tell you, it's *only* the beginning! Bringing up a husband is a career all in itself.

(And just about the time I'm congratulating myself I've put a fast one across and Phil is seeing the error of his ways—I find the tables have been turned—I've been out-maneuvered—and I'm left wondering *who's* bringing up *whom.*)

With my girls I can usually count on the arithmetic table, the Golden Rule, and patience seeing me through; but bringing up a husband is something no book can explain and no rule help out. It's strictly catch-as-catch-can and keeping your eyes wide open for traps. And do you know, Phil as you hear him on the Bandwagon show very much resembles the real Phil at home!

Take the other morning, for example.

Phil is anything but lazy, but lying in bed mornings is his idea of the natural way for a human being to live. He was orchestra leader, with his own band, at the Cocoanut Grove and the Wilshire Bowl in Los Angeles for so many years that to him the day never begins before noon and should always end at four a.m. Now that our hours are more normal ones, with the Bandwagon show and the Jack Benny show both early on Sunday evenings at the National Broadcasting Company studios, we can live the way I've always wanted to—like other people—

But it's hard to break a habit.

"Phil—" I call to him—"it's time to get up. Breakfast is ready."

Alice Faye and Phil Harris are heard on The Bandwagon, 7:30 Sunday nights, EST, on NBC stations.

# PHIL HARRIS

By
ALICE FAYE

**Raising two little girls presents no problem to Alice. But raising a husband—especially when in real life he closely resembles himself on the air—is something else again!**

There's a slight stir from the bedroom. "Hmmmph? Oh, yeah, breakfast. Sure. Sure," he mumbles. Then there is silence again.

"No, Phil—you don't understand." I'm still being sweet and patient at this point. "Breakfast is on the table. The sun is shining. The birds are singing. Alice says you promised to mend her wagon this morning. And you said last night you wanted to paint Wanda's doghouse today. It's time to *get up.*"

I peek in the bedroom door just in time to see him shudder. "Aw, honey—it's the middle of the night—only eight o'clock!"

"Phil!"

"Okay—okay, sugar. Be right out." And with that he flops over and buries his nose again in the pillow.

I count up to ten.

"Do you want us to pretend (*Continued on page* 74)

**Alice and Phyllis—each of them resembles one parent in looks and the other in disposition, which can lead to a great deal of confusion.**

# Bride and Groom in the clouds

By JOHN NELSON

Rosanne remembered that no wedding is complete without a penny in the bride's shoe.

This is a love story with a mind of its own. It

"AND I used to think I'd wind up being nonchalant about weddings!" Roberta Roberts, of the Bride and Groom staff, had just witnessed her 507th broadcast of the program—but there she was, as shining-eyed with excitement as though the couple were the first newlyweds she had ever seen.

Her reaction is a familiar one around our studios. Probably that's because each Bride and Groom couple represents a completely new and different love story; and because of the interesting chain of events that has led to each couple's appearance on the program.

For instance, when Rosanne Wayt and Philip Bradford, of Denver, Colorado, were married recently, I asked them how they had happened to become the Bride and Groom of the day on our network broadcast. They grinned at each other, then Phil said, "I guess I started it; when I asked Rosanne if we couldn't avoid the stiff formality of the usual huge wedding. Our whole love affair had been such a swell, informal thing—I wanted our wedding to match."

Rosanne agreed; but that left them with the problem of guests. Each of them had so many friends and relatives, and a special reason for wanting all of them at the wedding. It

Bride and Groom is heard daily on ABC,

"All this?" wonder Rosanne and Philip. "All this," says John Nelson.

Next-to-zero hour: Philip discovers when—and why—a fellow really needs a best man.

could have begun at a taffy-pull—but it waited to be airborne

was Rosanne's mother who finally suggested a solution.

"We all listen to the Bride and Groom program," she said. "Why not try to arrange your wedding there? You can keep it as informal as you wish; and still all your guests can 'attend'—either by being at the broadcast studio, or by listening to the program on the air."

So, a few days later, a letter arrived at the Bride and Groom offices, and . . . But wait; that's getting ahead of our story. Way ahead, for it really started several years ago in the little town of Walsenburg, Colorado.

Rosanne was then at the ripe old age of six. Phil was nine, and definitely not interested. According to Rosanne, the most romantic thing he ever said to her at that time was "Oh jeepers, it's that *girl* again!"

"I even had to have my Dad telephone Phil's folks before he'd come to a taffy-pull I'd arranged just for him," Rosanne laughed. "Of course, that didn't help me any in convincing Phil I should be his best girl."

The taffy-pull was the last social event they shared in childhood, for shortly afterward Phil and his family moved to Denver, while Rosanne's family went to Los Angeles.

Completing high school at Hollywood High, then going

# Bride and Groom in the clouds

After the ceremony, John Nelson presents the good wishes of the audience to Mr. and Mrs. Bradford.

Out by a side door, and away! Bride and

Like all Bride and Groom weddings, the ceremony itself, in Chapman Park Chapel, was completely private.

through a period of clerical work in a bank, Rosanne finally completed training as operator of airport signal-towers, and was assigned to an air-field in Denver.

Life at the airport was pleasant and informal, and soon she knew almost everyone who flew regularly at the field. But there was one who was only a voice to her. Each day his plane would circle the tower, and Rosanne would hear his call, "Denver Tower . . . Denver Tower. Cesna two-five-six to tower. Landing instructions, please."

Phil—for it was Phil—still remembers how thrilled he was the first time he heard Rosanne's unusually low and clear voice saying: "Tower to Cesna two-five-six—clear to land. Use Runway Twenty-Four. Wind zero to four."

"Pretty hard to get romantic over words as prosaic as that," Phil admits, "but somehow I managed. It got so that the big moment of the day was hearing that sweet-'n-low voice from the tower."

Fliers aren't exactly a bashful group, so it didn't take Phil long to wangle an introduction to Rosanne. "When I met her," he says, "I was so busy looking at the cutest gal I'd ever seen that I didn't pay much attention to her name."

But Phil's name reminded Rosanne—reminded her of things like the nine year old boy who had no time for *girls* . . . the reluctant guest at the taffy pull. So she waited until Phil finished his fervent assurances that the "Voice in the Tower" should become the best of friends

Groom thoughtfully provides for the getaway.

For the record: on the lovely grounds of the chapel the photographer captures that once-in-a-lifetime glow.

with the "Voice from the Plane," then she said: "But think how I'd feel—having you turn to your friends and say: 'Jeepers, it's that *girl* again!' "

The good-looking young flier insists that Rosanne more than got even with him for those taffy-pull days. "Imagine meeting the one gal that clicks with every dream you ever had, and then having to spend time making excuses for the way you acted when you were nine years old!"

The grade-school background helped in one way, though—there couldn't be any excuse of "But we're not properly introduced." Their first date—at one of Denver's dining and dancing spots—proved to be only the start of a long series of dates.

They had one enthusiastic interest in common—flying. Phil was far more advanced than Rosanne—at the time they were married, he had a total of 170 hours flying time (needing only 20 hours more to qualify as a commercial pilot), while Rosanne had six and a half hours solo. "But we were equal in our *enthusiasm* for flying," Rosanne said. "There's something about being up there, with the sky clear and the wind just right, that fits into all the thoughts you have when you're falling in love."

And they *were* falling in love. Or rather, Phil was already head-over-heels in love; and Rosanne was beginning to admit that the young flier with coal black hair and dark brown eyes was becoming a very (*Continued on page* 102)

The symbol of glamor sails out over the audience, into the arms of—perhaps, the program's next Bride?

# Life can be Beautiful

**WHEN OTHERS HAVE LEARNED**
**Radio Mirror's Best Letter-of-the-Month**

Dear Papa David:

As a child I was one of a group of several little girls. Jessie was the daughter of the town's favorite barber, a Negro who was liked and respected by everyone. Often, after school when the "gang" trailed home with Jessie, Jessie's mama would give us all thick slices of her delicious home-made bread, spread generously with butter and jelly or brown sugar. Other times it would be Ida's mother or mine or Signe's who fed us when we bore in on them, ravenously hungry after our struggles with readin', ritin' and 'rithmetic. Ida's father was the junk man. She and I were special pals and always exchanged presents at Christmas and Yom Kippur. Signe's father was the Swedish ice-man. My father was the Chief of Police. Another of the gang was the daughter of the Salvation Army Captain and another the daughter of the Episcopalian minister. Surely a cosmopolitan group for a small town.

We all played together in the happy way of children who have not yet learned that in some places Jews and Negroes and Catholics are people set apart. We quarreled and made up, fought for each other, helped one another without any thought of such facts as a difference in the color of our skins or the religions of our parents.

My first knowledge that this was not the universal understanding came when I was ten years old. Harriet, one of the 'gang' died during a diphtheria epidemic. She was a sweet, lovable child and we were all grief-stricken.

One of our Catholic schoolmates remarked: "It's too bad Harriet will have to burn in Hell."

I was horrified. "How can you dare to say such a thing, Maggie?" I cried.

"Well," Maggie answered defiantly, "it's so. My mother said so. Harriet's father's the Episcopalian minister and she's Episcopalian, too. Only people that are baptized can go to heaven."

I ran home to my mother, sobbing brokenheartedly. If Harriet couldn't go to Heaven I, who was a Catholic, didn't want to go there, either. I was too distressed to realize that Episcopalians are baptized too.

But Mother, a truly devout, good woman, soothed my tears. She explained to me that in each one's heart is the essence of Faith and love of God and that God will extend His welcome

## Ask a child: Do you choose your friends on a basis of race, or creed, or color? Listen carefully to the answer . . .

to all who believe in Him and worship Him. That lesson I have never forgotten.

Through the years we have drifted apart. Ida, the daughter of a Jewish junk man, was a heroine of the first World War. A member of the Army Nurse Corps, she gave her life for "democracy." Helen, the daughter of the Salvation Army Captain, was with her when she died. Helen served as a Salvation Army Lassie. I am still able to rejoice in hearing Jessie's lovely voice over the radio. I know life wasn't always easy for her after she grew up and left our little "Utopia." But I know, too, that her memories of "our gang" helped to soften the blows she had to take and reminded her that some day, when others have learned our creed, life will be beautiful.

Mrs. A. J. G.

***The letters that follow have earned ten-dollar checks.***

### IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

Dear Papa David:

During the darkest days of the depression when we had lost our home, my husband had no job—only once in a great while a day's work at starvation wages—life looked anything but beautiful. We were living in a shack with no water, electricity or anything that makes for gracious living. Indeed the only bright spot was our two precious daughters, ages three and six. In spite of my love for them I suffered heartache because I knew we couldn't give them all the milk, oranges and other foods they needed.

Perhaps one of the worst times was at the approach of Christmas. Baby Sue had her heart set on a Shirley Temple doll, and as the smallest of them cost around five dollars she might as well have asked for the man in the moon. We just didn't have five dollars and had no way to get it.

One day I took her on my lap and patiently explained that Santa Claus didn't have very much money and a Shirley Temple doll cost an awful lot. Since Santa had so many little girls and boys he just couldn't bring the doll. Her little chin quivered but she didn't say anything, only sat quietly for a little while. Then she slipped off my lap and went into the bedroom. I was relieved, but when (*Continued on page* 94)

### RADIO MIRROR OFFERS $50 EACH MONTH FOR YOUR LETTERS

**Somewhere in everyone's life is hidden a key to happiness. It may be a half-forgotten friend, a period of suffering, an unimportant incident, which suddenly illuminated the whole meaning of life. If you are treasuring such a memory, won't you write to Papa David about it? For the letter he considers best each month, Radio Mirror will pay fifty dollars; for each of the others that we have room enough to print, ten dollars. No letters can be returned. Address your Life Can Be Beautiful letter to Papa David, Radio Mirror Magazine, 205 East 42 Street, New York 17, New York.**

Life Can Be Beautiful, written by Carl Bixby and Don Becker, can be heard Monday through Friday on your local NBC station, at 12 Noon, PST; 1 P.M. MST; 2 P.M. CST; 3 P.M. EST.

# DURANTE'S

Cohen, Clayton, Jackson, Durante, Whizin, Cohan work by the pool where only the neighbors' dog ever swims.

THIS could be one of those "People laughed when . . ." stories, the before and after episodes which always are turning up in advertisements.

People always used to laugh when they just heard my name. I would walk into a group of strangers, a perfectly normal looking girl, and somebody would say "Miss Onnie Whizin, everybody" . . . and the strangers would fall down dying.

*Nobody* would have a name like that.

But that was before I began my job as assistant to the producer of the Jimmy Durante radio show, which embraces the all too unlikely title of "private secretary to Mr. Durante."

Nobody laughs when I am introduced any more. That Jimmy Durante *would* have a secretary with a name like Onnie Whizin—or Shmanie Pizzin or whatever—seems to be the consensus of opinion.

One man I met put his impression in words: "Her name is probably Annie," he said, "and Jimmy just can't pronounce it."

He was perfectly right, about the first part at least. I grew up with the handle of Onnie because my mother, an Englishwoman with a persistent accent, couldn't convince the registrar of births in our home town that a name which sounded like "AAhhnie" began with anything but an "O."

So I grew up Onnie. And if the fact has anything to do with my ultimate arrival on the staff of the Jimmy Durante show then I say thank heaven for that registrar who pioneered in the field of phonetic spelling.

If he were still around he probably would be competing for my job—it takes a phonetic speller to take Jimmy Durante's dictation.

When Jimmy writes Peggy Lee that she looked awfully pretty at the broadcast last night, I'd better darn well spell it "pulchrimoodinous"—that's the way he says it, and that's the way he wants to see it typed out. (Peggy is the vocalist on Jimmy's show this season, while Arthur Treacher plays—more or less—his butler.)

**The Jimmy Durante show is heard Wednesday nights on NBC at 7:30 PST, 10:30 EST.**

# CONTAGIOUS

**A mixture both sweet and zany, Durante. When you work for him, you can't help catching it!**

By
ONNIE WHIZIN

Which is just one of the things which makes my job fascinating. It's a crazy job, but I'm crazy about it.

My unlikely job makes me an object of envy, as a matter of fact—which was certainly not my experience with my unlikely name. In both of my social circles, among my newer friends of show business, and the old stand-bys who live in what I like to think of as the real world, I'm considered a very lucky kid.

As my boss would put it, everybody—"the people with the ulcers, *and* the people in the houses"—would like an off-stage seat for the Durante show.

I've been a little cynical heretofore about the envy of my non-professional acquaintances, and re-

Whether the show is for money, for fun or for free, it'll get everything Durante can give it.

# DURANTE'S

On the Chinese modern interiors of his home,

No matter how routine the lyric, it emerges as something rich and strange after it's been Durante-ized

plied to their queries about the glamor and excitement and gaiety of my various radio jobs with a sour "What's glamorous about it?"

Is it glamorous to come in from work at eight o'clock in the morning, just in time to see your husband off to his office, and your daughter off to school?

Is it exciting to work all the day and half the night?

Is it fun to interrupt a vacation to make talent changes, or a bridge game to revise script?

All the answers came back "yes," of course, and I must have agreed or I shouldn't have gone on doing it. Nobody with a long, black whip stood over me demanding that I give up everything for Abbott and Costello, or Danny Kaye.

But when, with my transfer to the Durante show, my friends with the ulcers began to make covetous comments I knew I had a really good job at

Durante has set his own unmistakable stamp.

Why *should* anyone ever go home? They can work (and they do), or eat cornflakes (and they do) right on the premises.

Work can be anywhere, anytime. Onnie's always ready, and so is Maggie—with a dish of cornflakes, the fighter's food.

last, a job worth—well, worth getting an ulcer for.

It's Jimmy himself who makes all the difference—he is so sweet, so really, basically, good and kind.

In a year and a half I have never known him to do a mean or spiteful thing, and the only bad thing I have ever heard him say about anyone was once when he blew off with "Why, I've got more brains in my whole head than he's got in his little finger!"

Working for Jimmy has a little of the quality of the "mad, mad Hollywood" which inlanders have imagined is general in this essentially working, sweating, manufacturing (manufacturing laughs is still manufacturing) town.

My hours are as elastic as Jimmy's schedule, and he has never been known to have a meal at a regular hour or go to sleep or get up at a regular hour in his life. (*Continued on page* 98)

# Let's Pretend

When the Let's Pretenders go into action on the air, the general effect is quite different from the fantasy created by the remainder of the pictures on these pages. But just so is the imagination of the listening child different from humdrum everyday life!

NILA MACK

DEAREST of all games to the hearts of most children is the game which begins when one of them suggests, "Let's pretend that—" and follows it with a flight of fancy such as only a child can produce.

Once upon a time there was an actress named Nila Mack, who loved and understood children, and who felt that there was a great need for a really good radio program for them —one which would follow the pattern set by their own play. That's how the CBS program Let's Pretend came into being. And because it is a program for children, by children, and one which children can understand and appreciate, Let's Pretend has remained on the air for its legion of loyal listeners while many another children's program has bowed in and bowed out again. (Among those loyal listeners, by the way, are numbered many adults, but that is beside the point. Nila Mack's adaptations of fairy stories are for the youngsters, and adults are welcome only if they will not destroy the precious illusion!)

Let's Pretend is heard Saturday mornings at 11:05, EST, over CBS stations.

3. And the miller's daughter became a queen! She forgot her heedless promise, but later, when her son was born, she remembered—and so did the little man. Frightened, she told the baby's nurse that she had but three days to guess her benefactor's name, or she must forfeit her dearest possession!

# THE STORY OF RUMPELSTILTSKIN

1. Once upon a time, in a land far away, there dwelt a King whose kingdom needed both a Queen and a great deal of money to pay its debts. The King advertised far and wide for a rich wife. One day there came a miller with his beautiful daughter. The girl, said her father, could spin flax into solid gold!

2. The King bade her do so at once. The miller's pretty daughter was frightened, for her father had told a lie. But there came to her a funny little man who promised to spin the flax to gold for her if she would promise, in exchange, to give him her first-born child. Sure enough, flax turned to gold—

4. Hastily, the nurse dispatched messengers to all parts of the kingdom to collect every odd name they could find. But none was the right one, and the end of the third day was at hand, when a rider overheard a little man chanting "Little deems my royal dame that Rumpelstiltskin is my name!" The rider hastened—

5. —to the castle, to tell the queen his good news. That night, when the little man appeared to claim the prince, the queen triumphantly told him, "Your name is Rumpelstiltskin!" With a roar of anger the little man disappeared through the floor, never to be seen again, and the infant prince was saved!

Harry said "No career." Mary tried it. But housewifery couldn't satisfy her; now she acts, Harry produces, and the Ackerman careers flourish side by side.

# NO MARRIAGE for Him!

By MARY SHIPP

TO TELL the truth, I knew it before he did. I mean, I was in love with him before he was in love with me. Quite a while before. Anyone who has been through this sleepless-nights experience knows that it isn't fun.

Ours was what you might call a "problem" romance. In order to solve the problem, I had to use the feminine wiles, all of them—play hard to get, make believe I felt one way when, actually, I felt another, in order to break down his resistance. (If he were not now my husband I probably wouldn't, a girl having her pride, be quite so frank about it!) Not his resistance to me—he did fall in love with me—but to the idea of marriage against which he had stubbornly set himself.

He was young. He was very ambitious. He was very career-minded. He was—or so he believed—a free soul.

Almost from the beginning, he made it very clear that he did not intend to get married—not for years—at any rate; not, at least, until he was thirty-five.

He was then twenty-six. But he was also very attractive, in something of the way that Cary Grant is attractive—dark hair, dark eyes, dark skin, tall, very slender—the perfect contrast with my light tan hair, blue eyes, wide cheek-bones. And—I fell in love with him. And then, later, he fell in love with me. And then . . .

It wasn't all fun, our romance, by any manner of means. Sometimes, it was a thing of scenes and storms and goodbyes and reconciliations that were little more than preludes to further scenes and storms and goodbyes . . . it was a veritable Gotterdammerung of a romance!

And it began, so matter-of-factly, in Studio B, in the Mutual Building in Hollywood. Harry, who had been producing the Lone Ranger program in (*Continued on page* 85)

**Hear Mary Shipp as Kathleen in The Aldrich Family, Thursday nights at 8 P.M. EST, on NBC.**

Mary's young man started out with his mind made up. But that was only the beginning

...man's setup is perfect: winters in New York, summers in Longwood

# You CAN'T

Jack Carson, Eve Arden—Mr. and Mrs. Average American—on Carson with Arden, heard Thursday 9:30 P.M. EST, on NBC. This episode in their Average American life was written especially for Radio Mirror.

# understand Women

By IRIS NOBLE

JAKE SMITH thinks of himself—always has—as the Average American Man. And so he is. It's very likely that if you added up all the men in this country and divided by the number of the male population, Jake Smith would be your answer. He has a job working behind the soda-and-quick-lunch counter at Anderson's Super-Drugstore, than which a more typical place of business could not be found, in an average American town. Typical of wives in general is Jake's Mary—well, something above average in looks Jake thinks, with an I-can-pick-'em complacency that places him more than ever in the Average Man category. He has a run of the mill home life in an ordinary home—in which incidents like the following are likely to occur, whether it be Jake Smith's house, or the house in the next block, or even your own:

Being the Average American Man, Jake has, of course, often been heard to complain that nobody can ever expect to understand women, although he will, at the drop of a hat, explain often and loudly exactly what's *wrong* with them. This, as can be easily seen, often leads to a Typical Incident, especially when two average men like Jake and his friend, Joe Dibble, get together of an evening. The subject turns to women; some pretty fancy philosophy is likely to result, some very sage observations, a few exceedingly clever witticisms—all of them, according to Mary, so much hooey and nothing more. The average reaction of the average woman, of course.

Take, for example, one particular day. Jake was late getting home, and Mary was waiting for him at the door.

"Jake, you're late again. This is the fourth time this week!"

"Aw, honey—why can't women ever understand about a man's work? You know how it is with me. I don't just give the store my eight hours—I give it my soul! My experiments are going to put the Anderson Super-Drugstore's soda-fountain on the map, someday. Look . . . does Einstein get heck from his little woman when he gets home late from his experiments?"

"And what's Einstein got in common with you?"

Jake drew himself up proudly. "It's science, that's what we got in common. I'm working right now on a double banana, one scoop tutti-frutti, two-scoop pistachio, with four cherries on top. You just *try* balancing four cherries. . . .

But Mary wasn't listening. She had caught sight of the box underneath his arm.

"Oh, Jake—for me? Flowers? Then you didn't forget!"

Backing away, he clutched the box tighter, stuttering a little as he tried to think of something to say.

"F-fl-flowers? But, Mary—"

"Don't you remember? Ten years ago this very day I came into Anderson's for the first time and sat on that end stool—you know—the one we called *ours* —and you leaned over the counter and said—"

". . . *what'llitbe, vanillachocolate or strawberry.* Yeah." Jake sighed tenderly and for a moment he regarded his wife with nostalgic fondness. Then he quickly recovered. "No, I don't remember. You women and your sentimental nonsense! I brought you flowers last week, on the anniversary of the first time you managed to eat two banana splits. That was *love,* that was. No, this is for me and Joe Dibble. It's a jigsaw puzzle we're going to work together tonight."

"Jake Smith, are they coming over again tonight? You know I told you Margie Dibble got a new dress the other day and she's bound to wear it over here and I'll have to say something nice about it and, really, where she manages to pick up those awful clothes—"

"There you go. It's the same thing all day long. Women come into the store and gush all over each other—but just let one woman have to leave early and you should see the others tear into her. You dames are just plain hypocrites. Now, take men—"

"You take them. . . . I've got to warm up the dinner."

The Dibbles, Joe and Margie, arrived shortly after eight. And, sure enough, Margie Dibble was resplendent in new and shiny taffeta.

"It's just too sweet for words. Just suits you!" If Mary choked over her words, she gave no sign. She was the perfect hostess in her admiration.

"Oh, this old thing! It's just something I picked up at a sale. But you're looking wonderful—you get younger-looking every day, (*Continued on page* 71)

*Like all men, Jake says you can never tell about women—but he can tell you what's wrong with 'em!*

IN LIVING PORTRAITS

# *The* SECOND MRS.

**The story of Stanley and Terry Burton, and a town**

TERRY BURTON faces with charm and intelligence a very difficult situation: she is the second wife of a small-town business man whose first wife remains a family friend. But, adored by her husband and the son of his first marriage, and beginning to capitalize on her designing talent, Terry is finding her place in Dickston life. (Played by Patsy Compbell.)

STAN BURTON is deeply in love with his second wife. But while the first Mrs. Burton remains in Dickston, and while their son BRADLEY must shuttle between her home and his father's, Stan is insecure. For Marian is a sharp, self-seeking woman who makes her influence felt even in Stan's business. (Stan is Dwight Weist; Brad, Ben Cooper.)

# BURTON

that may be a friend—or an enemy

LILLIAN ANDERSON is one of the few friends remaining to Marian. For the sake of the years they've known one another, Lillian has tried, with no success, to help Marian straighten out her thinking. (Played by Elspeth Eric)

MRS. MILLER has the heart and soul of a *neighbor*, in the best old meaning of the word. And fortunately she is neighbor to a family that knows how to value her: Stan and Terry Burton. Friendly, calm, wise, Mrs. Miller has eased many a turbulent hour, and pointed out many a pitfall, to the less experienced Terry. (Played by Doris Rich)

MARIAN SULLIVAN, divorced from Stanley Burton, found no happiness in her second marriage either. A woman of confused standards and desires, intensely possessive, Marian uses her son Brad and every other possible device to remain a disruptive factor in Stan's life—the new life he is working out with Terry. (Played by Cathleen Cordell)

**Hear The Second Mrs. Burton daily, Monday Through Friday, at 2:00 P.M. EST, on your local Columbia Broadcasting System station**

JIM ANDERSON, Lillian's husband, knows he's lucky. He loves his wife, has a happy home, a successful business. Jim is content with life, and rather surprised at people who, like Marian, can make such a mess of it. (Played by King Calder)

GREG MARTIN is something Marian wants—and he knows it. Glamorous in her eyes because of his achievement as a playright, he is also very attractive to her as a man. But the sophisticated Greg is more than a match for Marian. He recognizes, and very skillfully eludes, all of her attempts to make a possession of him. (Played by Alex Scourby)

# HOT FROM THE OVEN

By
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR
FOOD COUNSELOR

**Listen Monday through Friday at noon when Kate Smith Speaks, on stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System**

ALONG about this time of the year I find myself thinking that an oven-cooked dinner is just about the nicest thing that can happen to anyone. It is a nostalgic thought, rooted in childhood memories of winter when a bright cheerful kitchen filled with enticing aromas from the oven could make one forget completely the wind and sleet-filled world outside. It all seemed simple to me then, delicious dinners popping as of their own volition out of the oven and onto the table, and it wasn't until later, when I began to be interested in kitchen efficiency, that I realized how much thought and planning go into making sure that everything is ready at one and the same time. It is a matter of temperature, of course, selecting recipes that specify the same heat during cooking, and this month's menus have been planned so that when you set your oven temperature at the beginning of preparation, whether that temperature is high or low, you will not need to adjust it again.

*Barbecued Spareribs Oven Dinner*

Barbecued Spareribs*
Oven Hashed Potatoes — Baked Acorn Squash*
Graham Bread — Butter or Margarine
Hot Molasses Squares with Whipped Cream*
Coffee — Milk

## BARBECUED SPARERIBS*

3 pounds spareribs
2 tablespoons fat
1 small onion, sliced
½ cup chili sauce
1½ cups water
½ teaspoon prepared mustard
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon Worstershire sauce
¼ cup brown sugar

Have spareribs cut into serving portions. Place in shallow baking pan. Melt fat, add onion and cook until golden brown. Add remaining ingredients and simmer for 5 minutes. Pour over spareribs and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) about 1½ hours, basting several times during baking period. Makes 6 servings.

**Spareribs, squash and molasses squares make one menu—and there are many others—that can be planned to come out of the oven all at once.**

## BAKED ACORN SQUASH

2 large acorn squash
water
2 tablespoons butter or margarine melted
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon nutmeg

Cut squash lengthwise into 3 pieces, remove seeds and pulp and place in kettle with small quantity of water. Cover tightly and cook for 30 minutes. Drain, place in baking dish and brush with melted butter. Mix together sugar and nutmeg and sprinkle on top of squash. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until tender, about 45 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

## OVEN HASHED POTATOES

Use cooked potatoes, cut them into small pieces, place in baking dish, dot liberally with bacon fat and season to taste with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) until nicely browned, about 30 minutes.

## HOT MOLASSES SQUARES

1 cup sifted enriched flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
⅛ teaspoon baking soda
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon ginger
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
⅓ cup shortening
¼ cup sugar
⅓ cup molasses
1 egg slightly beaten
½ cup sour milk

Mix and sift together flour, baking powder, soda, salt and spices. Cream shortening thoroughly and beat in sugar. Stir in molasses and egg. Add dry ingredients alternately with sour milk, beating just enough to mix well. Turn into greased 8-inch square pan. Bake in 350 degree oven for about 30 minutes. Cut while warm; serve with whipped cream. Serves 6. (*Continued on page 105*)

The first of Radio Mirror's

# Flowers FOR Mrs. Melancholy

Ruth Evans Wayne—Big Sister

FROM THE LIFE OF

## BIG SISTER

By HELEN CHRISTY HARRIS

**complete-in-one-issue novelettes, a new series of**

**stories to take you back to exciting events in the lives of your radio favorites**

EVENING in Glen Falls. The streets quiet, shadows gathering in the square in front of the courthouse. In the deserted reception room of the house she shared with Dr. Carvell, Ruth Wayne sat at her desk, writing a letter. The letter was to her husband, John, in New York City, and it was the first she had written him in a long time.

In fact, she was so worried that when Dr. Carvell poked his head out of his office door to wonder aloud why she was still at her desk, she asked if she might read the letter to him:

Dear John,

This is in answer to your unexpected but very welcome letter of last week. I can't tell you how pleased and excited I am that you've decided to see Dr. Foster. As you know, I met him when I was in New York, and I have greatest confidence in his being able to help you. I am extremely anxious to learn how things are going, but I will be patient, as I am sure you will be. You know that the earliest stages of analysis are the most difficult, that this is the time when the patient fights hardest, is least convinced of the value of what he is doing—

She raised troubled eyes from the page.

"What do you think, Dr. Carvell? Does it sound as if I were—well, *pleading* with him . . . asking him to go through with the analysis for *my* sake as well as his?"

The doctor's disciplined. middle-aged features softened.

"Sound as if you want him back, you mean?"

"Well—yes."

"You *do* want him back, don't you?"

"Yes—"

"Then why be ashamed of it?" he asked. "Why try and conceal it? After all—" It was then that the doorbell rang.

Ruth rose quickly, glad suddenly of an excuse not to talk about John. "I'll get it, Dr. Carvell—"

"Nonsense," he said. "You stay here, finish your letter. That's much more important."

She turned to her desk, but only to stare at the sentences, testing them in her mind, trying to think how they would sound to John. *Richard is well. He's had a good summer, but is looking forward to the opening of school.* Flat, luke-warm words—to write about Richard, her son and John's! And—*Neddie has been doing very well at the garage. He and Hope have got together again. For almost the first time since they were married, I really think they have a chance at making a go of it.* That told nothing, either. Nothing of her deep affection for her brother, and her concern when his strange, intense young wife had become for a time interested in Frank Wayne, John's own older brother.

Miss John? Want him back? Oh, yes—but she couldn't say it, couldn't let herself even hint it. Because when your husband has lost his faith in himself as a doctor, as a man, and will not let you help, there's a hurt so deep that your only protection against it is pride. Her mind understood his leaving, but her heart. . . . John had left her to go to New York to "find himself" he'd said. His very words.

She became aware of voices from the other room—Dr. Carvell's deep one, and another, old, pinched, with a faint foreign accent. And then Dr. Carvell was calling her. "Ruth—"

"Coming," she answered, and thrust the letter into her desk drawer.

The old woman turned as she came in. When she saw Ruth, something—hope, eagerness—faded from her face; then it lighted again, in recognition. "Hello, Lady," she chirped.

Ruth smiled back at her. It was impossible not to like her on sight—a square-set little body, shapeless in its nondescript clothes, thin and wasted with age. The face too was square, and thin and tired—all but the eyes. They were alive, bright, searching.

"I know you," said Ruth. "At least, I saw you in the Park yesterday. You were sitting there, right opposite the Court House."

"Park? Oh, yes—nice park. When I young girl, I work all day, never get tired. Now I get tired. I sit in park, rest. And I think maybe I see her—"

"This is Mrs. Melanchek, Ruth," Dr. Carvell broke in. "She's looking for a Mrs. Evans. We thought, since your name was Evans before you were married—"

The old woman shook her head vigorously. "I'm so sorry I make trouble, but—no. Name is Evans, yes. At least, I think. But other name is not Ruth. Is—Sophie."

"Sophie Evans?" Ruth repeated. "I don't think. . . . Have you tried the phone book?"

"I look. Is no there. But thank you, Lady. I already make so much trouble, I go. . . ."

"Do you feel all right?" asked Dr. Carvell, and something in his tone made Ruth see how frail the old body was.

"Feel? Oh, sure, Doctor. I feel all right. And when I find Sophie, I feel wonderful!"

"Are you sure?" said Ruth. "Wouldn't you like to sit down and rest for a while—"

"No. I make big mistake and much trouble. I don't want make trouble nobody. Only find Sophie. But don't worry—somehow I find her. And I thank you a hundred times. Goodbye and God bless!"

The door closed behind her.

"Poor old soul," said Ruth. "I wish she'd stayed. She doesn't look well. I remember her so clearly, sitting there in the park. Studying everybody as they went by, waiting. Who is this Sophie she's looking for? What does she want with her?"

Dr. Carvell was staring at the closed door and frowning. "I don't know. And we probably never will know. It happens like that sometimes. A snatch of conversation in the street that puzzles you, bothers you. You want to hear more, know more, but—that's the end of it."

But it wasn't the end. Mrs. Melanchek called again the next day, and this time Reed Bannister was in the office with Ruth. He was waiting while Dr. Carvell dressed to attend a staff meeting at the county hospital, at which Reed was to read a paper.

He was glad to be with Ruth in the pleasant reception room at Dr. Carvell's; glad to see her face, too often sober since John had left, light with laughter as he teased her about her compliments on his paper.

"If you think it's going to be so wonderful," he laughed. "Why don't you come along? We could probably smuggle you in."

"I wish I could, Reed. But it's a little late to get anyone to stay with Richard." The doorbell rang, and she rose. "I'll go. Probably someone determined to see that you don't get to your meeting."

Instead, it was the little old woman with her hesitant

**Big Sister, written by Julian Funt, is heard every afternoon, Monday through Friday, at 1:00 P.M., EST, over CBS stations. Grace Matthews is Ruth; Berry Kroeger is Reed; Paul McGrath is John; Santos Ortega is Dr. Carvell; Michael O'Day is Ned; Anne Shepherd is Hope.**

foreign speech, her diffident smile.

"Please, Lady," she said to Ruth. "I feel so bad to bother—"

"You're not bothering," Ruth said gently. "This is Dr. Bannister, Mrs. Melanchek. Did you find your Sophie?"

"No. That's why I'm come back. I *got* to find. I got!"

"You don't know a Sophie Evans here in Glen Falls, do you, Reed?" Ruth asked. "Mrs. Melanchek's been looking for her for several days—"

"Real name is Sophie Melanchek," the old woman interrupted. "But she's change when she's come here. Then she's change again when she's get marry. She's taller me, not so tall like you, Lady. But pretty—always. Pretty like flower from time she's little girl. Hair light, long—down to here. With curls. Eyes blue, little nose. You sure you not know?" And she looked at them so pleadingly that they felt somehow criminal, denying it.

"We're sure," Ruth said, as Reed shook his head. "We're awfully sorry."

MRS. MELANCHEK gestured deprecatingly. "Don't be sorry, please. You good, good woman to help me. Is just—I *got* to find her. Not much money left, not much time. All I got left in whole world now—is Sophie." She moved toward the door.

"Have you a place to stay while you're looking?" Ruth asked quickly. "If you haven't—"

She smiled sunnily. "Thank you, Lady. I stay with friends, good friends, Polish people on other side town. Goodbye. I ask God bless you."

Reed made an instinctive movement to stop her. He didn't like the pallor under the weather-beaten brown of her skin, didn't like the way she moved, as if pain reached out to halt her. But it was no use. The door had closed.

"Strange," he said. "Very strange. Poor old thing—all alone in the world—"

"I know," said Ruth softly. "Looking for her mysterious Sophie."

"She said she'd changed her name," he went on, half thinking to himself now. "That would make it kind of tough. But the description—Good Lord, Ruth!" It had hit him suddenly.

"I just thought of it, too," said Ruth. "Hope." She stared at him, her eyes wide, alight. Then in a single motion they reached for the door, opened it. But the street outside as empty.

An hour later Ruth stood on the threshold of her sister-in-law's apartment. Hope had been pleasant, even cordial, over the telephone, but now—Ruth hesitated. She wasn't at all sure that Hope was going to like what she had to say. Then she lifted her hand and knocked.

Hope must have been waiting. The door opened almost instantly. "Hello, Ruth," she said. "Neddie's over at the garage. That's why I was so glad you called. We've got kind of a joke about his working nights. I tell him I'm a *gas* widow, instead of grass—get it?"

Hope Evans

Ruth smiled doubtfully, but her voice was warm. "I think it's wonderful that you can take it this way—joke about it."

"Well, I don't *like* it, exactly," Hope admitted. But her smile said that she was pleased. She motioned Ruth to a chair. "But maybe I'm growing up a little. Maybe—someday I'll really turn out to be somebody."

"I'm beginning to think you already are," said Ruth. Then she plunged. "Hope—something interesting has happened at the office. A little old lady has come in twice. A very sweet looking old lady, rather shy. Her name is—Mrs. Melanchek."

There was a second's silence. "Melanchek?" Hope repeated with polite interest. Too polite, Ruth thought. Too casual.

She listened, her eyes veiled, remote, while Ruth told her of Mrs. Melanchek's visits, explained that from the old woman's description both she and Reed had thought that Mrs. Melanchek's Sophie might be Hope.

Then she exclaimed excitedly, "What? What are you talking about? My name isn't Sophie. It's Hope. And it never was Melanchek. It was Melton. I never knew or even heard of a Sophie Melanchek in my life. And I must say it's pretty funny when your own sister-in-law starts accusing you of having an alias or something."

"Please, Hope. I'm not accusing you of anything. It's just that she's such a sweet old lady, and she wants so desperately to find her Sophie, and I thought—"

Hope's voice rose. "I tell you I'm not Sophie Melanchek. I never even heard of her—nor of Mrs. Melanchek, either. Now will you please drop the whole thing?"

Ruth saw that it was no use. "Why, of course, Hope. Only—well, I guess I just must have been mistaken."

Still, she was sure that she hadn't been mistaken. A half-thought nagged at her as she started homeward in the soft September dusk. Something Hope had said. . . . Then she knew. She stood stock still, remembering. *I'm not Sophie Melanchek!* But—Ruth hadn't said that she was, for the simple reason that Ruth herself hadn't known the missing Sophie's last name. Mrs. Melanchek hadn't mentioned it, had said only that it had been changed before her marriage. Perhaps it was a natural enough assumption on Hope's part, but still . . . but still. . . .

She was mailing her letter to John the next morning—the careful, lukewarm letter which was, after all, the best she'd been able to bring herself to write—when she saw the small, bent figure on the other side of the street. The mailbox clanged shut; Ruth darted into the traffic, emerged calling, "Mrs. Melanchek! Mrs. Melanchek!"

The old woman turned slowly, uncertainly, as if she didn't trust her own ears. "What? Oh, good morning, Miz' Wayne. Is nice morning, no?"

"A very nice morning," Ruth gasped. "I'd been hoping I'd see you again. I—" Mrs. Melanchek swayed. Ruth took her arm, guided her almost forcibly to Dr. Carvell's office. There she made tea and toast, saw that a little color was coming into her guest's cheeks before she told her story.

"From your description of your Sophie yesterday," she said, "we—Dr. Bannister and I both thought that she might be my sister-in-law, Hope Evans."

Mrs. Melanchek sat forward excitedly. "Ja. Ja. Evans. That's name—and she's married your brother?"

"That's what we thought. But I talked to her last night, told her about you—and she didn't know you. Her name was Melton before she was married—"

Mrs. Melanchek's face was gray again. Her mouth worked. "If she's not know me, is can't be my Sophie. If you excuse, I go now—" She rose, took an unsteady step toward the door. Alarmed, Ruth reached out to stop her.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Melanchek! Dr. Carvell will be down soon, and I'd like him to look at you—"

But Mrs. Melanchek had fainted.

She protested violently when she awoke several hours later in the big, comfortable bed in one of the upstairs guest rooms. Mary Melanchek had never been sick a day in her life, she insisted. She'd run her little farm upstate near Northville, raised her orphaned granddaughter, Sophie, singlehanded. Perhaps now she was a little tired, but she had a good heart, good lungs. Dr. Carvell needn't go poking things at her. . . .

Dr. Carvell thought otherwise. His face was grave as he and Ruth left the room.

"Anything new on that Sophie of hers?" he asked. "The girl she was looking for?"

"I . . . I'm not sure," said Ruth. "That might be a contributing factor, don't you think?"

"No doubt about it. She has spiritual strength in plenty, but she's been drawing upon it for some time now. The other—physical strength—" He shook his head.

"I wonder, Dr. Carvell—" She broke off, thinking. Thinking of the snapshot in her desk drawer, one Neddie had taken of Hope shortly after they were married. It was an extraordinarily good, clear likeness.

They showed it to Mrs. Melanchek later that afternoon, when office hours were over, and when Mrs. Melanchek herself was rested. The veined old hands shook as she held the snapshot, turned it to the light, but her voice, her eyes, told nothing.

"This girl," she said finally, "your sister-in-law—she say she not know me?"

Ruth swallowed, her heart suddenly pounding with fear. "Well—yes. But I had an idea—"

Mrs. Melanchek held out the snapshot. "You take. Nice, pretty girl. But—not so pretty as my Sophie. No."

"Are you sure?" Ruth asked. "Mrs. Melanchek, what are you doing?" Mrs. Melanchek had flung back the covers, swung her legs over the side of the bed.

"I get dressed. I go now. I feel ashamed, so much trouble I make you."

"But—"

"It's all right, Ruth," said Dr. Carvell quietly. "Let her try."

Mrs. Melanchek smiled approvingly. "Oh, thanks, Doctor. You first doctor I ever know who's—who's—" She sank back on the bed, staring blankly at her legs. "What—what's matter with me? I no can get up! So weak—"

Dr. Carvell's voice was very gentle. "Now do you realize you're sick? You're not to worry about it—Mrs. Wayne and I will take care of you. She'll stay with you while I go downstairs and have some medicine made up."

"That's good man, that doctor," said Mrs. Melanchek, looking after him. "So many good people in the world—"

"Do you trust him?" asked Ruth. She was busy settling the old woman in bed, covering her.

"Trust! Like own father!"

"And me?" said Ruth carefully. "Do you trust me, too?"

"You—even more." And her smile caught Ruth's heart. "Like own sister."

"I'm glad. Because we want to help you get well. And sometimes there's more to being sick than just your body. Sometimes, if you have things on your mind, it helps to tell them. This picture—don't you want to look at it again. Just once more—"

Neddie Evans

"What for I got look?" It was a whisper. "Someone else I lie. You, I not can lie more. This Hope who's not know me, never hear my name—she's my Sophie, my granddaughter."

Ruth tried several times that afternoon to call Hope, and each time there was no answer. "Perhaps she's out," Ruth told herself, as much to keep up her own hopes as out of charity, and she tried to concentrate on her work. Then the thought of the small, shrunken figure in the big bed upstairs drove her to the telephone again. . . .

Hope, in the bedroom of her apartment, let it ring, although each peal of the bell seemed to scrape along her nerves. She was very busy. She had two suitcases out on the bed. She was packing, her clothes and Neddie's. Her play suit, her slacks, the old trousers Neddie used for fishing. . . .

NEDDIE. He'd looked nice this morning. That tie she'd made him buy—he'd looked as if he worked in a bank or something, instead of a garage. The little things, like the tie, those were the things you had to watch. Neddie'd get somewhere, someday, with her watching, pushing him. She'd come this far already; she'd got away from all the dirt and the smells and the—the dumbness. And she wasn't going to be pushed back, not for anything, not for *anyone*. Anyone who got in her way would have to be—just one of those little things that you had to watch.

She was in the kitchen, getting supper, when Ruth came.

"I'm sorry to bother you," Ruth said. "I know you must be busy, after being out all day—"

"Out?" said Hope. "I went out to do my marketing, that's all. Why?"

"I was trying to call you," Ruth said, "for hours. I really thought you were out. But then Dr. Bannister came in and said he'd seen you going into your apartment—so I came right over. You see, Hope, your grandmother's at Dr. Carvell's, quite sick."

But this time Hope was ready for her. "Grandmother?" she repeated. "What are you talking about?"

"Mrs. Melanchek. Remember, I spoke to you about her—"

"Sure I remember," said Hope. "But my grandmother's dead. Besides, if she were alive, she'd be on the West Coast. My name was Melton. Dad was a civil engineer. He and Mother got married—in Seattle—when he came back from China. I ran away from home because he was so strict, but—"

She was lying. Lying with the bland assurance of a child, almost believing it herself. "All the same," Ruth said, "would you come over and see Mrs. Melanchek anyway?"

"But what for?" Hope exclaimed.

"Because she thinks you *are* her granddaughter. You see, I showed her one of the snapshots Neddie took of you on your honeymoon—"

She'd succeeded, finally. Hope backed a step, her smooth imperturbability shaken. "She's crazy!" she burst out. "Or else she—she's just making a mistake. Maybe I just look like that Sophie of hers. That happens sometimes, especially in a snapshot. And you said she was old and sick, didn't you? Well, sick old people sometimes get funny ideas—"

"That's true," said Ruth quietly. "But if she *is* making a mistake—well, the quickest way of finding it out would be if you did come over and talk to her."

"Will you please stop it, Ruth?" Her voice rose. "Stop pestering me! What is this old dame to you, anyway?"

"Nothing, Hope. Except a very sweet old lady who's quite ill, and who wants so very little that—"

"That's just too darn' bad!" Hope fairly spat the words out, her mouth shaking, her face dead white. "She's nothing to me, either. If she says she is, she's either crazy or mistaken. And—well, I'm *not* coming over or having anything to do with her!"

By the time Neddie came home, Hope was in control of herself again. Ruth had gone; Hope was busy at the stove. Neddie's eyes told her what a pretty picture she made in the neat housedress, blue to match her eyes, snugly belted at her slim waist.

"Gee, Neddie, you're early," she greeted him. "I haven't got supper all ready. Ruth was here, and she only left a little while ago."

"That's all right," said Neddie. "How is she?"

"Ruth? Oh, she's fine. Only—she's a little worried about *you*. She says you've been working too hard. And I think so, too. Almost every night at the garage—"

Neddie's face glowed at this consideration from his wife. "Oh, it hasn't been so bad," he said deprecatingly. "And now with Pete Little around, things are starting to ease off a bit."

"I'm glad," said Hope quickly. "Because, you know what I think, Neddie? I think you ought to go away for a few days. I think we *both* ought to go. You haven't had a vacation in over a year—"

"Vacation," Neddie repeated blankly. "Va—why, Hope, I can't just close up the garage when I'm practically just getting started!"

"Why can't Pete run it for you? Or is it just that you don't want to go? I thought you'd like having a few days with just the two of us, alone together—" Her eyes fell on his tie. He'd been pleased as a kid when she'd made him buy it. You'd have thought she was giving him a present, just because she'd taken that much interest. Oh, yes, she could handle him. She was actually beginning to enjoy the argument, because she knew that she would win. . . .

Dr. Carvell was a man not easily moved. He had the biggest heart in the world, but he saw too much, he was daily in contact with too much human suffering, to let himself be easily reached. But Mrs. Melanchek—Mrs. Melanchek, he felt, would have wrung tears from a stone.

Having spent the night at his house, she came downstairs in the morning, dressed to go, grateful for their care and concern, apologetic for having been so much trouble. She was on her way, now, she said, back to her farm—and then she swayed and would have fallen if the doctor and Ruth had not got her to a chair.

"Now stay there," he ordered. "Don't you dare move until I tell you to."

Mrs. Melanchek recovered herself enough to sniff at him in mock resentment. "You doctor! You so smart, know so much, I could—Mrs. Wayne—" she turned to Ruth, suddenly serious. "Mrs. Wayne, I not have chance ask before—I not *want* to ask—but . . . you hear from my Sophie? I know you try yesterday call her on telephone—"

"I saw her," said Ruth, her eyes flicking past Dr. Carvell's. "I told her you were here. She—she was terribly excited about it. She wanted to come over last night, but it was pretty late, and I knew you'd be asleep—"

Oh, the radiance in her face! The sudden renewal of hope—and the struggle not to hope too much. "But today?" she breathed. "She's maybe come today, Mrs. Wayne?"

"I'm sure she will, Mrs. Melanchek. She *is* pretty busy,

but I'm sure that she'll be able to make it."

Mrs. Melanchek relaxed, smiling beatifically. "Oh. I glad. Even she not come, I glad she *want* come. Is long time my man's die, but I know what's like be marry. Especially *young* marry. Busy, busy. So much do. She not come today. She come tomorrow, next day. I understand."

This was too much. Earlier, Dr. Carvell had listened grimly while Ruth had told him of her visit to Hope, of Hope's refusal to see Mrs. Melanchek even after Ruth had told her how sick she was. That had been enough. But now—the joy, the trust, the patience in the old woman's face. . . .

"Ruth," he said, "will you come out into the hall a minute? Mrs. Melanchek, will you excuse us?"

In the hall he turned upon Ruth almost savagely. "I can't take it any more," he said. "Not after the way *she's* taking it. After all, Hope's your sister-in-law, and there are some things you can't say to her. But she's nothing to me except a callous, selfish, egocentric— Anyway, I'm going over there right now and have a few words with her!"

Ruth had scarcely had time to get Mrs. Melanchek upstairs and into bed again before he was back. "No one answered the bell," he reported. "And the shades were all drawn."

"It doesn't mean she isn't there," said Ruth, reading the thought in his face. "Well—I don't want to do this—but there's just one way to find out."

Dr. John Wayne

Dr. Carvell heard only her side of her conversation with Pete Little at the garage, but even before she'd hung up he knew what had happened.

"Gone," said Ruth, "for ten days to two weeks—on their vacation. Pete wasn't sure where."

"We could probably find out, get her back here—"

"What's the use, Dr. Carvell? *She* did this—Hope. She must have talked Neddie into it last night, right after I left. And," she closed her eyes, "I practically promised Mrs. Melanchek you'd bring Hope back with you. Now I've got to tell her—and I can't."

She took it beautifully. Looking earnestly from the doctor to Ruth, she even tried to reassure them. "Look, Mrs. Wayne," she said, "when a girl gets marry, she's marry *only* husband. She's can't think no more first about mother, grandmother, nobody. Your brother work hard, I feel much worse bad if they not take vacation because me. Besides, when they come back, I well again, I cook big dinner—soup, Polish meatballs—"

RUTH didn't cry, not then. But her eyes smarted and her throat ached, and she didn't trust herself to talk until she and the doctor were back downstairs.

"If she weren't so good about it," she said. "So—so gallant. Somehow, it makes it worse. But of course, in a way, she's right. It will be only a week or two before they get back, and when they do—"

Dr. Carvell's voice was flat. "When they do, it won't matter."

Her heart stopped then. "What do you mean?"

"Don't you know? Don't you recognize the symptoms? I'm afraid it's just a matter of days."

Ruth stared at him, mute. Then she turned away, her teeth biting deep into her lower lip as she gazed blankly out the window through a rain of tears.

The events of the next forty-eight hours, each one separate and distinct of itself, followed so fast upon each other that they became a blur, memorable less for themselves than for the effect that remained after Mrs. Melanchek was gone.

It was Neddie, who knew least of what was going on, but who was to be affected most deeply by the old lady, who all unconsciously finally persuaded Hope to visit Mrs. Melanchek—Neddie who from the beginning had known nothing of the old woman and who understood almost as little of his wife, but who loved her. All Neddie knew was that Hope, having won her vacation at Silver Lake, was restless and tense after they got there. "I thought," he said, "you'd be glad that we got away for a while," and Hope snapped, "Neddie, don't you know there are some things you can't get away from? If we hurry, do you think we can catch the next train back to Glen Falls?"

Neddie called Ruth at Hope's suggestion when they got back. Ruth came to see them immediately, and Neddie learned for the first time of the sick old woman who thought that Hope was her granddaughter, while Hope still vehemently denied that she was.

"Gee, Hope," he said after Ruth had gone, "I think you ought to go see the old lady. I feel sorry for her—and if she thinks you are her granddaughter and she sees you and sees you're not, then . . . well, maybe it'll help her to get well or something."

Hope's face brightened, as if an entirely new thought had struck her. "Do you really think so?" she asked. "I mean—if I did go over—even if I *wasn't* her granddaughter—that it might help?"

"Well, sure," said Neddie. "And even if it doesn't—well, what have you got to lose?"

"That's so," said Hope, half to herself. "I guess you're right. Anyway, it won't hurt. All right, Neddie, I'll go."

She never forgot his face at that, the simple adoration in it. "Oh, Hope, that's the most wonderful, most terrific thing I ever—I knew you'd do it! I knew it! I'll call Ruth right up and tell her."

Hope insisted upon going without him. Afterward, in the light of what happened, she—and Ruth, who took her up to Mrs. Melanchek's room and who witnessed the meeting—was forever glad that Neddie wasn't there to see it.

They looked at each for a long moment, the pretty young woman, the shrunken, work-worn old one on the bed. Then Hope said, with an effort, "I—I'm Hope Evans, Ruth's sister-in-law."

"Hope." Mrs. Melanchek's eyelids flickered. "Oh. Oh, ja. She's—she's tell me about you."

"I understand that you—you wanted to see me."

The old woman's voice was faded, distant. "I'm always glad see young people. But—who I really want see is granddaughter, Sophie Melanchek."

"Oh, I understood you thought maybe I was your granddaughter. Ruth said she showed you my picture—"

"Nice picture," said Mrs. Melanchek politely. "Pretty, you look like my Sophie in picture. But now I see you for real, I know is mistake. If I'm make you trouble, please excuse, yes?"

Hope swallowed. "Oh, sure. And—I hope you'll be better soon. Now I guess I better be running along."

That was all. Hope left the room, her head high. "Now," she said to Ruth when they were out in the hall, "are you satisfied?"

Ruth's face was deeply grave. "No, I can't say that I am."

Some of Hope's assurance deserted her. "What—what do you mean? You saw that she didn't know me. She said—"

"I saw," said Ruth. "I told you she was very sick. I didn't tell you that she was dying. And—well, I'd like her to find her granddaughter before she dies."

"Dying!" Hope whispered. Then, shrilly, "Why are you telling me that? What do you expect me to do about it? I tell you I never saw her before in all my life!"

That was in the morning. Neddie didn't know that Hope made a second trip to Dr. Carvell's that day, in the evening, before he came home from the garage. But she had not returned by the time he reached home, and when she did come in, a few minutes later, her pinched face, her tired, listless look caught at his heart.

"Gee, Hope!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," she said tonelessly. "Why?"

"You look so sort of—funny. What happened with that Mrs. Melanchek?"

She flinched. "Mrs.— Why do you ask me that?"

"No reason. Only you said you were going over—"

"I did go," said Hope. "And I saw her, and she said herself that I wasn't her granddaughter, and—well, that's the end of it."

"Oh," said Neddie, relieved. "Well, that's good."

"Good!" she repeated sharply. "A poor old lady, sick, dying, all alone in a strange place without anybody she really knows to take care of her—and you say, good! What do you mean?"

"I only—" Bewildered, Neddie took a step toward her, thought better of it. "Hope, don't you want to lie down? Take an aspirin and let me call Ruth or Dr. Carvell. You keep rubbing your forehead—"

"Neddie Evans!" It was a scream. "If you say one more word about me being sick or the way I look or the way I'm acting, I—don't you know when to leave

a person alone and not keep nagging?"

"I'm sorry, Hope. Honest, I am. It's just that—well, I love you so much, and I get so worried about you—"

Hope seemed to wilt suddenly. "I know, Neddie. And I'm the one that's sorry. I shouldn't have jumped on you that way. I'm just plain no good. Just rotten clear through."

"Hope! Don't you say that! Don't you dare—"

"No?" said Hope. "Is this the first time I've jumped on you for nothing? Why you ever married me in the first place I'll never know. I—"

"Stop it!" Neddie shouted. "I don't care what you've done, or ever *will* do. I know that deep down you're a fine, brave, honest person. And—"

"You crazy kid, you!" she cried. "I'm the biggest liar there ever was! I lied to you, and to Ruth—even tonight when I went over there, I couldn't make myself tell the truth. And I even lied to *her*. Not only that, but I made *her* lie, too! Made her say she didn't know me even when she was dying. And she did it—she backed me up in it, just like she's always done in everything."

"She?" he said blankly. "Who? What are you talking about?"

Hope stared at him. Didn't he really know? No, of course not. He was too innocent, too trusting. "Mrs. Melanchek," she flung at him. "My grandmother. Because she really *is* my grandmother!"

He stared at her, stunned, unbelieving. Hope began to cry, unrestrainedly, like a child, her mouth squared like a child's tears running freely. "Oh, Babka! Babka! Babunya moya!" The tortured sobs frightened him, released his tongue.

"But why?" he stammered. "Why didn't you—I don't understand."

"Oh, you wouldn't! Because she was a foreigner, that's why. Because of the way she looked and talked. You don't know what it was like being all alone there on the farm with her, seeing other kids with other kinds of families, American families—"

"But, gee," said Neddie. "Go back far enough and we're all foreigners."

"Not like that," said Hope. "At least, they were all foreigners together. No one was on the outside, the way I was." As suddenly as she'd collapsed, she pulled herself together. "I can't stand it. I've got to go over there. I've got to see her."

"But it's late," he protested.

"I don't care. Just so it isn't *too* late. No, Neddie—" as he reached for his coat—"I'm going alone."

Neddie let her go. He protested, but only out of the polite habits of a lifetime. It was late; she'd been under a strain; she looked as if she might keel over any minute; she certainly ought not go out alone. But—after she'd gone, the fact emerged slowly out of all the stunned confusion of his mind—he did not really care right then what happened to Hope.

He went for a walk. He didn't know where he walked, nor for how long. But when he returned, Ruth was waiting for him in the living room of the apartment.

Dr. Carvell

"Hope's lying down," she said. "I promised I'd stay here until you came back. It's all been very hard on her, Neddie. Terribly hard."

He looked at his sister, her worn face, the tired, tense lines around her mouth. She'd been with Mrs. Melanchek day and night for days—where Hope should have been. "I'll bet it has," he said.

Ruth gave him a penetrating look. "I know what you're thinking, Neddie. But she had her reasons for doing what she did, and you have to try to understand. Mrs. Melanchek was in a coma when she got there tonight—still is. And if you could have seen Hope trying to talk to her, to reach her some way, you'd understand how miserable she feels now, how guilty, and how terribly sorry she is."

"It's all right, Ruth," he said flatly. "You don't have to bother making out a case for her. You go ahead home, and—I'll look after Hope."

Ruth hesitated, her eyes, unhappy, compassionate, searching his face. Then she said, "All right, Neddie. And if there's any change—anything at all—I'll 'phone."

She called a little before three that morning. Both Hope and Neddie were up—in fact, Neddie was having difficulty persuading Hope that it was better to wait for word at the apartment than to be at her grandmother's bedside. It was Reed Bannister who admitted them at Dr. Carvell's. Ruth had called him earlier in the evening in the futile hope of saving Dr. Carvell a few hours of sleep. "There's been no change," he said. "She's still unconscious. But—she's sinking fast, and we thought you'd better be here, just in case."

They let Hope and Neddie into the sickroom for a few minutes, then sent them downstairs, where Ruth made Hope drink a cup of tea.

"Tea," said Hope numbly. "*She* used to drink it out of a glass, with the spoon in it. Used to drive me crazy. Why couldn't she drink it out of a cup like everybody else? She'd look at me with those eyes of hers and say all right, if it made so much difference, she'd use a cup. But then she'd forget, and—Why does it all come back to me, now, Ruth? Those things weren't important. I just thought they were—"

Reed came down the stairs. "Ruth—Hope—better come up. She's conscious—but it may be for only a minute."

He had prepared her, told her that Hope was downstairs. The face that looked up at them from the pillow was radiant, the eyes shining in anticipation of a miracle.

"Grandma! Babka! Babtchu!" Hope sank to her knees beside the bed, her legs no longer supporting her.

The old woman tried to rise, and couldn't. Her arm fell across the girl's shoulders. "Sophie—moya chochna—Is—is really my Sophie this time!"

"It—it always was, Babka. Even when I was saying I didn't know you, here in my heart I was saying, 'Babka, Babka—' Can you forgive me, Babka? I did so many bad things. So many—"

"Please, Sophie. Is nothing. You think your old Babka loves you so much and not understand?" Her hand moved in Hope's shining soft hair. "Miz Wayne, Dr. Bannister, look. She's beautiful, my Sophie, no?"

"Babka, please," Hope choked. "Don't—"

"For why, Sophie? Is bad thing woman be beautiful? Is wrong old Babka should say?"

"No, grandma, no. It—It's just that—"

"Oh." A gentle thread of sound, reproving, but with a hint of laughter behind it. "You worried I be sick? No. Sophie—now I got you again, I'm be strong like bull. Is—is just one thing. One more thing—you married lady now, and I'm not never meet husband. He—he's here maybe too?"

Hope looked at Ruth, at Reed. "Do you think—?" Reed nodded and Ruth went to get Neddie.

It was one of the hardest things, Neddie thought forever afterward, that he'd ever had to do in his whole life. But he did it. He walked smiling into the room, bent over the bed, put his arm around Hope, lovingly. "I'm awfully glad to meet you, Mrs. Melanchek."

"*You* glad!" Pure rapture looked up at him. "I'm never more glad in whole life than meet you, Neddie."

"I've been awfully anxious to meet you for an awfully long time," he said. "Hope—Hope's talked a lot about you."

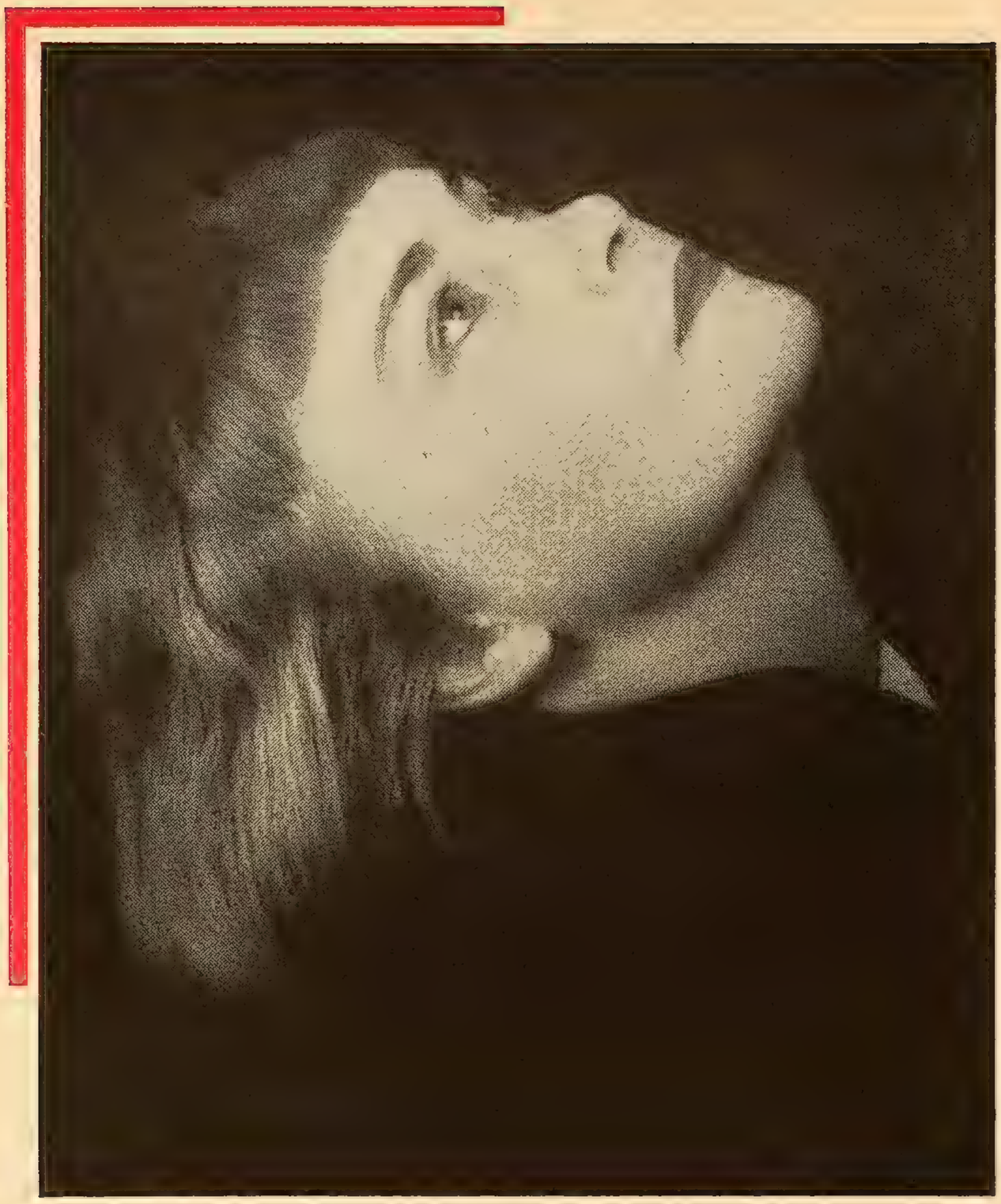
"I didn't, Babka!" Hope burst out. "That's one of the things—"

"Shh, Sophie. About this, we're not talk. But you fine man to make up such nice story, Neddie. Now you got go, you two. I know. Dr. Bannister, he's make doctor face. But before you go, you're let old woman that's love you very much say to you two words?"

"Of—of course," said Hope, and Neddie nodded automatically.

Mrs. Melanchek drew a deep breath. Her eyes moved from one to the other, linking them. "I'm not educated woman. But be old, see lots. Is some people think most important thing in world is money. Is not. Is only one thing really matter—love other people. Is say in Bible—and is true. Love everybody, no matter what is name, how talk or how look, what country come from. And love, most of all, husband and wife each other. Love and trust, and have children. Because, when we're have children, we're teach them things—how they're should be good and happy. And when we're teach, we're learn ourselves. That's all. That be big advises from old Babka. So now you go—and God should bless you."

Between them, Neddie and Ruth led Hope away—although Neddie's arm fell from (*Continued on page* 90)



Who'd guess? This lady fair to see is Stringbean Kittinger to the Aldrich Family. Off air, she's Joan Jackson.

# Keep it Simple

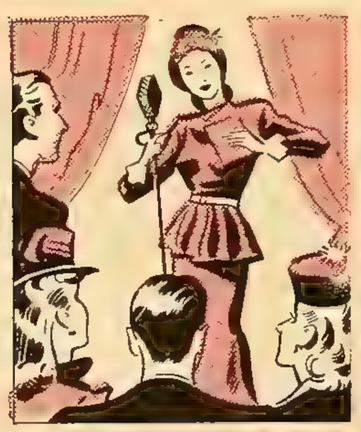
By MARY JANE FULTON

Clean hair, brushed hair is bright hair.

PINT-size Joan Jackson hails from Savannah, Georgia. She *should* look more than fifteen, but she doesn't. She's an "old married woman" of twenty, and is completely wrapped up in her husband, a radio engineering student, and their year-old son. A blue-eyed ash-blonde, Joan walked into a featured radio role without previous microphone experience. Her voice was just right for the character of "Stringbean Kittinger," that pesky youngster who plagues the existence of Henry and Homer on NBC's The Aldrich Family program.

You wouldn't call Joan beautiful—in the true sense of the word, that is. For she's more than that. She's so extremely attractive calling her a beauty seems almost like damning with faint praise. Her natural, charming manner and her wholesome good looks are refreshing.

Just soap, beautiful soap—and warm water.



The audience wants to like you. Relax.

Her hair, worn in a Dutch bob, is kept clean with frequent shampoos. And it *looks* brushed. Joan says that indeed she does brush her hair—every night with a clean, stiff-bristled hair brush until the sparks seem to fly, and her scalp tingles with increased circulation. It's the simplest way she knows to encourage the highlights in her hair to gleam with a natural sparkle.

Her face gets plenty of wind and sun the year 'round, because she loves taking long walks near her home on Long Island. Yet it's as soft, clear, and healthy-looking as a baby's. Her method of caring for it is also very simple.

She uses a complexion brush, or a clean, white washcloth to wash it. Mild soap, worked into creamy suds with tepid water, is massaged in upward and outward circular motions all over her face and throat. Special attention is paid to those areas around her chin and nostrils where dirt likes most to become imbedded in the pores. She rinses her face with warm water. Then, cupping cold water in her hands, she splashes it on many times, until her skin tingles. Joan then pats on a skin freshener, which feels especially good on a clean skin. Or she may decide to apply a softening, soothing hand cream or lotion. So many girls overlook the fact that such a cream or lotion is as good for the complexion as it is for the hands and body.

Before the microphone, she can't afford to feel nervous. It would quickly show in her voice. So she becomes engrossed in the character she portrays. If you get the jitters when speaking before an audience, large or small, she suggests that you forget about yourself *and* your listeners. Concentrate on what you're saying. At every opportunity, speak before a group in school, church, or meeting.

# INFORMATION BOOTH

**More answers to more letters; yours may be here**

FOR YOUR INFORMATION—If there's something you want to know about radio, write to Information Booth, Radio Mirror, 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. We'll answer if we can, either in Information Booth or by mail—but be sure to sign full name and address, and attach this box to your letter.

### THE FAT MAN

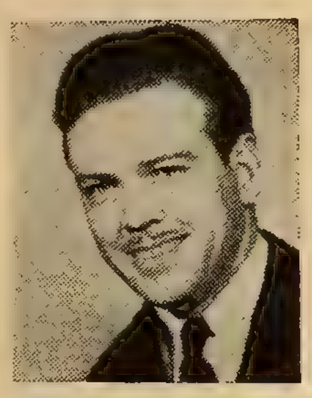
Dear Editor:
Please tell me something about J. Scott Smart who plays the part of Brad Runyon on the Fat Man program on Friday nights.
Mrs. M. H.
Hampton, Va.

J. Scott Smart

*Jack Smart who plays the title role in the Fat Man is a well known radio and movie actor. He weighs 270 pounds, and is as well qualified in experience as he is in appearance to play the part. Formerly under contract to Universal Studios (you saw him in "One Hundred Men and A Girl"), Smart is equally well known on Broadway, where his most recent appearances were in "A Bell For Adano" and with the Lunts in "The Pirates."*

### HE CAN BARK!

Dear Editor:
Could you give me some information about Michael Fitzmaurice who plays Phil Stanley on When a Girl Marries?
Mrs. M. H. C.
Covington, Ky.


Michael Fitzmaurice

*Michael Fitzmaurice, radio actor, tenor, and master of ceremonies, attributes his success largely to the fact that he can bark like a dog. He had studied the drama in college, played on the London stage, and worked in a Los Angeles station doing odd jobs. In 1934 he seemed as far away from an acting career as ever when he learned that William Bacher, director of Hollywood Hotel, was auditioning professional imitators for the canine role with Lionel Barrymore in "The Return of Peter Grimm." Michael, who had been barking for his own amusement for some time, barged in on the audition and got the part. Later, in New York, he worked on NBC's Grand Central Station, and, eventually, on When a Girl Marries.*

### SONG OF THE STRANGER

Dear Editor:
I am very much interested in a program called Song of the Stranger, broadcast over Mutual stations. Bret Morrison, who plays the stranger is simply wonderful, and I would like to know if he has been on any other programs. Miss E. P.
Orland, California

Bret Morrison

*Bret Morrison has been in radio since 1930 when he directed, produced, and acted in a series of sketches built around Dracula. Since then he has been heard in Chicago Theater of the Air, The First Nighter, The Thin Man, Superman, and The Shadow, in which he portrays the slick amateur detective, Lamont Cranston.*

### YOUNG OLDTIMER

Dear Editor:
I would appreciate some information about Toni Darnay, the star of The Strange Romance of Evelyn Winters. Miss E. I.
Bronx, N. Y.

*Although her role in Evelyn Winters is her first big radio job, Toni is not a newcomer to the acting profession. Born in Chicago of French and English parents, Toni, at the age of 13, sang and danced in a touring vaudeville act. Later she played in summer stock and in radio shows in Chicago and Los Angeles. Now that she is successfully launched in radio, Toni hopes to divide her time between musical comedy and dramatic parts, and is taking singing lessons to help fulfill this aim. She has a Siamese cat named Ming Chan, "Susie" for short. Collecting quaint old clocks is Toni's absorbing hobby.*

Toni Darnay

### CORLISS

Dear Editor:
For the past several years we have been ardent fans of One Man's Family. Ever since Irene was taken off the program we have been wondering what has become of the person who portrayed her. We would appreciate it if you could tell us her name and what she is doing. Also, if possible, a picture. Misses A. B., S. G., M. K.
Monmouth, Ill.

Janet Waldo

*The gal you're looking for is a pert, dark-haired beauty who was born in Grandview, Washington, not very many years ago, and her name is Janet Waldo. She has contributed her talents to The Red Skelton Show, Mayor of the Town, The Eddie Bracken Show, and many, many other programs. Janet is currently portraying the irrepressible Corliss in the Meet Corliss Archer show, heard on Sundays from 9:00 to 9:30 P.M., EST, on the CBS network.*

### GLOBE TROTTER

Dear Editor:
One of my more pleasant moments on Sundays is the program American Album of Familiar Music which features Jean Dickenson. Won't you tell us something about her? Mrs. E. E. H.
New York, N. Y.

Jean Dickenson

*Jean Dickenson, daughter of an American mining engineer and a short-story writer, was born in Montreal, spent her babyhood in India, and trotted along with her parents to South Africa, where at the age of seven she discovered she liked to sing. While at college in Denver Jean received her first chance for a radio career, a program of classical music on a coast-to-coast hook-up. As a result of this, she was rewarded with a contract as soprano star of American Album of Familiar Music.*

### FROM LAW TO RADIO

Dear Editor:
There is a very nice announcer I would like to know something about—Richard Stark. Mrs. C. R.
Philadelphia, Pa.

*Richard Stark, the announcer on Joyce Jordan, started working at the age of 4 in the movies. At 9, his mother decided his education was being neglected, and halted his work. During his summer vacations he made movies which enabled him to enter Cornell University. At 21 he was the youngest student ever to be elected to the American Society of International Law. But he soon gave up international law when it was apparent that the world had already done so.*

# Inside Radio

All Times Below Are EASTERN STANDARD TIMES
For Correct CENTRAL STANDARD TIME, Subtract One Hour

## SUNDAY

| A.M | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | | | Earl Wild | Carolina Calling |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Story to Order<br>Words and Music | People's Church<br>Tone Tapestries | White Rabbit Line | News<br>Renfro Valley Folks<br>Trinity Choir of St. Paul's Chapel |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br>10:45 | Bible Highlights<br>Circle Arrow Show | Radio Bible Class<br>Voice of Prophecy | Message of Israel<br>Southernaires | Church of the Air<br>Church of the Air |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | Voices Down the Wind<br>News Highlights<br>Solitaire Time | Christian Reform Church<br>Reviewing Stand | Fine Arts Quartette<br>Hour of Faith | Negro College Choir<br>Salt Lake Tabernacle |

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | World Front News<br>Eternal Light | Pilgrim Hour<br>Lutheran Hour | Guest Speaker<br>World Security | Invitation to Learning<br>As Others See Us |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br>1:45 | American United<br>Chicago Round Table | William L. Shirer<br>American Radio Warblers<br>For Your Approval | Sam Pettengill<br>Raymond Swing<br>Sammy Kaye | People's Platform<br>Doorway to Life |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br>2:45 | Robert Merrill<br>James Melton<br>Frank Black | Family Doctor<br>Bill Cunningham<br>Veteran's Information | Lee Sweetland<br>Sunday Vespers | Robert Q. Lewis, Little Show<br>Bob Reid Sings "Here's To You" |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Eddy Howard<br>One Man's Family | Ernie Lee's Omega Show<br>Juvenile Jury | Lassie Drama<br>Johnny Thompson<br>This Week Around The World | N. Y. Philharmonic |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | The Quiz Kids<br>Musicana | House of Mystery<br>True Detective | Are These Our Children<br>Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air | Hour of Charm |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | Ford Show | The Shadow<br>Quick As A Flash | Adventures of Bill Lance<br>David Harding | The Family Hour<br>Hoagy Carmichael<br>Joseph C. Harsch |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | The Catholic Hour<br>Hollywood Star Preview | Those Websters<br>Nick Carter | Drew Pearson<br>Don Gardiner<br>Greatest Story Ever Told | Ozzie and Harriet<br>Percy Faith |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7 30<br>7:45 | Jack Benny<br>Band Wagon | Sherlock Holmes<br>Gabriel Heatter Show | Child's World<br>Exploring the Un-Known | Gene Autry<br>Blondie |
| 8:00<br>8:15<br>8:30<br>8:45 | Bergen-McCarthy Show<br>Fred Allen | A. L. Alexander<br>Jimmy Fidler<br>Newscope | Detroit Symphony Orchestra | Sam Spade<br>Man Called X |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Manhattan Merry-Go-Round<br>American Album | Meet Me at Parkys<br>Jim Backus Show | Walter Winchell<br>Louella Parsons<br>Theatre Guild | Meet Corliss Archer<br>Tony Martin Show |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | Take It or Leave It<br>The Big Break, Eddie Dowling | Voice of Strings<br>Latin American Serenade | Jimmie Fidler | Christopher Wells<br>Strike It Rich |

**MONICA LEWIS**—favorite disc singer, heard now on the Jan August Show, over MBS, Thursdays at 8:00 P.M., EST, is definitely for television.

**MORGAN BEATTY**—his News of the World, from NBC's Washington News Room, is an 8:00 P.M. feature. Though now a political observer, he was for thirteen years with the AP and had a top rating as a disaster reporter. During World War II he was made a military analyst and covered the Battle of the Atlantic, with both the American and British Navies. He has been on the NBC news staff since 1941.

## MONDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | Do You Remember | | | The Trumpeteers<br>Three Steps to Rhythm |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Honeymoon in New York<br>Clevelandaires<br>Nelson Olmsted | News<br>Editor's Diary<br>Shady Valley Folks | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America<br>Oklahoma Roundup |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br>10:45 | Fred Waring<br>Road of Life<br>Joyce Jordan | Cecil Brown<br>Faith In Our Time<br>Say It With Music | My True Story<br>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air<br>Listening Post | Music For You<br>Evelyn Winters<br>David Harum |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | This is Nora Drake<br>Kate's Daughter<br>Jack Berch<br>Lora Lawton | Emily Post Quiz<br>Tell Your Neighbor<br>Heart's Desire | Tom Breneman<br>Galen Drake<br>Ted Malone | Arthur Godfrey<br>Grand Slam<br>Rosemary |

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | Echoes From Tropics<br>Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks<br>Victor H. Lindlahr<br>U. S. Service Bands | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren<br>Aunt Jenny<br>Helen Trent<br>Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br>1:45 | U. S. Navy Band<br>Robert McCormick<br>Robert Ripley | Cedric Foster<br>Red Hook, 31<br>Quaker City Serenade<br>Checkerboard Jamboree | Baukhage News<br>Nancy Craig | Big Sister<br>Ma Perkins<br>Young Dr. Malone<br>The Guiding Light |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br>2:45 | Today's Children<br>Woman in White<br>The Story of Holly Sloan<br>Light of the World | Queen For A Day<br>Martin Block Show | Maggi McNellis<br>Bride and Groom | Second Mrs. Burton<br>Perry Mason<br>Look Your Best<br>Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful<br>Ma Perkins<br>Pepper Young<br>Right to Happiness | Song of the Stranger | Ladies Be Seated<br>Paul Whiteman Club | Double or Nothing<br>House Party |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | Backstage Wife<br>Stella Dallas<br>Lorenzo Jones<br>Young Widder Brown | Erskine Johnson<br>Johnson Family<br>Two Ton Baker<br>Adventure Parade | Treasury Band Show | Hint Hunt<br>Winner Take All |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | When A Girl Marries<br>Portia Faces Life<br>Just Plain Bill<br>Front Page Farrell | Hop Harrigan<br>Superman<br>Captain Midnight<br>Tom Mix | Dick Tracy<br>Terry and Pirates<br>Jack Armstrong | Liberty Road<br>Treasury Bandstand<br>Lum 'n' Abner |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | John MacVane<br>Sketches in Melody<br>Once Upon Our Time<br>Sunoco News | Local Programs | Local Programs | Eric Sevareid<br>In My Opinion<br>Red Barber, Sports<br>Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7:30<br>7:45 | Chesterfield Club<br>News of the World<br>Manor House Party<br>H. V. Kaltenborn | Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br>Dance Orchestra<br>Henry J. Taylor<br>Inside of Sports | Headline Edition<br>Elmer Davis<br>The Lone Ranger | Beulah<br>Jack Smith<br>Bob Crosby Show<br>Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00<br>8:15<br>8:30<br>8:45 | Cavalcade of America<br>Voice of Firestone | Scotland Yard<br>Charlie Chan | You Bet Your Life<br>Opie Cates | Inner Sanctum<br>Talent Scouts |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Telephone Hour<br>Dr. I. Q. | Gabriel Heatter<br>Real Stories<br>High Adventure | On Stage America<br>Sammy Kaye | Lux Radio Theater |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | Contented Program<br>Fred Waring | Fishing and Hunting Club<br>Dance Orch. | Buddy Weed Trio<br>Earl Godwin | My Friend Irma<br>Screen Guild Players |

**BILLY ROSE**—the newest established radio commentator, is now Pitching Horseshoes over MBS, week days at 9:00 P.M., EST. He has been variously a champion stenographer; the secretary of Bernard Baruch; head of his own Broadway night club and the producer of the World's Fair Aquacade. His lovely wife is the former Eleanor Holm, a champion swimmer who was the Aquacade's star performer.

## TUESDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | Do You Remember<br>News | | | The Trumpeteers<br>Three Steps to Rhythm |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Honeymoon in N. Y.<br><br>Clevelandaires<br>Nelson Olmsted | News<br>Editor's Diary<br>Shady Valley Folks | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America<br>Oklahoma Roundup |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br><br>10:45 | Fred Waring<br><br>Road of Life<br><br>Joyce Jordan | Cecil Brown<br>Faith in Our Time<br>Say It With Music | My True Story<br><br>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air<br>Club Time | Music For You<br><br>Evelyn Winters<br><br>David Harum |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | This is Nora Drake<br>Kate's Daughter<br>Jack Berch<br>Lora Lawton | Emily Post Quiz<br>Tell Your Neighbor<br>Heart's Desire | Tom Breneman<br><br>Galen Drake<br>Ted Malone | Arthur Godfrey<br><br>Grand Slam<br>Rosemary |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | Echoes From Tropics<br>Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks<br>Victor H. Lindlahr<br>Service Bands | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren<br>Aunt Jenny<br>Helen Trent<br>Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br><br>1:45 | Art Van Damme Quartet<br><br>Robert McCormick<br><br>Robert Ripley | Cedric Foster<br>Red Hook, 31<br>Quaker City Serenade<br>Checkerboard Jamboree | Baukhage<br>Nancy Craig | Big Sister<br>Ma Perkins<br>Young Dr. Malone<br><br>The Guiding Light |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br>2:45 | Today's Children<br>Woman in White<br>Story of Holly Sloan<br>Light of the World | Queen For A Day<br><br>Martin Block Show | Maggi McNellis<br><br>Bride and Groom | Second Mrs. Burton<br>Perry Mason<br>Look Your Best<br>Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful<br>Ma Perkins<br>Pepper Young<br>Right to Happiness | <br><br>Song of the Stranger | Ladies Be Seated<br><br>Paul Whiteman Club | Double or Nothing<br><br>House Party |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | Backstage Wife<br>Stella Dallas<br>Lorenzo Jones<br>Young Widder Brown | Erskine Johnson<br>Johnson Family<br>Two Ton Baker<br>Adventure Parade | <br><br>Treasury Band Show | Hint Hunt<br><br>Winner Take All |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | When A Girl Marries<br>Portia Faces Life<br>Just Plain Bill<br>Front Page Farrell | Hop Harrigan<br>Superman<br>Capt. Midnight<br>Tom Mix | Dick Tracy<br>Terry and Pirates<br>Jack Armstrong | Tales of Adventure<br><br>Treasury Bandstand<br>Lum 'n' Abner |

## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | John MacVane<br>Sketches in Melody<br>Once Upon Our Time<br>Sunoco News | <br><br>Local Programs | | Eric Sevareid<br>Frontiers of Science<br>Red Barber<br>Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7:30<br>7:45 | Chesterfield Club<br>News of the World<br>Manor House Party<br>H. V. Kaltenborn | Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br>Dance Orch.<br>Newscope<br>Inside of Sports | Headline Edition<br>Elmer Davis<br>Green Hornet Drama | Beulah<br>Jack Smith<br>Bob Crosby Show<br>Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00<br><br>8:30<br>8:45 | Milton Berle<br><br>A Date With Judy | Mysterious Traveler<br><br>Official Detective | Youth Asks the Government<br>Erwin D. Canham<br>America's Town | Big Town<br><br>Mr. & Mrs. North |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Amos 'n' Andy<br><br>Fibber McGee and Molly | Gabriel Heatter<br>Real Stories<br>Zane Grey Show | <br>Boston Symphony | We, The People<br><br>Studio One |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | Bob Hope<br><br>Red Skelton | American Forum<br><br>California Melodies | It's Your Business<br><br>Labor U. S. A. | <br><br>Open Hearing |

## WEDNESDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | Do You Remember | | | The Trumpeteers<br>Three Steps To Rhythm |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Honeymoon in N. Y.<br><br>Clevelandaires<br>Nelson Olmsted | News<br>Editor's Diary<br>Shady Valley Folks | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America<br>Oklahoma Roundup |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br><br>10:45 | Fred Waring<br><br>Road of Life<br><br>Joyce Jordan | Cecil Brown<br>Faith In Our Time<br>Say It With Music | My True Story<br><br>Betty Crocker, Magazine Of The Air<br>Listening Post | Music For You<br><br>Evelyn Winters<br><br>David Harum |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | This Is Nora Drake<br>Katie's Daughter<br>Jack Berch<br>Lora Lawton | Emily Post Quiz<br>Tell Your Neighbor<br>Heart's Desire | Tom Breneman<br><br>Galen Drake<br>Ted Malone | Arthur Godfrey<br><br>Grand Slam<br>Rosemary |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | Echoes From Tropics<br>Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks<br>Victor H. Lindlahr<br>U. S. Marine Band | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren<br>Aunt Jenny<br>Helen Trent<br>Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br><br>1:45 | NBC Concert Orch.<br><br>Robert McCormick<br><br>Robert Ripley | Cedric Foster<br>Red Hook, 31<br>Quaker City Serenade<br>Checkerboard Jamboree | Baukhage<br>Nancy Craig | Big Sister<br>Ma Perkins<br>Young Dr. Malone<br><br>The Guiding Light |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br><br>2:45 | Today's Children<br>Woman in White<br>Story of Holly Sloan<br>Light of the World | Queen For A Day<br><br>The Martin Block Show | Maggi McNellis<br><br>Bride and Groom | Second Mrs. Burton<br>Perry Mason<br>Look Your Best<br>Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful<br>Ma Perkins<br>Pepper Young<br>Right to Happiness | <br><br>Song of the Stranger | Ladies Be Seated<br><br>Paul Whiteman Club | Double Or Nothing<br><br>House Party |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | Backstage Wife<br>Stella Dallas<br>Lorenzo Jones<br>Young Widder Brown | Erskine Johnson<br>The Johnson Family<br>Two Ton Baker<br>Adventure Parade | <br><br>Treasury Band Show | Hint Hunt<br><br>Winner Take All |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | When A Girl Marries<br>Portia Faces Life<br>Just Plain Bill<br>Front Page Farrell | Hop Harrigan<br>Superman<br>Captain Midnight<br>Tom Mix | Dick Tracy<br>Terry and Pirates<br>Jack Armstrong | March of Science<br><br>Treasury Bandstand<br>Lum 'n' Abner |

## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | John MacVane<br>Sketches in Melody<br>Once Upon Our Time<br>Sunoco News | <br><br>Local Programs | | Eric Sevareid<br>Talks<br>Red Barber<br>Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7:30<br>7:45 | Chesterfield Club<br>News of the World<br>Manor House Party<br>H. V. Kaltenborn | Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br>Dance Orchestra<br>Arthur Gaeth<br>Inside of Sports | Headline Edition<br>Elmer Davis<br>Lone Ranger | Beulah<br>Jack Smith<br>Bob Crosby Show<br>Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00<br>8:15<br>8:30<br>8:45 | Dennis Day<br><br>The Great Gildersleeve | Racket Smashers<br><br>Quiet Please | Mayor of The Town<br><br>Vox Pop | American Melody Hour<br>Dr. Christian |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Duffy's Tavern<br><br>Mr. District Attorney | Gabriel Heatter<br>Real Stories<br>Encore Theatre | Abbott and Costello | Morgan, Ameche and Langford Show<br>Sweeney and March |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | The Big Story<br><br>Jimmy Durante | Indefinite<br><br>Dance Orch. | Bing Crosby<br><br>Henry Morgan | The Whistler<br><br>Escape |

**JOAN TOMPKINS**—is Norine Temple on Young Widder Brown, NBC, weekdays at 4:45 and Susan Wells on the David Harum program at 10:45 A.M., over Columbia. Her career began in stock in Mt. Kisco, N. Y., and Broadway has seen her in "Fly Away Home," "Pride and Prejudice," "Golden Journey," and "My Sister, Eileen," in the cast of which she met her husband, Bruce MacFarlane.

## THURSDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | Do You Remember | | | The Trumpeteers<br>Three Steps to Rhythm |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Honeymoon in N. Y.<br><br>Clevelandaires<br>Nelson Olmsted | News<br>Editor's Diary<br>Shady Valley Folks | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America<br>Oklahoma Roundup |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br>10:45 | Fred Waring<br><br>Road of Life<br>Joyce Jordan | Cecil Brown<br>Faith In Our Time<br>Say It With Music | My True Story<br><br>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air<br>Dorothy Kilgallen | Music For You<br><br>Evelyn Winters<br>David Harum |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | This is Nora Drake<br>Katie's Daughter<br>Jack Berch<br>Lora Lawton | Emily Post Quiz<br>Tell Your Neighbor<br>Heart's Desire | Tom Breneman<br><br>Galen Drake<br>Ted Malone | Arthur Godfrey<br><br>Grand Slam<br>Rosemary |

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | Echoes From Tropics<br>Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks<br>Victor H. Lindlahr<br>U. S. Service Band | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren<br>Aunt Jenny<br>Helen Trent<br>Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br>1:45 | Art Van Damme Quartet<br>Robert McCormick<br><br>Robert Ripley | Cedric Foster<br>Red Hook, 31<br>Quaker City Serenade<br>Checkerboard Jamboree | Baukhage<br>Nancy Craig | Big Sister<br>Ma Perkins<br>Young Dr. Malone<br>The Guiding Light |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br>2:45 | Today's Children<br>Woman in White<br>Story of Holly Sloan<br>Light of the World | Queen For A Day<br><br>Martin Block Show | Maggi McNellis<br><br>Bride and Groom | Second Mrs. Burton<br>Perry Mason<br>Look Your Best<br>Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful<br>Ma Perkins<br>Pepper Young<br>Right to Happiness | <br><br>Song of the Stranger | Ladies Be Seated<br><br>Paul Whiteman Club | Double or Nothing<br><br>House Party |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | Backstage Wife<br>Stella Dallas<br>Lorenzo Jones<br>Young Widder Brown | Erskine Johnson<br>Johnson Family<br><br>Adventure Parade | <br><br>Treasury Band Show | Hint Hunt<br><br>Winner Take All |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | When A Girl Marries<br>Portia Faces Life<br>Just Plain Bill<br>Front Page Farrell | Hop Harrigan<br>Superman<br>Captain Midnight<br>Tom Mix | Dick Tracy<br>Terry and Pirates<br>Jack Armstrong | Gateways to Music<br><br>Treasury Bandstand<br>Lum 'n' Abner |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | Sketches in Melody<br>Once Upon Our Time<br>Sunoco News | Local Programs | Local Programs | Eric Sevareid<br>In My Opinion<br>Red Barber, Sports<br>Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7:30<br>7:45 | Chesterfield Club<br>News of the World<br>Grand Marquee | Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br>Dance Orch.<br>Newscope<br>Inside of Sports | Headline Edition<br>Elmer Davis<br>Ellery Queen | Beulah<br>Jack Smith<br>Bob Crosby Show<br>Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00<br>8:15<br>8:30<br>8:45 | Aldrich Family<br><br>Geo. Burns and Gracie Allen | Jan August Show<br>Holly House<br>Scarlet Queen | Candid Microphone<br><br>The Clock | The F.B.I. In Peace and War<br>Mr. Keen |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Al Jolson<br><br>Jack Carson and Eve Arden | Gabriel Heatter<br>Real Stories<br>Mutual Block Party | Willie Piper<br><br>Darts for Dough | Dick Haymes<br><br>Crime Photographer |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | Bob Hawk Show<br><br>Eddie Cantor | Family Theatre | Mr. President<br><br>Lenny Herman Quintet | Reader's Digest Radio Edition |

**JERRY McGILL**—the former newspaper man who writes, directs and produces Big Town for CBS, Tuesdays at 8:00 P.M., EST. He was born in Bridgeport, Conn., where his parents were playing the leads in a production of The Count of Monte Cristo and was named Edmond, after the hero. He has an A.B. from the University of Florida, was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford and is married to a Norwegian girl whom he met in Paris.

## FRIDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8:30<br>8:45 | Do You Remember | | | The Trumpeteers<br>Three Steps To Rhythm |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | Honeymoon in N. Y.<br><br>Clevelandaires<br>Nelson Olmsted | News<br>Editor's Diary<br>Shady Valley Folks | Breakfast Club | CBS News of America<br>Oklahoma Roundup |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30<br>10:45 | Fred Waring<br><br>Road of Life<br>Joyce Jordan | Cecil Brown<br>Faith In Our Time<br>Say It With Music | My True Story<br><br>Betty Crocker, Magazine of the Air<br>The Listening Post | Music For You<br><br>Evelyn Winters<br>David Harum |
| 11:00<br>11:15<br>11:30<br>11:45 | This is Nora Drake<br>Katie's Daughter<br>Jack Berch<br>Lora Lawton | Emily Post Quiz<br>Tell Your Neighbor<br>Heart's Desire | Tom Breneman<br><br>Galen Drake<br>Ted Malone | Arthur Godfrey<br><br>Grand Slam<br>Rosemary |

### AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00<br>12:15<br>12:30<br>12:45 | Echoes From Tropics<br>Words and Music | Kate Smith Speaks<br>Victor H. Lindlahr<br>Campus Salute | Welcome Travelers | Wendy Warren<br>Aunt Jenny<br>Helen Trent<br>Our Gal Sunday |
| 1:00<br>1:15<br>1:30<br>1:45 | U. S. Marine Band<br><br>Robert McCormick<br>Robert Ripley | Cedric Foster<br>Red Hook, 31<br>Quaker City Serenade<br>Checkerboard Jamboree | Baukhage<br>Nancy Craig | Big Sister<br>Ma Perkins<br>Young Dr. Malone<br>The Guiding Light |
| 2:00<br>2:15<br>2:30<br>2:45 | Today's Children<br>Woman in White<br>Story of Holly Sloan<br>Light of the World | Queen For A Day<br><br>Martin Block Show | Maggi McNellis<br><br>Bride and Groom | Second Mrs. Burton<br>Perry Mason<br>Look Your Best<br>Rose of My Dreams |
| 3:00<br>3:15<br>3:30<br>3:45 | Life Can Be Beautiful<br>Ma Perkins<br>Pepper Young<br>Right to Happiness | <br><br>Song of the Stranger | Ladies Be Seated<br><br>Paul Whiteman Club | Double or Nothing<br><br>House Party |
| 4:00<br>4:15<br>4:30<br>4:45 | Backstage Wife<br>Stella Dallas<br>Lorenzo Jones<br>Young Widder Brown | Erskine Johnson<br>Johnson Family<br><br>Adventure Parade | <br><br>Treasury Band Show | Hint Hunt<br><br>Winner Take All |
| 5:00<br>5:15<br>5:30<br>5:45 | When A Girl Marries<br>Portia Faces Life<br>Just Plain Bill<br>Front Page Farrell | Hop Harrigan<br>Superman<br>Captain Midnight<br>Tom Mix | Dick Tracy<br>Terry and Pirates<br>Jack Armstrong | Opinion Please<br><br>Treasury Bandstand<br>Lum 'n' Abner |

### EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00<br>6:15<br>6:30<br>6:45 | News<br>Sketches in Melody<br>Once Upon Our Time<br>Sunoco News | Local Programs | | Eric Sevareid<br>Report From The United Nations<br>Red Barber, Sports<br>Lowell Thomas |
| 7:00<br>7:15<br>7:30<br>7:45 | Chesterfield Club<br>News of the World<br>Manor House Party<br>H. V. Kaltenborn | Fulton Lewis, Jr.<br>Dance Orchestra<br>Henry J. Taylor<br>Inside of Sports | Headline Edition<br>Elmer Davis<br>Lone Ranger | Beulah<br>Jack Smith<br>Bob Crosby Show<br>Edward R. Murrow |
| 8:00<br>8:15<br>8:30<br>8:45 | Highways in Melody<br><br>Can You Top This | Burl Ives<br>Alan Dale Show<br>Leave It To The Girls | The Fat Man<br><br>This Is Your FBI | Baby Snooks<br><br>Thin Man |
| 9:00<br>9:15<br>9:30<br>9:45 | People Are Funny<br><br>Waltz Time | Gabriel Heatter<br>Real Stories<br>Information Please | Break the Bank<br><br>The Sheriff | Mark Warnow Orch. and Chorus |
| 10:00<br>10:15<br>10:30 | Mystery Theater<br><br>Sports | Meet The Press<br><br>Date Night | Boxing Bouts | It Pays to be Ignorant<br>Spotlight Revue |

**KATHERINE RAHT**—has been calling "Henry—Henry ALDRICH," for almost eight years on Thursdays at 8 P.M., EST, over NBC. Born and raised in Chattanooga, Tenn., graduated from Bryn Mawr, she taught school awhile before her successful tryout for the role of Miss Gibbs in Thornton Wilder's Pulitzer Prize winning play, "Our Town." She was in the New York production and on the road for a year with this success.

## SATURDAY

| A.M. | NBC | MBS | ABC | CBS |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9:00 | Story Shop | | Tommy Bartlett Time | CBS News of America |
| 9:15 | | | | Songs For You |
| 9:30 | Coffee With Congress | Robert Hurleigh | | |
| 9:45 | Bill Herson | Helen Hall | | Saturday's Rhythm |
| 10:00 | Frank Merriwell | Bill Harrington | U. S. Navy Band | The Garden Gate |
| 10:15 | | | | Johnson Family Singers |
| 10:30 | Archie Andrews | Shady Valley Folks | Piano Playhouse | Mary Lee Taylor |
| 10:45 | | | | |
| 11:00 | Meet the Meeks | Pauline Alpert | Abbott and Costello | Let's Pretend |
| 11:15 | | | | |
| 11:30 | Smilin' Ed McConnell | Say It With Music | Land of The Lost | Adventurer's Club |
| 11:45 | | | | |

## AFTERNOON PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12:00 | Arthur Barriault | Pan Americana | Johnny Thompson | Theatre of Today |
| 12:15 | Public Affairs | This Week in Washington | | |
| 12:30 | Home is what you Make It | Flight into the Past | American Farmer | Stars Over Hollywood |
| 12:45 | | | | |
| 1:00 | Nat'l Farm Home | Luncheon at Sardi's | U. N. General Assembly Highlights | Grand Central Sta. |
| 1:15 | | | | |
| 1:30 | Veterans Aid | Bands For Bonds | Our Town Speaks | County Fair |
| 1:45 | Report From Europe | | | |
| 2:00 | | Dance Orchestra | Metropolitan Opera | Give and Take |
| 2:15 | | | | |
| 2:30 | | | | Country Journal |
| 2:45 | Camp Meetin' Choir | | | |
| 3:00 | | | | Of Men and Books |
| 3:15 | | | | Adventures of Science |
| 3:30 | Your Hosts Buffalo | | | Cross-Section U.S.A. |
| 3:45 | | | | |
| 4:00 | | Dance Orchestra | | Treasury Bandstand |
| 4:15 | | Dance Orchestra | | |
| 4:30 | Musicana | Dance Orchestra | | Saturday at the Chase |
| 4:45 | | | | |
| 5:00 | Edward Tomlinson | Dance Orchestra | Tea and Crumpets | The Philadelphia Orch. |
| 5:15 | Three Suns Shine | | | |
| 5:30 | | Dance Orchestra | | |
| 5:45 | King Cole Trio | Dance Orchestra | | |

## EVENING PROGRAMS

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:00 | Rhapsody of the Rockies | Sports Parade | Vagabonds' Quartet | Bill Shadell |
| 6:15 | | | Adlam's Orchestra | Word From the Country |
| 6:30 | NBC Symphony | Cecil Brown | Harry Wismer | Saturday Sports Review |
| 6:45 | | | Jack Beall | Larry Lesueur |
| 7:00 | | Hawaii Calls | Quisdom Class | Hawk Larabee |
| 7:15 | | | | |
| 7:30 | Curtain Time | Newscope | Challenge of the Yukon | Romance |
| 7:45 | | Twin Views of the News | | |
| 8:30 | Life of Riley | Twenty Questions | Ross Dolan Detective | First Nighter |
| 8:15 | | | | |
| 8:30 | Truth or Consequences | Harlem Hospitality Club | Famous Jury Trials | Leave It to Bill |
| 8:45 | | | | |
| 9:00 | Your Hit Parade | Stop Me If You Have Heard This | Gangbusters | Joan Davis Time |
| 9:15 | | | | |
| 9:30 | Judy Canova Show | Better Half | Murder and Mr. Malone | |
| 9:45 | | | | Vaughn Monroe |
| 10:00 | Kay Kyser | Theater of the Air | Professor Quiz | Saturday Night Serenade |
| 10:15 | | | | |
| 10:30 | Grand Ole Opry | | Hayloft Hoedown | Abe Burrows |

**CHARLOTTE LAWRENCE**—came to New York from her native Los Angeles four years ago; auditioned for radio; was immediately cast in several daytime shows; has been heard on network programs ever since; had the girl lead, last fall, in Christopher Wells; can be heard now as Leona Kenmore in Our Gal Sunday, over CBS on weekdays at 12:45 P.M., EST. Her hobby is the theater. She has seen every play on Broadway since she arrived.

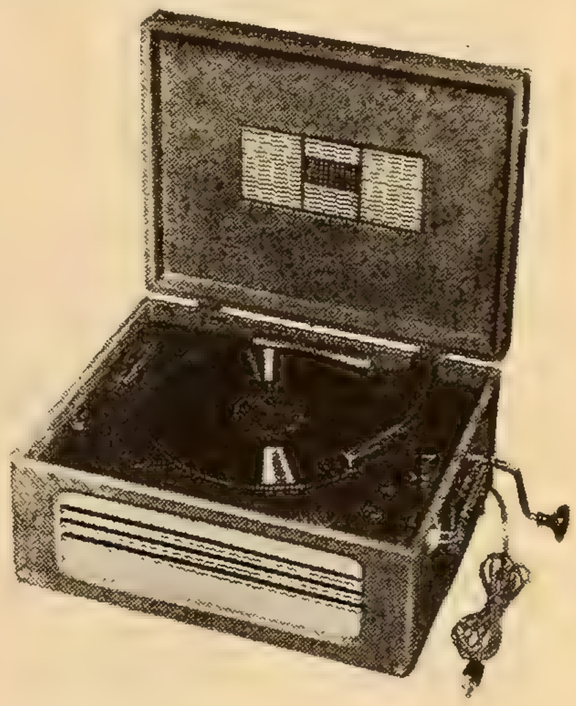
# It's Here!

In this space, each month from now on, Radio Mirror will bring readers news of the latest developments in the fields of radio and television. *It's Here!* will tell you about new sets available, new cabinet models to suit your needs and tastes, new gadgets that will make listening and viewing more practical and more fun. Trade names will always be mentioned, and approximate prices listed.

An interesting portable phonograph is the Capitol Model U-24. It's interesting because it combines electric, battery and wind-up operation. More specifically it makes no difference what kind of electric supply you are receiving, the U-24 will fill the bill. Only 16"x13"x7½", the portable appears to be a well-built unit. Sound reproduction offered is above average for this type of instrument.

* * *

Don't for a moment think that FM radio is just another passing fancy. You've not heard how wonderful music can sound until you've listened to FM broadcasts. If you are now operating your radio on AC current, you'll be interested in the "Pilotuner," a compact converter in a walnut cabinet that can be attached to any set and bring FM into your home. It sells for about $30. It was recommended to us by one of New York's top FM stations.



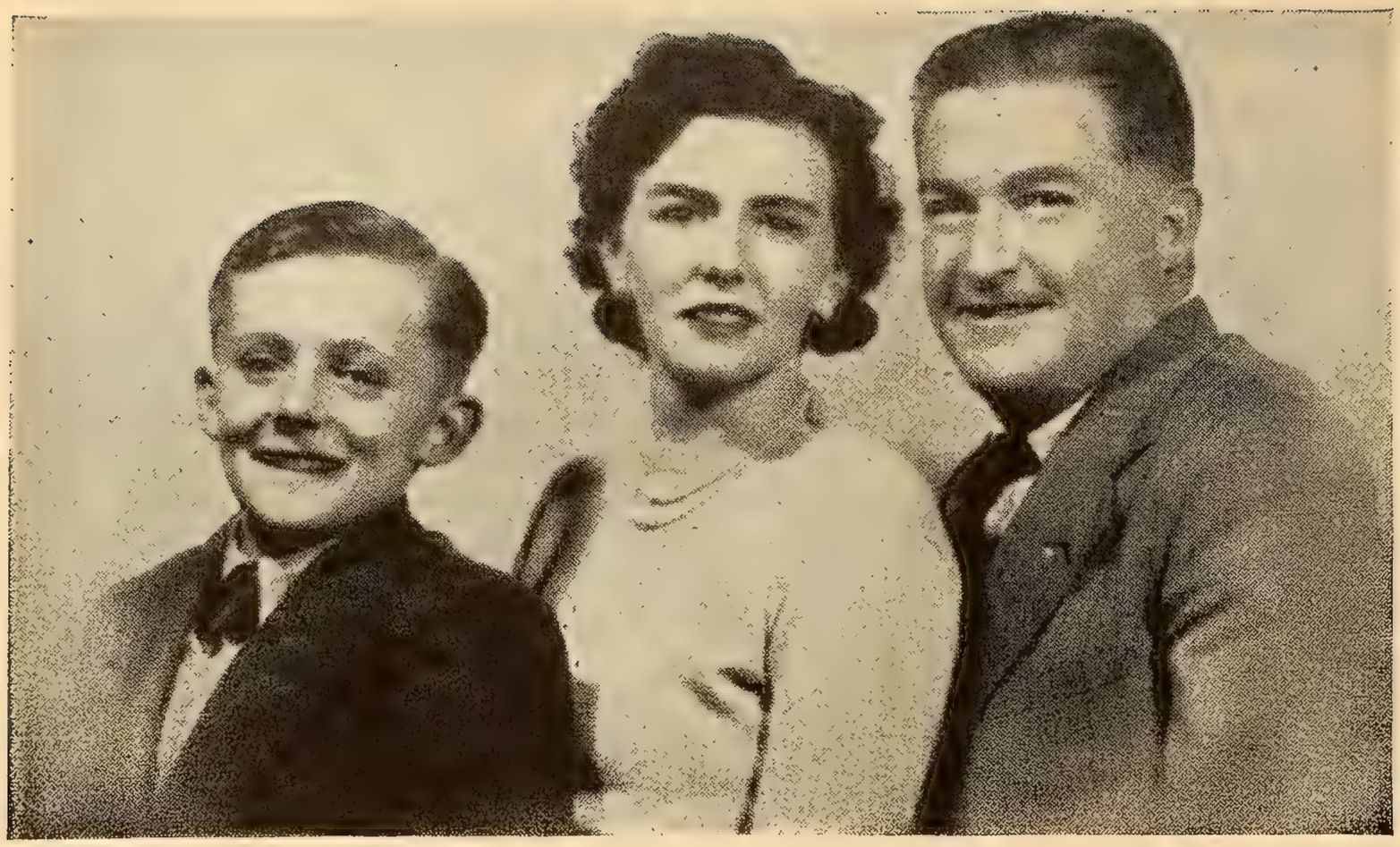
**Capitol's Model U-24 works on battery, current, or just elbow grease.**

Now that we've fully accepted Television and FM radio as household items (those of us who have the wherewithall, that is) we can take to sitting around the old crystal set and discussing the advent of home recorders. Models range from portables to super-special, extra-deluxe combinations that include AM, FM and short wave radio, record player with automatic changer, recording unit and storage space for record albums. Prices for home recorders range from approximately $125 to $400.

* * *

The greatest advantage FM radio offers is the extended frequency range it brings to listeners. Technical as that may sound, it can be explained by noting that the average human ear can hear sounds ranging from approximately 30 to 14,000 frequency cycles per second. However, the average household radio will only reproduce sound waves from approximately 100 to 5,000 frequency cycles. An English manufacturer is now exporting record players to this country that will reproduce every sound audible to the average ear. Called the "Picadilly," the portable set will reveal to your ears the deep, low notes of the bass as well as the tones of the violin. Good but expensive.

**The Picadilly will reproduce every sound that's audible to human ears!**



Poet-philosopher Francis Barto Rainey, Jr., known to his WTIC listeners as "Bud," with "Bud III" and Mrs. Rainey.

Program colleagues Gertrude Warner and Bernard Mullins, WTIC Public Relations Director, join m. c. Bud on his Day Dreams Hour.

# *Reveille* FOR THE *Day Dreamers*

"YOU CAN TAKE a man out of the South, but never can you take the South out of a man." So says Francis Barto Rainey, Jr., known affectionately among his thousands of WTIC fans as just plain "Bud." And after more than a decade spent among New England Yankees, the slow drawl with which Bud makes that familiar pronouncement proves the point. Hailing from the southern part of Florida—"right smack out o' the Everglades" (to quote him)—Bud Rainey comes from Scotch-Irish-Indian stock, a husky two-hundred pounder, almost six feet tall.

Radio was but a new-born babe when Bud began his broadcasting career, and he's been in it ever since, with brief interruptions which Bud is too modest to talk much about. He was once a member of the United States Olympic pistol team, a personnel director in a war plant and a soldier. Before settling in the Nutmeg State, he had been a musician with John Philip Sousa's Band, a broadway actor and a featured performer on major radio network shows. At various times in his radio career, he has been a director, writer and commentator.

Joining the WTIC staff in 1936 as a singer and master of ceremonies, Bud soon began to rattle off original verse of the home-spun variety . . . and presto! the singing-m.c. vanished and the poet-philosopher took over. Four book-length collections of poems have been written and published by Bud since he came to Connecticut's only 50,000-watt station, and his listeners gobbled up the books so fast that the author himself now possesses only one tattered, dog-eared copy of each edition. Naming a program after the title of one of his collections, WTIC inaugurated the Day Dreams Hour, in which Bud visits with his friends and, to the soft accompaniment of organ music, reads his poems in that lazy, friendly southern manner. The popularity of the program has not dimmed with the years, and Bud still "day-dreams" on the air every Tuesday and Thursday at 1:30 P.M. But that isn't the extent of his duties at WTIC. He is heard each week-day morning on the early-bird Reveille program (5:30-6:15 o'clock) in the role of disc-jockey, and his prodigious fan mail proves his effectiveness as a "waker-upper."

As one would expect, Bud is a typical "family-man." His charming wife and handsome, rugged son, fifteen-year-old Bud III, share his many hobbies, including fishing, camping and baseball. Bud III is even taller than his Dad and is a member of the football squad at Bulkeley High School. For several years Bud, the elder, headed a Boy's Club in Hartford's south end, and coached the club's baseball team to a city title, the trophy for which stands in a prominent place on the Rainey mantel.

Although Bud likes to think of himself as one of those rare birds that you hear about but seldom see, he is a leader in whatever he undertakes—especially in the promotion of civic projects.

# *A woman's face is her Passport to the world*

See Penelope Dudley Ward, and you thrill to a little electric shock of pure pleasure. Her face so echoes the warmth and beauty of her inner self, the world takes her to its heart on sight.

Your face can be a magnet—drawing others close to the real You within. There is nothing so revealing of *You*. And nothing about you has more lovable possibilities for you to realize.

Save out of each day the few minutes your face needs to keep it beautifully cared for—so your skin will speak for you with that limpid, *so clean* look that seems almost luminous. For *real* beauty cleanness the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's is one you'll take positive pleasure in doing. *You try it! You'll see!*



PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD—her lovely face, so *lighted* from within, stirs you, warms you. She is the daughter of two of England's famous families—Dudley and Ward.

# *New "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment*

### *ACTS ON BOTH SIDES OF YOUR SKIN*

ALL that is *You* is in your face—for all the world to see. That's why it means so much to make this face of yours say lovely things about the inner you—things that people will want to remember.

## A New Face Treatment

Like a window—your skin has two sides and to care for one side only is *not enough*. Pond's, consulting with distinguished dermatologists, has studied the needs of facial skin and brings you a special new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of your skin *at once*.

*From the Outside* Pond's Cold Cream cleanses thoroughly as you massage—carries off surface dirt, dried skin particles—throws a protecting veil of softness over your skin.

*From the Inside* every step of this Pond's face treatment stimulates healthy circulation—speeds up tiny blood vessels in their work.

Twice each day—better still three times—give your skin this Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—*this is the way:*

***Hot Water Stimulation***

press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against your face—to stimulate blood flow to your skin.

***Two Creamings—to "condition" skin***

1) *Cleanse* . . . work Pond's Cold Cream briskly over warm, damp face and throat to sweep dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

2) *Rinse* . . . with *more* Pond's Cold Cream massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

***Cold Freshener Stimulation***

A cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

Now—see the lovely difference in your face. It has new *cleanness*—new *softness*—new *color!* Here at last is a beauty routine you'll practically *never* skip—because it *works!*

*Always remember* . . . the YOU that others see first is in your face

***To develop the beauty of your own face is not vanity. Every effort you make to improve your physical self gives a lift to your spirit, bolsters your confidence, makes you a more interesting, more lovable person—someone others feel happy to be with.***

*Basics of "Outside-Inside" Face Treatments*

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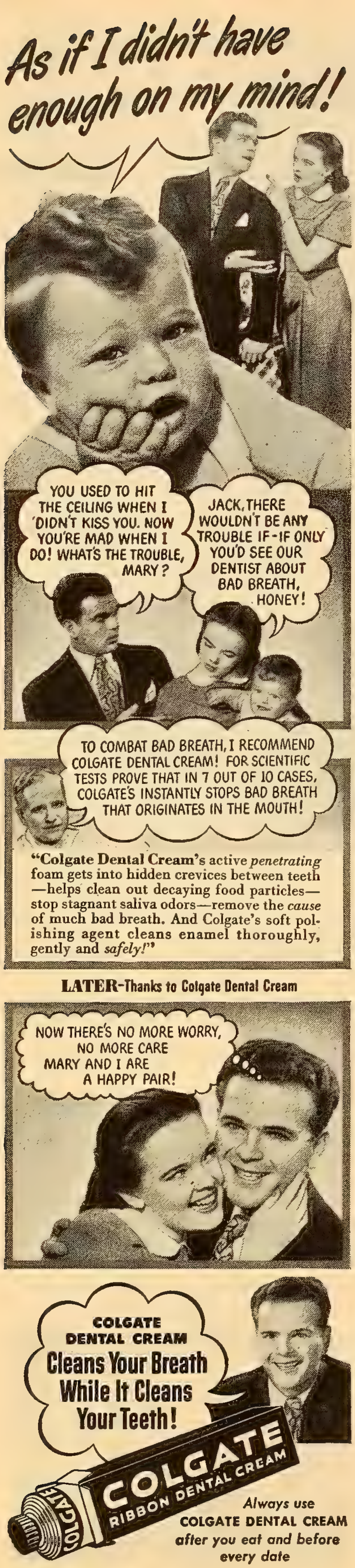
M





# Come and Visit Bill Bendix

(*Continued from page 27*)

fireplace"—dark red and white for the guest bedroom, and blue and white for her own.

She is boss in that department, entertains her friends as she likes, makes her own rules and, her father says, lives in her own mess.

"Why is it?" he wonders in despair. "When a girl is messy, she is so much messier than any man?"

Lorraine counters with a charge that she has no chance to be tidy with visitors using her house for a bath house all day, or a day-nursery for the fifteen napping cousins.

She claims that she prefers to let things get good and littered, and then do the job right—one spurt of energy.

Her mother doesn't worry. It's Lorraine's problem.

Lorraine, however, *does* worry about her mother. When Tess appeared in a stunning new gabardine dress for the RADIO MIRROR photographer, Bill shook his head. "Don't know if Lorraine will like that," he said.

Lorraine liked it. But she looked suspiciously at the silk scarf her mother wore around her neck.

"Looks familiar," was her comment.

The younger generation of the Bendix family—Stephanie as well as "Sister"—finds no reason to stand in awe of their parents. "Love them too much," is Lorraine's explanation.

Lorraine wants to be an actress—"we're all hams," her father says—but she has twenty more pounds to lose in a weight-reducing program which already has scaled off fifty pounds. She won't try to hit the New York casting offices until she is sylph-like, a prospect which—with the help of the famous Santa Barbara Saneum Clinic—she considers well within reach.

In the meantime, she is acting small parts, stage managing, associate directing for the "Stage Lighters" a new and ambitious little theater group.

"Ambitious is an under-statement," Bill Bendix says. "Their first production was O'Neill's "Mourning Becomes Electra." Bill has the most sympathetic interest in his daughter's career-plans, and spent several evenings during rehearsals for Electra helping the kids whip the play into shape for opening night.

Lorraine says her dream is to do a show one day "with Daddy and Stephanie."

Bill groans at this.

"Now she's going to make a ham out of the baby," he says.

"Phoeey," Lorraine retorts. "She already *is* a ham."

On Stephanie, as the saying goes, it looks good. The little girl emerged from her nursery in starched ruffled pinafore to pose with her family for the photographers. The set-up was a breakfast scene, and Stephanie—who is not allowed to eat between meals—was delighted at this chance to get her hands on a little extra food.

"I've had breakfast already," she said, "but I can eat some more."

"What did you have before?" her mother wanted to know.

Stephanie ripped it off: "Pablum, milk, bacon, eggs, toast."

"Is that *all?*" her father winced.

"Oh, no," she said, "I had some fruit."

Whereupon she proceeded to make room for several doughnuts and a glass of milk, while the flashbulbs popped.

"Got it?" she would ask politely after each picture.

"Just one more," Sterling Smith, RADIO MIRROR's photographer, replied, and Stephanie would cheerfully sink her teeth in yet another prop.

"Oh, boy," she said wistfully, as the last doughnut disappeared, "I'm going to be awfully full."

Nobody worried that Stephanie would get sick. She has been indisposed only twice in her young life, both times with hay-fever. And she is so good, her mother says, that if she cries everybody runs to her at once feeling sure she has broken a leg.

Stephanie is an adopted child, and her family is so enchanted with her that they are encouraged to shop for another baby—a boy this time. Stephanie is receptive to the idea—if she can be assured that the new brother will be anything like Uncle Joe's son Jo-Jo. Her mother thinks he might be more like little Henry, another cousin. Jo-Jo is Stephanie's age—Henry is an infant. But Stephanie objects to this. From her three-year eminence she dismisses Henry. "He's just a *baby*," she says. Babies are no good since they can't ride ponies, dig in the dirt, or chase the tame squirrels.

"What *do* babies do?" she wonders, prodding her brief memory.

"In this house?" her father answers. "Why, they relax—like the rest of us."

Relaxation—procured with so much hard work—is the rule now that the Bendix family has settled down in the valley. It's contagious—even the neighbors feel the good warm glow emanating from the easiest-going house in town.

On fight nights there are apt to be twenty or thirty people in the living room—Dinah and George Montgomery, the Dick Haymeses, Lou Costellos, Tommy Harmons, are all friends.

Bill runs the television machine while Tess supervises what she calls a "pick-up" supper.

On warm evenings, supper is outside in the patio, the tables lighted by candles in old hurricane shades. Bill, likely as not, will greet his guests in an old paint-splattered pair of pants and what he calls a "skivvy shirt."

"He spent two days on a boat making 'Guadalcanal Diary'", Lorraine explains. "And ever since he's talked like a sailor."

"Sailor nothing," Bill defends himself. 'I talk like what I am—a happy man."

## *Remember . . . ?*

**It's always fun to remember pleasant things from the past.**

**Next month, reminisce with RADIO MIRROR, through a complete-in-one-issue story from the past life of *Ma Perkins***

**March RADIO MIRROR Magazine, On Sale Wednesday, February 11th**

# You Can't Understand Women

(*Continued from page* 49)

Mary." Appraising looks were exchanged.

"Do you think so? I've been sorta tired lately and I was afraid—"

The two men exchanged glances and beat a hasty retreat to the kitchen.

"Women. Isn't that just like women, for you? All day long—" Joe Dibble wiped the foam off his upper lip—"all day long it's gabble, gabble, miaow, miaow. You sure get an earful of dames, being a fountain man."

"Ain't it the truth? I listen to those gals giving each other the business about how pretty they look while they're waiting for their malted milks and then by the time they're down to the last *sloop* of the straw they're finding grey hair and crow's feet."

"Jake, are you at it again? You know so much about women!" Mary said witheringly, from the doorway.

"When men have something to say about each other, they say it right out," he defended himself. "No beating around the bush. We tell each other the truth, don't we old pal?"

"That's right." Joe emphasized his statement with a hearty slap on his host's back. "And that reminds me, Jake. I got a real compliment for you today. I heard Mr. Grunney, the manager, say there wasn't a faster man with mayonnaise than you in the whole store!"

"He *did?*"

"AND—furthermore—he said he had his eye on you for a promotion to the blue-plate-special-business-men's luncheon counter!"

"Gwan!" But Jake was pleased to the point of strutting a little in front of the others. "But that's nothing, Joe old pal. I heard Mrs. Fosdick the other day say that you were a real artist with the whipped cream. She said it just looked too good to eat."

The two men regarded each other in a fine glow of well-being and good fellowship, but their wives sighed. "Can't we play cards or something? Are we just going to sit here and listen to you two all night?" Mary asked.

"Not tonight. Remember? Joe and I are going to work this jigsaw puzzle. Gee, I haven't worked one of these since I was a kid."

Mary protested. Margie protested. But it was no use. The sight of all the hundreds of little odd-shaped pieces of cardboard had brought out the puzzle-fever in the two men, and finally the girls resigned themselves.

"Look—let's study the picture on the cover. It looks like a farm to me. Those yellow pieces—" Jake peered at the cover—"those yellow pieces must be the bottom, for the wheat. And those blue doo-dads are the sky. And these—"

"—yeah, all these orange and green and red ones must be the farmer and his wife. I'll start on them—" Joe hastily scooped them toward him.

"Wait a minute!—those are the easiest! You gotta arm and a head and they match up quick—" but then Jake remembered he was the host. He couldn't quite quench the thought that after all, it *was* his puzzle and he should be entitled to who got what—but Joe was his guest. Nothing was too good for his pal.

"I'll take the yellow ones, then." But the fine edge of Jake's enthusiasm was

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# Perhaps I know

## some things you don't

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dulled a little as he noticed that Joe had already fitted together three pieces and all those darn yellow ones looked exactly alike!

"Here's a straight yellow one for you. It must be the bottom edge." Was there a note of superiority in Joe's voice?

For a little while there was silence. Jake managed to find a half-dozen sections fitted together to form the edge of the puzzle and his interest revived. After all, there was a certain pride in doing things the hard way! And Joe was slowing down; getting a little confused as the reds refused to match and the handle of the hoe seemed determined to spring out of the head of the farmer's wife.

Jake felt kind and expansive. "Never mind, Joe. You just leave those to me —I'll fix them up later."

But Joe, in quick succession, pounced on five matching red ones and two blues and the hoe came out of the farmer's hand. But that wasn't half so hard to take as the smirk that appeared on Joe's face!

"WHAT are you gritting your teeth for, Jake?" Mary asked, from the corner of the sofa. "I thought that was supposed to be a pleasant evening pastime, not an athletic contest."

"You don't understand. This takes brains and skill and"—giving Joe a hard look—"plenty of luck. How about some sandwiches, Mary?"

"With two experts in the house I should make them? There's rye bread and cheese and pickles and potato chips on the kitchen table. Help yourselves—and bring Margie and me one."

Jake half-rose. "Coming, Joe?"

"No, I'll stay here and finish this section."

"Then I'll stay, too."

Silence for a few minutes. Then Joe sighed and patted his stomach. "Guess I am getting hungry. I'll go in the kitchen if you will."

"Okay—I will if you will."

"We *all* will. Really, for two big grown-up men you're behaving awfully silly over that game." Mary led the way as they all trooped into the kitchen.

"What's silly about it? We're not trying to *beat* each other. We're doing it teamwork, aren't we, old pal? Doing it together in perfect harmony. If you women knew the secret of working together like men do—"

"And what is this secret, O Swami Master? Will you have ham on your rye or bologna, Margie?"

"Honesty, that's all. Honesty and—"

"Ham, thanks, Mary."

"Honesty and objective criticism. Purely impersonal—"

"Pickles, Margie?"

"Purely impersonal. We take the criticism in the spirit of self-improvement and—"

"No pickles, Mary. Just potato chips."

"Self-improvement and—oh, nuts. Ain't that like women—ask you a question and then they don't listen!" Disgusted, Jake turned to Joe.

"Ready, old pal? Shall we tackle the jigsaw again?"

Back in the living room, they sat down again at the card-table. Their enthusiasm now was at fever-pitch.

"Say—I think it does a guy good to get up like that and then come back. Gives you a new perspective. I've found four pieces I was searching for before —just put my hand right on them. Lookit that, will you! I got the whole farmer done. Yours is coming along kinda slow, isn't it, Jake?"

"Mine is the hard part, don't forget. But I've got this bottom edge nearly done and one half of the side. I'm getting darn tired of the sight of this yellow wheat. Where do you suppose this stupid-looking thing goes? . . . you know, I think there must be some pieces missing down here."

But Joe jeered at him. "That's what they all say—and there never are!"

Jake went on with his search. His luck was running out again and now it was a dogged picking-up-and-trying process that was disheartening. Enviously he eyed the other's easier part —if he'd been doing that he'd have had both figures done by this time! There was Joe, trying to find the top of the farmer's wheelbarrow—and there was the very piece staring right in his face. It was more than Jake could stand. He reached over, picked up and inserted it, triumphantly, into place.

"Hey! Take your big paw offa my side! I'm doing this part. I was just going to reach for it."

"You never even seen it, Joe Dibble!"

"Yeah, I did too! You stick to your corn or wheat or whatever it is and leave those turnips to me." Unable to persuade Jake to go back to his own section, Joe laid his hands flat on the picture.

"Take your hands offa my puzzle!"

"Your puzzle! . . . I thought I was asked to come over and help you!"

"I don't need any help, not from you. If I'da thought you were going to hog all the best parts I'da done it all myself."

"You can't do anything by yourself! Just like down at the store, the rest of us guys always having to help you out when you fumble and watching you to see you know a root beer float from a glassa fizz water."

"Is that so! Well, I forgot to mention that when Mrs. Fosdick was saying you was so good on the whipped cream, she also said it would be nice if she had some ice cream to go with it. Ice cream is supposed to be in a sundae, you know!" Jake's sarcasm exploded across the table.

"I GUESS I know how to handle a sundae. Maybe you'd be interested to know that Mr. Grunney was only going to promote you to the blue-plate so's to keep you out of harm's way—he's afraid you're going to slice off your thumbs. And furthermore—"

"Boys, stop it!"

"You keep outa this, Mary. Nobody's goin' to tell me I can't slice a sandwich. Me, the best man on mayonnaise in the whole store!" Jake's face was purple and his chin was stuck out just an inch from the also-jutting Joe's. "I wasn't goin' to tell you, but you might as well know—me and the rest of the guys hafta follow you around all the time, to watch you don't put the salt in the sugar bowls!"

"*There's* a friend for you. Leggo my arm, Margie. . . . I'm not goin' home until—leggo, I say. I'm goin' tell this dimwit—"

Pure outrage kept Jake standing stockstill for a moment, then he charged after the other. "Hey—!" but Margie and Mary executed a neat double-play between them.

Bang! The door slammed in his face.

"Howdya like that! That Joe Dibble —thinks he can work a puzzle, does he? Thinks he can tell me how to make a sandwich, does he? Thinks—"

Mary leaned against the door, weakly. Then with a feeble effort, she murmured "Goodnight, old pal, old pal." Then she gave her husband the look direct. "*Men!*" she said witheringly.

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# At the first blush of Womanhood

by
VALDA SHERMAN

**Many mysterious** changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

**No need for alarm**—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

**Two dangers to overcome**—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

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(*Advertisement*)

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# How I Bring Up Phil Harris

(*Continued from page* 33)

we're Indians, like we did yesterday morning, and we're going to scalp Daddy?" Little Alice and Phyllis ask eagerly.

"Not this morning. This time I'm going to try psychology. Phil—oh, Phil—" I call, softly— "the grocery boy will be here any minute and you know what Julius always says about you."

There is wary silence from the bedroom and then a yell of outrage. "*What* does that little rutabaga say about me?"

"We—ell, he says you're a— no, I can't tell you. I can't bear to repeat it."

Sounds of threshing about of bedclothes and a resounding thump as feet hit the floor; then the master of the house strides into the kitchen, belting his robe around him. There is fire in his eye.

"Why, that fugitive from a potato patch! I'll tell him a coupla things! Just because he's nuts about you he doesn't haff to be goin' round telling things like that about me. Trying to separate a man and his ever-lovin' little wife—that little grapefruit squirt! Why, honey, you know I'd never do anything like that!"

"Like what, Phil?"

"Like—like—well, whatever he said about me. Look at me, honey. I'm a good husband! I'm a good provider! I'm the best father our kids have! Maybe I can't spout poetry at you like that Julius, but I'm handsome and clean-livin' and—and—and—well, handsome." He snorted once more, but then his attention was diverted. "What's this—waffles? Hmmmm, man— I do like waffles."

And he settled himself at the breakfast table and the day began. The wonderful good humor which is such a prominent quality of Phil's asserted itself and when Julius, our teen-age grocery boy and friend, did appear a few minutes later the insults they exchanged were as harmless as they were good-natured.

Afterwards he went with Alice to fix the wheel on her wagon. Anything more complicated than that, my daughters have learned to get repaired elsewhere—Phil has an insatiable desire to take machinery apart and he just hasn't the knack of putting it together again. It keeps me busy trying to anticipate when things are about to break down in the house—I want to be very sure to have the plumber or the carpenter or the clock-repairer on hand before Phil sees the trouble and starts to tinker with it, himself.

It's still amazing to me to see how domestic and home-loving Phil has become. Orchestras, night clubs, tours, one night stands—these were standard equipment to him once, but for the past five years he's been a stay-at-home and he loves it as much as I do.

"Imagine—" he marveled to me the other day— "having one whole room just for eating and another for cooking and one just for sitting down. And green grass outside, without any 'Keep Off' sign on it. I've lived in apartments and hotels and train compartments so long I'm still not used to this home-life stuff."

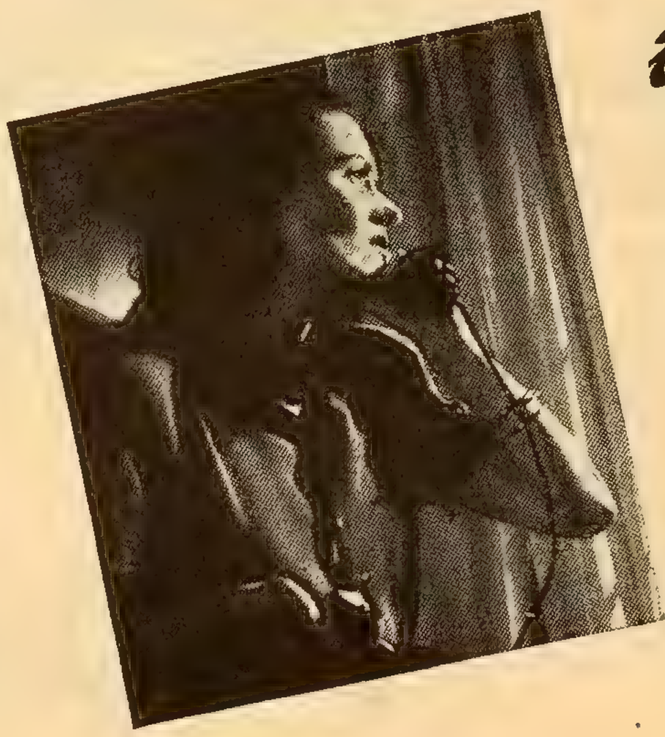
Used to it or not, Phil takes to this 'home-life stuff' with all the enthusiasm of an explorer arriving in the promised land. In fact, most of my job of bringing-up my husband consists of holding some of that enthusiasm in check, or else every time he saw something new for the house we'd have it—if it were anything from a new kind of rose to a new kitchen gadget, he'd be lugging them home by the bushel basket.

He even likes the household chores—when he remembers them. He cheerfully exercises Wanda and Kip, our dogs, putters around the garage, willingly obeys the gardener's orders to trim the garden walks, arranges, rearranges, polishes and oils his collection of guns and fishing tackle in the den. And in the evenings when we aren't broadcasting he much prefers to invite some of our friends over to sit around the fire and talk or listen to the radio, than to go nightclubbing.

I don't think it was my doing, either. I think we were both ready, after our separate and hectic careers, to settle down. To do things together. To make plans for the future that would insure permanence and stability in our lives. But motherhood, somehow, has made the change easier for me; Phil has had to make a few of the adjustments the hard way.

It seems strange to me that I should so passionately love being a homemaker—when in years past I was just as passionately anxious to let nothing interfere with my career as an actress. While I was in the George White "Scandals"; (*Continued on page* 76)

"Real life condensed into 25 thrilling minutes"



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**Glistening highlights, too!** Marchand's "Make-Up" Rinse does what a shampoo alone cannot do. As it rinses *out* dulling soap film, it rinses *in* new lustre, leaving your hair shining, silken-soft and easier to manage.

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*By the Makers of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash*


(*Continued from page* 74)

when I travelled with Rudy Vallee and his orchestra, singing; and all the while I was making motion pictures, acting—being a star—were the only worthwhile things in the world.

The change was an abrupt one. With marriage to Phil Harris and with the coming of little Alice and then Phyllis, a career seemed suddenly unimportant. Keeping our family together and keeping them happy came first, and being an actress came second. But I didn't really want to give up the last—not entirely . . . and Phil agreed.

Then along came the Bandwagon show, to star Phil and me, and there simply was no problem any more. I found I enjoyed radio work. And rehearsals and broadcasts take up very little out of the week; the rest of the days I can concentrate on bringing up Alice and Phyllis—and Phil.

It's that boyish quality that I so like in him, that can also be so exasperating. He goes headlong into a new experience or a new hobby or a new job with an impulsive eagerness which can sometimes land him flat on his face. At times like these, the women of his family stand by to help.

THERE was the time he decided to build a brick barbecue in the patio at the back of the house.

The first I heard of it was when a man came to the door.

"Lady, where do you want them put?" he demanded.

"Put what?" Then I saw them—a whole truckload of new, shining red bricks. "Phil! Did you order all these bricks?"

He came rushing out from the garage—proud and happy. "I sure did, honey. I'm goin' to build us the best and the biggest barbecue in the whole of Encino."

The truck driver sniffed. "Whattya expect to roast in it—a jumbo elephant? You got enough bricks here to build the Chinese Wall."

"Okay, wise guy—you just wait and see. I don't fool around with no piddlin' little handful of bricks when I set out to do a job. This is going to be a *big* barbecue."

It was a big one. When it was finished it was immense—also, it had a slight slant to windward and a tendency to billow out clouds of black smoke everytime it was used. But that was unimportant. What did worry me was the huge pile of bricks left over and still sitting on the edge of the patio.

"Now what?" I asked Phil. "What do we do with those?"

He sighed. "Yeah, I guess there are a few extras. Tell you what! Alice and Phyllis could use a few to pull around in their toy trucks."

"They'll use all of two or three bricks," I said, witheringly. "Or do you expect them to build a house?"

"There must be something."

"There certainly is. I've always wanted a brick walk down to the incinerator and the incinerator itself is falling apart and I'd like a brick wall all along the driveway and we could have a nice circular seat under that pepper tree made of bricks and—"

"Hey, wait a minute. Aw—honey—"

And from then on, everytime Phil gets these large expansive ideas with too much of everything, all anyone needs to do around our house is to say 'bricks'! That stops him.

Of course, one of the first things I tackled in this business of bringing up a husband was the matter of Phil's language. The way he drops his g's and says 'ain't' and his murdering of the King's English was not the best example for the children to follow. I tried very hard at first to change this. Put I soon stopped trying.

Because Phil doesn't *want* to speak correctly—and there's a reason and I respect that reason. He knows good grammar, but as far as he's concerned it's only a nodding acquaintance and that's the way he wants it. It comes from his hatred of stuffed shirts and his horror of putting on airs. He is the most democratic person alive and his bad grammar is his way of thumbing his nose at social la-di-da conventions. I'd much rather have him that way and know that Phyllis and Alice will grow up with his same easy tolerance of the world, than have him be their model for pure English. They'll learn not to copy his language; they've already learned to understand his true evaluation of people, regardless of their manners or money.

When Phil first organized his own orchestra with some other boys from Nashville, Tennessee, he found himself knocking around the country wherever the "Dixie Syncopaters" could get jobs—barnstorming in small joints and dance halls, before they graduated to the big time in the Princess Theatre in Honolulu. It was a tough, rough education, this barnstorming, and Phil had to hold his own against the kind of drunken, unthinking insults some fellows on a dance floor always direct to a man singing on a bandstand. At first he handled these insults with his fists. But later he learned to out-talk and out-insult the insulters—and by singing and talking in the slangy way he has developed. No one then could accuse him of being a sissy . . . even with that southern accent of his.

And one of those instances where I wonder today "who's bringing up whom?" was the matter of our library. When we were first married it seemed to me as if Phil's reading matter consisted solely of hunting and fishing magazines, so I stocked the library shelves with the best of the classics and the latest of good modern fiction and non-fiction. Then I began to plan my campaign of introducing them to Phil.

THE campaign backfired. Somehow—between taking care of the children and taking care of the house and rehearsing for broadcasts and all the rest of it—I find I have very little time left to read and Phil is always about five laps ahead of me! It's very disconcerting to plan to be teacher and find myself audience, instead. "You really oughta read this, Alice," he'll say to me, reproachfully. "This professor guy knows all about neuroses and things like that. If you don't read it, howdya know you ain't got a complex?"

I know I almost did have a complex over Phil's determination that I should be an athlete. He is an enthusiast over sports of any kind: baseball, fishing, hunting, golf, horseback riding. And he wanted me to share that enthusiasm.

It was on the subject of horses that we crossed swords. He had long ago given up hope that I might be induced to wade around icy streams over slippery stones to catch a fish—when I couldn't even put a worm on a hook without shuddering. Or shooting when I'm terrified even of the unloaded guns in the racks of our den. But he still thought he could make a horsewoman out of me.

Little did he know. At that time a horse was just a huge, ferocious beast to me, with large, hungry teeth that would bite if I came within two feet of him, and a back that was made of sharp bones for my own personal torture.

"Come on, honey—" Phil would beg—"just try it, once. If you don't like it I'll never ask you again."

I shuddered, but this seemed like a good opportunity to settle it once and for all. Just once—and that would be the end of horses and I would have some peace. So I agreed.

At the stables, when they brought out the tame, gentle creature I was supposed to ride, I felt like a lamb led to the slaughter. They hoisted me onto his back. With my eyes closed I hung on for dear life.

"Whoa! Phil—make him stop! He's jogging up and down—"

"It's all right, Alice. He's gentle. And you're doing swell. You've got a fine seat."

"Don't g—get s-so-so personal!" The jogging was making my teeth chatter and old Pinto seemed made of nothing but a hard, unresistant spine. We started down the bridle path.

AND then Phil really went to work—that sweet-talking husband of mine! "Gee, Alice, you're doin' wonderful. And you sure do look pretty in that get-up." (I should have known this was blarney, but I was too weak to resist.) "You know, sugar, very few women can wear those rompers—"

"Jodhpurs, Phil."

"Okay, jodhpurs . . . but honestly, very few gals can wear them and look like anything in them. You look like a million dollars. Just like one of those ads in those fancy magazines of yours."

What woman could be impervious to that? I began to sit up and take notice; old Pinto and I were beginning to get together on our ups and downs and the saddle—while it was still no rocking-chair—wasn't quite so uncomfortable as it had been. Or perhaps I just wasn't aware of it.

"No kiddin', you ride that horse like you was raised in a padlock, Alice. Why, in a week you'll be jumping him; you'll be riding in horse shows!"

"I will?" I was weak enough to say.

"Certainly. And gosh, honey—you sure do look pretty. This kind of exercise puts the roses in your cheeks and your hair bounces up and down—"

"It's me bouncing up and down. My hair can't help it." But by this time I was a goner. His blandishments had had their effect; I had visions of myself seated on a horse, lightly springing over steeplechase obstacles, showing off on a tanbark.

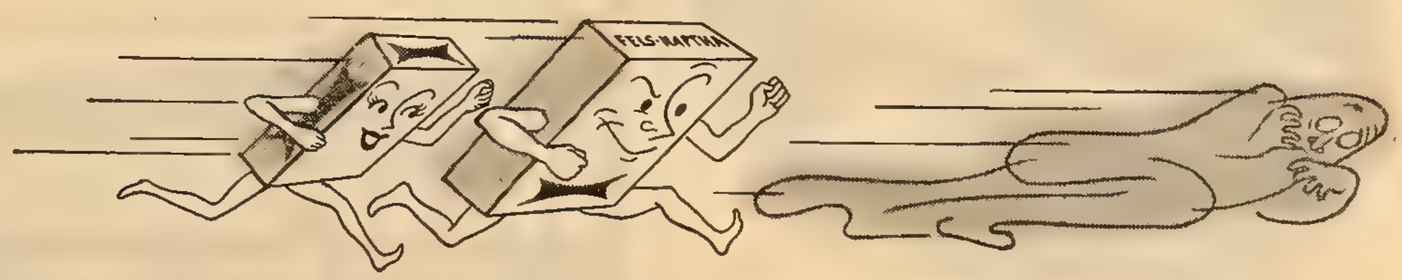
I've been riding ever since. And the other day I suddenly realized that somehow or other Phil has even inveigled me into going on hunting trips and fishing expeditions. Didn't I say, in the beginning, I had to watch out for traps?

But I have had my innings, too. There's one problem in bringing up a husband which I'm sure *every* wife has to face, sooner or later. Breathes there a man who hasn't said to his wife, sometime "Women drivers! There isn't a woman born who has any sense about a car—don't know their left hand from their right!"

This matter of the family automobile is the perpetual male-vs.-female battle. Phil never came right out and said I wasn't to be trusted behind a wheel, but I always figure a hint is as good as

"I HATE Fels-Naptha Soap"

"It's the worst soap in the world.
No matter where I hide, sooner or later
Fels-Naptha finds me—generally sooner . . .
I've tried every place you could think of—
towels, handkerchiefs, pillow cases,
even shirt collars and cuffs—it's no use.
When they change to Fels-Naptha, I'm finished . . .
Oh, oh!—here comes that awful soap again.
It's after me. I can't stand it.
I'm going . . going . . . gone. . . ."




Golden bar or Golden chips_FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

# BESTFORM

*no finer fit at any price*

**FOR A WILLOWY WAIST**

Bestform's waist controller . . . side Talon girdle with vertical stretch back, featuring "swing back" elastic band for smooth midriff molding. At good stores everywhere. In nude—sizes 25 to 34.

*Style 5464—14 inch.* 6.50
*Style 5664—16 inch.* 6.50
*Style 5864—18 inch.* 7.50

BESTFORM ~ GIRDLES • BRAS • ALL-IN-ONES

Copyright 1948, The International Silver Co., Holmes & Edwards Division, Meriden, Conn. Sold in Canada by: The T. Eaton Co., Ltd. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

being hit on the head. I knew what he thought. For the first few years of our marriage we got along all right; I had my own little car and even though I think my husband suspected the motor vehicle department of astigmatism when they gave me my license, he limited his worrying to just a few little coaching remarks every time I backed out of the driveway.

But just recently we bought a brand-new station wagon. And, since this was neither my car nor his car, but *our* car, it looked as if trouble was brewing.

Of course it was all settled in Phil's mind. As he told me, this was not the proper car to pack groceries in—this was the perfect car for hunting and fishing trips. That was his way of telling me I couldn't be trusted to know how to drive this brand-new lovely station wagon.

I waited. And said nothing.

"It's just too much for you to handle," he said to me one morning patronizingly. "It's a man's car."

So that very same day he drove off to a baseball game with a few of his friends—and came home that night with the right front fender of the car ripped completely off!

"It's all right, Phil," I assured him. "Don't worry about it. It's just the right thing, now, for packing in groceries." And I've never heard another word about my driving since.

IT'S impossible really to quarrel with Phil. He can flare up quickly; he will pretend that I have hurt him deeply, but all the time we both know he's kidding. On the few times when he believed I was really angry, he went to such absurd lengths to make things right again, that I just couldn't hold out. Like the time he brought me so many boxes of flowers we all came down with hay fever.

We're both neighborly. We both like lots of friends and we like having them drop over evenings. But it's taken me some little time to teach Phil that food has to be ordered and prepared in advance for a houseful of people; that a refrigerator is not inexhaustible. To bring him to the point of giving me *some* warning.

A typical day for Phil goes something like this:

He takes the children for a walk or a ride in the morning.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones—" he calls to a neighbor—"where you been keeping yourself? Me and Alice were talkin' about you only the other day, wishin' you would come over." (And that's perfectly true: we were.) "How about tonight?"

Later he goes to the recording studio and after the recording session is over:

"Look, guys—how about bringing the platters over tonight and we'll play them back and see how they sound. Okay?"

Still later, at the Bandwagon rehearsal:

"Why don't you-all come over and we'll relax over some pretzels tonight?" ("You-all" means cast and orchestra!)

And so they all come and I love having them and it's fun for me, too—except for those frantic moments all housewives know towards the end of the evening when they are mentally counting on their fingers the number of times the ham is going to have to be sliced to be sure there are enough sandwiches to go around—and shaking the coffee tin hopefully, estimating whether there will be enough coffee for everyone.

PHIL has learned a home isn't like a hotel, where you just ring for room service if you want anything. And now he lets me know, in advance, so I can stock up at the grocery store.

Though we may not always see eye to eye on some things, raising our two little girls is a joint responsibility for Phil and me. We agree on all matters of discipline and training. "None of this rough stuff" is the way Phil puts it, and we've never found that spankings were necessary. We want Alice and Phyllis to have a normal childhood, with freedom for playing, but a sense of duty, too.

Wanda, our dog, is their playmate, but they have already learned that Wanda has his rights, too. If his ears are pulled, he's going to growl at them. They will never, as I've seen some children do, torment an animal, because they know that if a cat or dog scratches them we don't scold the animal—we explain to Alice and Phyllis that it's their responsibility not to anger the pet and to realize he has only that method of protecting himself.

Their sense of responsibility extends even to themselves. Alice looks after Phyllis with great maternal pride. This always surprises me—or perhaps it's a clue to Phil's character, too—because Alice, who looks very much like me, has all the personality of her father . . . impetuous, bubbling over with good humor, quick to catch on and a twinkle in her eye that shows she understands more than she lets on. Phyllis resembles Phil in looks, but she has my quieter, more reserved temperament.

We have deliberately kept them from having any consciousness of the limelight that goes with radio or motion pictures in the family. We want them to grow up free of any publicity-tainted childhood—to look upon the work Phil and I do as just another job and not something glamorous to brag about to the neighbors' children.

We'll do it. As Phil says: "This bringin' up a family's a cinch as long as you got a sense of humor. And an inflexible will."

"A what kind of a will, Phil?"

"I pronounced it, didn't I? Do I have to know what it means, too?"

And that's my husband—Phil Harris.


# CARE

## FOR THEM NOW . . .

Food and clothing are desperately needed in Europe today. The most efficient and economical way to help is through CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe, Inc.) . . . only $10 sends 22 pounds of nutritious foods or clothing textiles to anyone in 15 European countries . . . delivery guaranteed. Send your order plus $10 to CARE, 50 Broad Street, New York 4, N. Y. CARE does the rest. CARE is a non-profit, government-approved organization.



# PARIS...

## and a Frenchman Kissing my Hand

**"Wait 'til I write Dick** about this," I thought. Lucky my hand was nice and smooth. I mean lucky I use Jergens Lotion. Men like smooth soft hands.

**Anyway . . . that Frenchman** was very attentive until Dick came over and growled about the hand-kissing.

**"Well, why don't you kiss** a girl's hand?" I asked Dick. He said the dearest things and . . . now we're engaged to be married. And...

**I'll never neglect my hands. There'll always be Jergens Lotion in our house.**

So your hands can feel even softer now, and smoother, your Jergens Lotion is finer than ever today. Two ingredients, so top-notch for skin-care that many doctors use them, are both in today's Jergens Lotion.

Know what the Hollywood Stars do? The Stars use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1 over any other hand care. You, too—always use Jergens Lotion. 10¢ to $1.00 (plus tax). No oiliness; no stickiness.

**Used by More Women than Any Other Hand Care in all the World**

***For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use Jergens Lotion***

# Frank Open Letter

## on 'extra advantage' of this higher type

# Intimate Feminine Hygiene

**Greaseless Suppository Gives Continuous Medication For Hours Easy to Carry If Away From Home!**

Here's a frank message to women who've so eagerly wanted a *higher* type of intimate feminine cleanliness. You'll be thrilled over Zonitors!

Zonitors are easier, daintier, more convenient to use—so *powerfully germicidal* yet *absolutely safe* to the most delicate tissues—no matter how often used.

**Positively Non-Irritating—No Burn**

Zonitors are greaseless, stainless, snow-white vaginal suppositories. They are not the type which quickly melt away. Instead—when inserted—Zonitors instantly release their *powerful germicidal* properties and *continue to do so for hours.* They are positively *non-poisonous, non-irritating, non-burning.*

**Leave No Sticky Residue**

Zonitors actually destroy offending odor. Help guard against infection. They are so *powerfully effective* they *immediately* kill every germ they touch. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE Zonitors kill *every* reachable germ and keep them from multiplying.

**Zonitors**

(Each sealed in separate glass vial)

**FREE:** Mail this coupon today for free booklet sent in plain wrapper. Reveals frank intimate facts. Zonitors, Dept. ZRM-28, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

R M

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____


# Reach Me Through Registry

(*Continued from page* 21)

Sharpe, her name is, and she knows radio and its personalities inside out. If you want to find out anything about radio, just ask Doris—she's the Answer Lady for Radio Row. She's a small-sized girl with a heart-shaped face, who doesn't look old enough to have spent seventeen years in and around the radio business. But she's one of the old-timers, as anyone who knows will say, and she can tell you plenty about the good old days of radio's growing pains. She remembers Orson Welles when he was just an arty young "Little Theatre" actor with Shakespearian mannerisms. She remembers Ted Husing when he was busy making his reputation as the best sports announcer in radio. She has seen celebrities made and broken, and has watched broadcasting grow by leaps and bounds until it has become one of the most important businesses in the country today.

Doris Sharpe went to work for Columbia Broadcasting System in 1930 as a hostess-receptionist. During the eight years she worked there, she sat at just about every reception desk in the CBS building, and by the end of those eight years she knew every actor, director, executive and agency man who passed in front of her desk. Even then she had begun to be a source of information to people who knew her. "Ask Doris, she'll know," was an everyday phrase around CBS. And the actors and directors began to depend on her to keep track of things for them. She'd remind them of rehearsals, take phone calls for them, get messages to them, find them when they were wanted—whether it was a matter of business or just an anxious message from home reminding them not to forget to bring the dessert for supper.

It was Irving Reis, now a Hollywood movie director, but then the originator and director of CBS' famous Columbia Workshop, and Brewster Morgan, another CBS director, who strongly encouraged Doris in her idea that she might start a service agency for radio people and get paid for it, instead of working for everybody "for free." They kept after her.

DORIS is very apt to stop at this point in her recital of Registry's history and say with some awe, "I owe it all to Irving Reis and Brewster Morgan. They made me do it."

What she did was draw up a letter which she planned to send around to radio actors, outlining the idea of a service agency and asking if the actors would be interested. She had just finished the first draft of the letter, sitting at her desk in the lobby of CBS's 22nd Floor, when the actors on the old March of Time show came pouring out of the studio for a five minute break in rehearsal. One of them came over to her desk to chat with her, and she showed him the letter.

"What do you think of it?" she asked. "Any suggestions?"

He read it over quickly and whooped. "This is wonderful. Let me take it in to rehearsal with me, will you? I'll give it back to you when we finish."

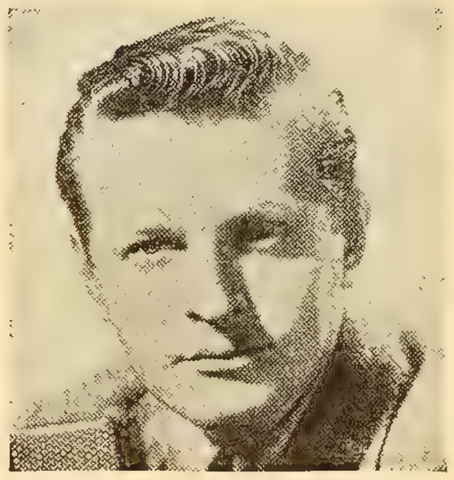
So he took it into the studio. And when the rehearsal was over, he brought the letter back to Doris. Scribbled at the bottom were the signatures of the entire March of Time cast—some of the best known names in radio. They came crowding around her desk then, and all began to talk at once—pleading with her to get started immediately, promising to support the new organization to the limit, prophesying a huge clientele and eventual millions.

Doris was a little breathless by this time, but her mind was made up. Her entire financial capital at that time was the $300 she had saved so painfully during the past eight years—a receptionist doesn't make much money, even in the exalted halls of radio!

She quit her job at CBS, took her $300 out of the bank, rented a corner of someone's office, had the phone company install a small monitor board in that corner and a night line at home, and she was in business!

Radio Registry, as she had decided to call the service, had eighteen clients to start with, and she charged them $4.50 a month. For this sum, Doris received and relayed phone calls for them, kept schedules of their shows and rehearsal times so she could accept jobs for them if they couldn't be located immediately, acted as personal secretary for them and, perhaps most important of all, worried about them and hoped they'd all become rich and famous.

That was in November of 1938, and Radio Registry's first list of eighteen actors reads like a "Who's Who" in radio ten years ago:

Ben Alexander, granter of heart's desires.

# Do Dreams Come True?

***YES!*** Find out how you can get your fondest wish. Fabulous gifts awarded daily.

*LISTEN TO* **HEART'S DESIRE**

Daytime—Monday through Friday on the Mutual Network

**DRAMA** **HUMOR** **LOVE**

Do you want your dream to come true? Read the HEART'S DESIRE feature in this month's ***TRUE ROMANCE Magazine***

| | |
|---|---|
| Orson Welles | Dick Kollmar |
| Ted Husing | Frank Lovejoy |
| Bill Adams | Ed MacDonald |
| Ted DeCorsia | Gene Morgan |
| Don Costello | Bill Pringle |
| Ed Jerome | Erik Rolf |
| Ted Jewett | Chester Stratton |
| Bill Johnstone | Karl Swenson |
| Jean Paul King | Fred Uttal |

IN the ten years that have passed since Doris made her decision to go into business for herself, the business has grown from the original eighteen clients to over a thousand in New York. Just a few months ago, Doris set up a Hollywood Radio Registry, and already has some three hundred clients there. She has fourteen girls handling Registry's New York switchboard, and six on the West Coast. When you call Registry these days you hear a gay voice on the other end of the wire say, "Radio Registry—Marie speaking." Or "Janet speaking." Or "Marge speaking."

Doris wants very much to keep the atmosphere of Registry informal and friendly—just as it was in the beginning before it grew so large so fast. And she's succeeded in doing it, too. She keeps a bulletin board in Registry's outer office, where new shows, auditions, job opportunities and general information are listed. Actors are invited to drop in often to check up.

If they're old friends, as so many of them are, they're apt to be invited into Doris' private office for a cup of tea in the afternoon. This private office doesn't look much like an office, except for a typewriter or two and some filing cases. It looks more like someone's comfortable living room—with a chintz-covered davenport, easy chairs, low tables and lots of ash trays and pictures of Doris' family and friends.

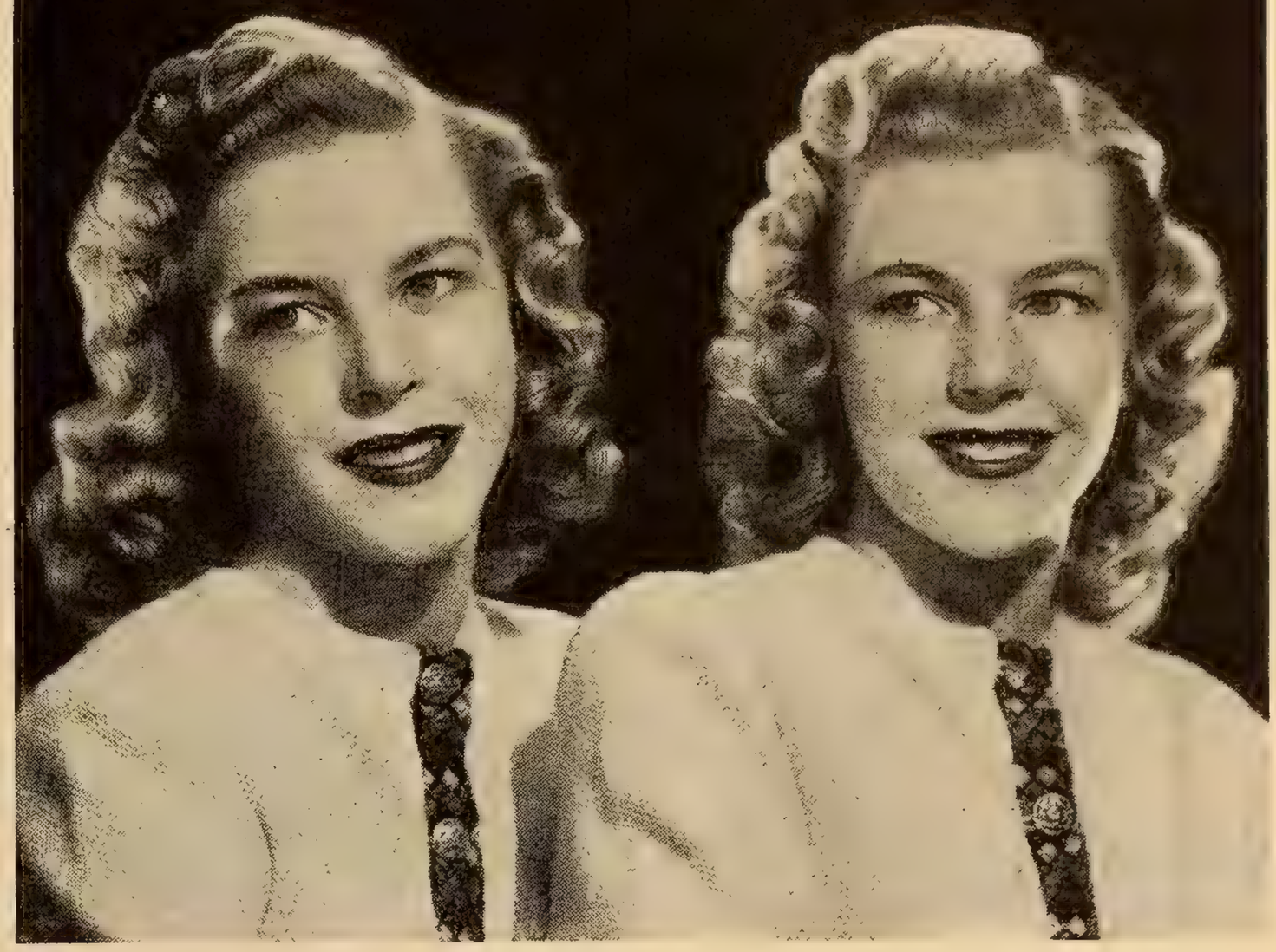
Doris needs a comfortable office. She spends a lot of time in it. Besides, it's the first place her old friends head for when they come in from the Coast or a road tour. And you know how old friends are when they first get into town! They're apt to sit and talk for hours. Some of them have a lot to talk about, too. Many of the actors whom Doris knew in the old days, when they were just about managing to earn enough to eat and keep a roof over their heads, have since become famous—or moderately so—many of them going into movies or the theater.

The number of people Doris "knew when" is enough to make your head whirl. Orson Welles—he's a phenomenon, of course. Kenneth Delmar—people in radio have known him for years as an extremely able actor and an amusing and lovable person. But the public had never heard of him. Today, just about everyone who owns a radio knows that Kenny Delmar is the incredible Senator Claghorn. Alan Reed, who was Falstaff Openshaw on the Fred Allen show and who is now out in Hollywood making movies is another favorite success story of Doris'. Dane Clark, too, and Joe Cotten, Jennifer Jones, Van Heflin, Betty Garde, Del Sharbutt, Mitzie Gould, Bob Welch—who graduated from a Madison Ave. advertising agency to a job (maybe I'd better call it a position!) as a movie producer on the Coast. The list goes on and on, and it includes not only actors and actresses, but directors and producers—radio *and* motion pictures—and even a sponsor or two.

The sponsors have been drawn in by Doris' latest service. It's an emergency set-up by which sponsors can get in touch with their advertising agency executives—even from coast to coast—


# Which Twin has the Toni?

(See answer below)



**One Permanent Cost $15 . . . the TONI only $2**

Your mirror will show you . . . your friends will tell you that your Toni Home Permanent is every bit as lovely as a $15 beauty shop wave. But before you try Toni you'll want to know—

**Will Toni work on my hair?**

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

**How much curl will I have with Toni?**

You can have just the amount of curl that suits you best—from a wide, loose wave to a halo of ringlets. Just follow the simple directions for timing.

**Must I be handy with my hands?**

Not at all! If you can roll your hair up on curlers you can give yourself a smooth, professional-looking Toni Home Permanent. It's easy as ABC.

**How long will it take me?**

Waving time is only 2 to 3 hours—even less for hair that's easy to wave. And during that time you're free to do as you please.

**How long will my Toni wave last?**

It's *guaranteed* to last just as long as a $15 beauty-shop permanent—or your money back.

**How much do I save with Toni?**

The Toni Kit with re-usable plastic curlers costs only $2 . . . with handy fiber curlers only $1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is $1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

**Which twin has the Toni?**

Lovely Beverly Dahm says, "I like a loose, natural-looking wave. And that's just what I got with Toni. No wonder Barbara says after this we'll be Toni twins." Beverly, the twin with the Toni, is at the left.

**Where can I buy Toni?**

At all drug, notions or cosmetic counters. Try Toni today.

NEW! a liquid 'LIPSTICK'
can't smear!
won't rub off!
gives exotic color!

**Dale Evans**
Star of "The Trespassers"
a Republic production.

*Instantly . . .*
***make YOUR lips more thrilling!***

Here's the most important charm discovery since the beginning of beauty. A 'lipstick,' at last, that actually can't smear—that really won't rub off—and that will keep your lips satin smooth and lovely. It isn't a lipstick at all. It's a lush liquid in the most romantic shades ever! And so permanent! Put it on at dusk—it stays till dawn or longer. You can use it to make your cream lipstick smearproof, too. Just brush on a coat of Liquid Liptone over your lipstick You'll love it.

And CHEEKTONE . . . Roses in your cheeks without rouge! A "miracle" preparation. The effect is absolutely natural and lovely. Lasts all day.

LIQUID LIPTONE AND CHEEKTONE—newest exciting creations of Princess Pat—each $1 plus tax. At all better stores.

**SEND COUPON for generous Trial Sizes**

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 8142
2709 South Wells St., Chicago 16, Ill.
Send Trial Sizes. I enclose 12c (2c Fed. tax) for each.
*Please check:*
☐ **Medium**—Natural true red—very flattering.
☐ **Gypsy**—Vibrant deep red—ravishing.
☐ **Regal**—Glamorous rich burgundy.
☐ **Scarlet**—Flaming Red—definitely tempting.
☐ **Orchid**—Exotic pink—romantic for evening.
☐ **English Tint**—Inviting coral-pink.
☐ **CHEEKTONE**—"Magic" natural color.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

*liquid liptone*

by placing their calls through the Registry. She thought up a special service for the producers and casting directors, too. While, as a matter of policy, she never suggests an individual actor for a particular job, Doris will submit lists of suitable actors for a producer's new show. "Any of these people," she will say as she hands over the list, "can handle the job," and then the director or producer makes up the cast himself. This service is called "I'm Casting," and both advertising agency men and independent producers use it a lot.

In order to facilitate Registry's service, and incidentally to save her actors many a nickel, Doris has installed direct telephone wire service between Registry and the networks, advertising agencies, recording studios, and such eating places as Colbee's (in the CBS building), the NBC drugstore, and Louis & Armand's, that favorite 52nd Street hangout of agency and network executives. There is always someone on duty at the Registry, day and night, so if an actor should suddenly wonder how to make salad dressing at three o'clock in the morning, he's pretty sure he can call Radio Registry and find out.

Don't think it hasn't been done, either! That question about salad dressing, I mean. The questions that are fired at Doris and her girls every day sound like Information Please. And the Registry never says it doesn't know. Doris, or whoever is on the phone, always says she'll find out and call the questioner back. And she always does. Which is one reason why the Registry enjoys the tremendous reputation it does among radio folk.

When someone called from Hollywood and wanted to know what the smallpox situation was in New York during the scare last year, Doris got in touch with the Board of Health and was able to deliver an accurate answer. "You can almost always find the answers if you try hard enough," she says.

Of course the stories and legends that are told and re-told about Registry whenever radio people get together are legion. The Registry modestly admits, for instance, that it has occasionally shopped for dresses for Kenny Delmar's mother when Kenny couldn't get a minute off from shows and rehearsals. But Kenny's favorite story has to do with the time when the Phil Lord office wanted him for a Sky Blazers show but had failed to notify him about it. When it came time for rehearsal—with the show just a few hours off—the Sky Blazers' director, Ken McGregor, phoned Registry in a panic. "Where's Delmar?" he wanted to know. "I need him for my show. Get him to the studio, will you?"

REGISTRY went to work on it. The last time any of the girls remembered seeing Kenny, he'd been with Dwight Weist, and Doris knew that Dwight, one of her clients who was always careful to keep her posted as to his whereabouts, planned to drive to his home in the country that afternoon. So she phoned the Weist home. Yes, Mrs. Weist told her, Kenny and Dwight *had* been there, but they'd left just fifteen minutes before to drive back to New York. Doris asked her for a description of Dwight's car, and then she phoned Police Headquarters. Just about half an hour later, Dwight and Kenny were stopped on the highway by a State patrolman, who politely informed Kenny that he was to report to the Sky Blazers' rehearsal immediately.

**NO DULL DRAB HAIR**
*When You Use This Amazing*
**4 Purpose Rinse**

LOVALON, simple and quick to use after a shampoo, does these 4 things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:
1. Brings out lustrous highlights.
2. Adds a rich, natural tint to hair.
3. Rinses away shampoo or soap film.
4. Leaves hair soft, easy to manage.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach — merely tints the hair as it rinses. Comes in 12 flattering shades. Try Lovalon.
*At stores which sell toilet goods*

25¢ and 10¢ sizes

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

**ANY PHOTO ENLARGED**
**Size 8 x 10 Inches on DOUBLE-WEIGHT PAPER 57¢**
Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture.
Original returned with your enlargement. **3 for $1.25**

**SEND NO MONEY** Just mail photo, negative or snapshot (any size) and receive your enlargement, guaranteed fadeless, on beautiful **double-weight portrait quality paper.** Pay postman 57c plus postage—or send 59c with order and we pay postage. Take advantage of this amazing offer now. **Send your photos today.**

**PROFESSIONAL ART STUDIOS**
100 East Ohio Street Dept. 1558-B, Chicago (11), Ill.

**CHILDLESS?**
**Who is to blame?...Who can hope?**

***Today many childless couples who were sure they could never have children are radiantly happy parents!***

New types of medical examination now reveal the real reasons for childlessness. "CHILDLESS" (A Guide Book for Worried, Would-Be Parents) is a 307-page book (with pictures you will understand at a glance) written by Dr. S. G. Berkow, a practicing gynecologist with many years' experience treating such problems. He answers the questions which worry **every** childless couple. He tells you in plain language **why some people have not yet had children although they really can!** Learn for yourself the **cause** of childlessness as well as the **treatments**, from an authority!

**NEW DISCOVERIES ARE HELPING THOUSANDS TODAY!**

Doctors now know that some cases respond to medical treatment . . . others to special diets, or individually planned programs of rest and relaxation. **Learn which new methods are working**, which are still experimental. Write for your copy of "CHILDLESS"—**today!** (Book will be delivered in plain wrapper, marked PERSONAL.) SEND NO MONEY unless you wish. Just pay postman only $3.00 plus postage, or enclose $3.00 and save postage. 10-day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Mail your order now to **HEALTH CRAFT, Inc., Dept. 129-D, 247 W. 19th St., N. Y. 11.**

During the war years, Registry did a brisk business in disposing of and finding apartments for clients going to and from the Coast. And there's one war story about a sailor who met and liked an actress at the Stage Door Canteen. He promised her he'd help her put the screens up on her house, but when the time came for him to fulfill his promise, he'd been shipped out. A few days later Registry received a money order and a letter from him, asking them to please hire someone to put those screens up. So they did.

A call came into Registry one day for a certain advertising agency talent buyer. Doris found out that he'd gone for a drive with a friend. She knew the friend had one of the new radio-telephones in his car, so she figured out approximately where he'd be, and put in a call to the car. The talent buyer got back to New York in time for his appointment.

REGISTRY once held up a cross-country plane at LaGuardia Field to get that same talent buyer off the plane and back to the city for an important conference. As he climbed off the plane, he is said to have shaken his head in amazement and muttered, "That Radio Registry!"

Registry is even in the turkey selling business. Arthur Vinton, a radio actor whom you'd probably remember, if you were to meet him, as a "heavy" in the movies some time ago, raises turkeys on his upstate farm as a hobby. When he sends out cards advertising his turkeys, there is a little message at the bottom which says, "Just call the Registry — Lackawanna 4-1200 — and they'll take care of your order."

When Jennifer Jones was called to Hollywood for a screen test, she forgot her make-up kit, leaving it out in Port Washington. She called the Registry frantically from the station and asked them if they could do something about it. They could. They chartered a taxi to Port Washington, got the make-up kit, and had it at the train in time.

The last time Doris was in Hollywood, someone called the Registry there for Alan Reed. Doris had seen him that morning and he'd told her he was taking his son to lunch for the youngster's birthday. She knew he was fond of the Friars' Club, so she put in a call for him there at noon. When he got on the phone he sputtered, "How in the world did you know I was here?"

"Oh," said Doris, "I just had a hunch."

She has lots of hunches, but most of them are based on keen observation, good memory, and a really colossal knowledge of her clients' activities and habits. She's even "in on" most of the romances around radio. Many times an actor will call Registry to say he can be reached at such-and-such a number, and Doris recognizes that number as belonging to one of her feminine clients! You'll never be able to get any of *that* information from her, though. She guards her actors' private lives as zealously as their professional careers.

There is just one day of the week when Doris can't be reached at her office. That's Wednesday, and on Wednesday she stays home to look after her four-year-old daughter because it's the nurse's day off.

In between running the Registry and taking care of her family, Doris is managing to write a book. She's not quite sure of the title yet, but she thinks she'll call it "Mind Your Own Business." And it'll be the inside story of —naturally!—The Radio Registry.


CATCH EYES...CATCH HEARTS...WITH

*that Always-Fresh look*

ELLA RAINES
in Nunnally Johnson's
"THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET"
A Universal-International Picture

TRY ELLA RAINES' BEAUTY-GLOW CLEANSING

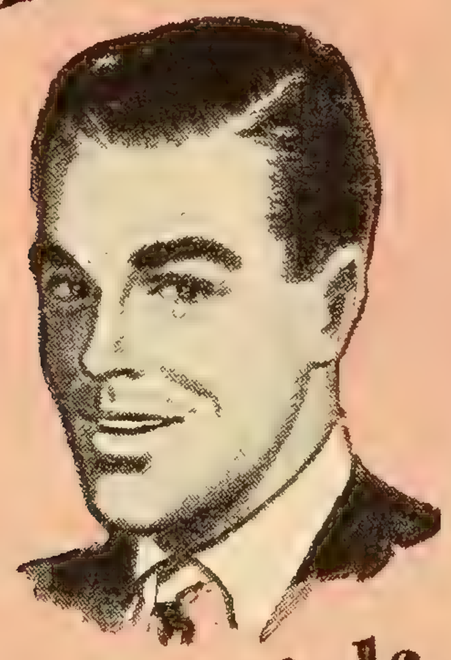
**DAYTIME!** Before studio hours, Ella paints. *She's* a picture...skin rosy-awake! "For my wake-up facial, it's Woodbury Cold Cream. *Cleanses deep and clean,* coaxes fresh beauty-glow!"

**PLAYTIME!** Ella "at home". "Studio day done, my *first* date is Woodbury! So rich—it not only cleanses, but *softens, smooths dryness.* Leaves skin velvety!"

"First—smooth massage with Woodbury Cold Cream," says Ella. 'Its *deep-cleansing* oils lift away make-up. Tissue and swirl on more Woodbury. *Four special softening ingredients* smooth dryness. Tissue again...spank with cold water. Your skin glows silken-clean, with that Woodbury 'Always-Fresh' look!"

*Woodbury Cold Cream*

Gentlemen



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# My Friend Fred Allen

(*Continued from page* 29)

third week, and Fred—who had been begging off guesting on the biggest programs in respect to his ulcer—came on for me and gave a sock performance.

He complained afterward, when we were having supper at the Cub room at the Stork Club (I was a producer now, he said, and should not show my face on Sixth Avenue) that we were both in the wrong business.

"You can't *lift* what we have written," he said, "and who can remember a word of it?"

I was willing to say he was right—I was willing to try something else. The routine of writing a half hour show every week was giving *me* ulcers.

But it didn't occur to me yet that the stuff which cleaned up in the living room might go over on the air. It didn't occur to Fred either.

But he did warn me again. "Get out of this business," he groaned a few days later when we were riding down in the elevator at Fred's apartment house.

Oscar Levant was on the same car with his little daughter, Jane.

WHEN Allen and I got on, Oscar—showing off before the young—pointed to Fred and asked Jane if she knew who that man was.

"Sure," said four year old Jane, "it's Bobbie Hirshkowitz's uncle." (He *is*, of course. Artie Hirshkowitz is Fred's brother-in-law.)

"Get out," repeated Fred, "while there is yet time."

I haven't seen Allen since I took the advice and started writing jokes for myself, but my spies tell me he approves. All I hear first hand is what Fred says on the air, quote:

Portland: Henry Morgan had a dog singing on his program the other night.

Fred: Are you sure it wasn't Abe Burrows?

Okay, okay, but whatever I sound like on the air today, blame it all on Allen. For long, long ago I learned a big lesson from Fred: a guy doesn't have to wear a false mustache or use a dialect to be a funny fellow. He can do it—if he has a point of view, an opinion—mostly by being himself.

Mark Twain, who was America's greatest humorist, is read all over the world today because he managed, while writing humor, to say something pertinent about the society and times in which he lived. So, in his way, did Will Rogers.

So does Fred Allen, the first Man with an Opinion on radio. And his shows for my money vary in quality—they *all* have quality, they vary in *degree*—according to how much Fred cares about the topic at hand. (He really doesn't *like* vice presidents.)

It's quite a league to be shooting for, Burrows, I tell myself—quite a social set for the Delicatessen Dwight Fiske.

But at least, this way, even if I *do* get ulcers I won't have to hate myself in the morning.


RADIO MIRROR readers have a date for luncheon with ARTHUR GODFREY in March RADIO MIRROR Magazine On Sale Wednesday, February 11th.

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# No Marriage for Him

(*Continued from page* 47)

Detroit had been sent to the coast to direct the Phantom Pilot show and I happened to be on the show that day . . .

Later, he told me that I was the very first female on whom he set eyes in Hollywood, having been driven straight from the station to the studio where, within fifteen minutes after his arrival, he began work. He also told me later that although he didn't speak one more word to me than was necessary for the director to speak to a member of the cast, he remembered me—because, he said, I was wearing an upswept hair-do and it was the first upswept hair-do he had ever liked.

I may have fallen in love with him that very first day . . . how do you know when love begins? Or whether it is really love? Or just an infatuation? Perhaps some girls would know. But I didn't. I'd gone out with a lot of boys. But I can't recall that I even felt the familiar symptoms of the common crush coming on, the day I first met Harry. . .

I DO recall quite clearly, that I liked his looks the minute I saw him. Liked his voice. Liked the way he worked. Recognized the ability in him. But certainly, when the show was over and the brief, conventional goodnights were said, no shadow of coming events walked home with me.

It was a month later, perhaps two months, before I saw Harry again when, having learned that he was assistant director of the Screen Guild Theater of the air, I went to his office to ask him for a job.

I'd been rehearsing in another show and it was late when I reached Harry's office. His secretary, looking dubious, took my name in to him. Presently, she brought my name back again. Mr. Ackerman was very sorry, she said, but it was after five o'clock and he was just leaving—perhaps some other time? Then—perhaps because I looked even more disappointed than I felt, or perhaps because destiny (mine) nudged her in the ribs or perhaps just because she was kind—at any rate, "Wait a moment," she said, And disappeared into the inner office again. When she came back this time, "Mr. Ackerman will see you," she told me.

And he did. But only because, his secretary, bless her heart, spoke some pretty words for me.

"She's kind of cute, Mr. Ackerman," she told him when, on the second try, he again said that it was too late, that he was going home. She added, giving him what he was to describe as a "meaning" look, "You'd better see her . . ."

So he "saw" me. Only he didn't, really. In his office, dusk was thick. He didn't bother to turn on the lights. But he said something pleasant about my radio voice and personality and made a date with me to audition for a part in the Screen Guild theatre show. And that was that.

As I went down in the elevator, I thought, *A cool customer, this young Mr. Ackerman;* I thought, *I suppose he has to be . . . an attractive young man being, in Hollywood, something of a collector's item. . .*

It was after the first show in which I appeared on the Screen Guild Theatre that I rode down, quite by chance on the same elevator with him. We walked


**Love-quiz** . . . For Married Folks Only

**WHY DOES HE PULL AWAY FROM HER TOUCH?**

**A.** If her husband avoids her "love pats"... caresses... the answer may lie in her neglect of intimate feminine daintiness.

**Q.** Could this neglect kill married romance?

**A.** Yes. Proper feminine hygiene is necessary for complete womanly charm. That's why many doctors so often recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant—for effective douching.

**Q.** Why "Lysol," instead of some other disinfectant?

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**Q.** And what about using salt or soda . . . or other homemade douching solutions?

**A.** No weak, makeshift solution can begin to compare with "Lysol's" proved efficiency in contact with organic matter.

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out of the building together and, indicating his car, he asked, "May I drop you?" Implicit as it was, in the way he said it, that he was doing no more than should be expected of any normally courteous male, I said, "*Yes.*"

During the drive home, he made polite but still completely impersonal conversation. To what he said, I made polite but completely impersonal answers. But as he dropped me at the door, "How about dinner some night?" he asked. "*Yes,*" I said. And wondered why I floated into the house as if airborne. . .

But he didn't call me the next day as I, perhaps unreasonably, had expected him to do. Nor the next. Nor the day after that.

By the fourth day the "symptoms" I had begun to recognize as such, were subsiding and if he had not called, if I had never seen him again, I could have told myself it didn't matter—much.

But he did call. On the fourth day. We went to the Brown Derby in Hollywood for dinner. We went dancing. And it was as we were dancing that I knew I was in love with him. Not an infatuation. Not a crush. Not like any of the others to whom I had never felt any real desire to be engaged, let alone married. This, I knew, for certain and for sure, was different. . .

THE next day, he called again. And again we had dinner. And went dancing. And the day after that. And all the days, and every day, from then to—well, to *now*.

And in between the calls and the dates, there would be flowers—he is very much of a flower-and-gift sender. And, because he is a book-lover and wanted me to be the same, he sent me books, too.

And then—it wasn't so long, really, it just seemed long—*he* knew what *I* knew.

Once he knew, it wasn't so long, either, not long at all, as time goes, before we were married. It only seemed long.

It seemed long because, individualist that he was, there was the struggle in him against getting married. Marriage, he said, was not for him. Not for many years. Not, at least, he said, until he was thirty-five. (*Thirty-five; he's twenty-five now, going on twenty-six, I'd calculate . . . nine to ten years . . . I should live to love so long!*)

Least of all, he'd also say, least of all could he tolerate the idea of marriage to a *career woman.* He was dead set, he said, against the woman who attempted to drive marriage and a career in double harness. He, for one, would have none of her. And the old, old "battle of the sexes" was on. . .

We quarreled. It seems to me we quarreled more than any two people in love, but maybe I'm wrong. When you are in love, you always think your love is different from any other love (and so it is) and your problem unique, and more difficult, than any other problem, so I thought. So, what did I do?

So I decided to play the game his way. I mean, I talked about *my* career. And my love of it. About *my* ambition. My plans. It wasn't, actually, all playing a game. I'd wanted to be an actress, and I'd worked at being an actress ever since, at the age of eight, I made my professional bow in a Los Angeles (where I was born) stock company production of "The Little Princess". I majored in dramatics at school and started working in radio before I was out of school.

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By the time I met Harry, I'd got to the point of a couple of contracts in radio shows. The first commercial radio job I had, by the way, was with Richard Quine, now married to Susan Peters, when I played his twelve year old girl-friend in "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer."

I cared about my career, all right. No fooling about that. I still do. But whereas, in my adolescence, I went through the phase of vowing I would never marry but would Give All to my work, as a woman I outgrew it.

But in those first days of the combat that was our courtship, I didn't admit that I was now willing, more than willing, to be what Harry called the "split personality of wife and career woman." Quite the contrary. I pretended, I did an Academy Award-winning job of pretending that *I* wasn't interested in marriage, either. I dwelt on my love of the theater and of radio and I dreamed aloud, although to deaf ears, of a future that would bring me fame in theater, or radio or, preferably, both.

In addition to those tactics, I tried others. I wouldn't be "at home" (Even when I was at home) when he phoned. And as he called just about every hour on the hour, he got the impression I intended him to get—which was that I was scarcely ever at home.

When he did manage to "find me in" and would ask for a date on Saturday night, I had a date, I'd tell him—and so I did. A malice aforethought date. A date made—on purpose. But—now it can be told!—I didn't enjoy those dates. I hated them. But I made them, and I kept them, and I lived through them in the hope that their value would be, if not in the thrill department, at least therapeutic.

So Harry kept calling the house frantically and soon was saying, "We should go out with each other, Mary, and no one else." But he was *not* saying, "We should get married, Mary." So, "Oh, no," I'd say, the words nearly strangling me, "we really can't do that, Harry. I don't want to be tied down, *r'ally* I don't . . . !"

Not much, I didn't!

When, as Kathleen in The Aldrich


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R
M


Family, I get a call from my Henry and am pleased, but a bit coy about it, I think of Mary Shipp when she got calls from her Harry and was more pleased than she dared to show, and more than a bit coy, and I wonder in which role I gave the best performance . . . ?

Perhaps if I had not been—as I thought—so clever, many problems might have been spared us. But as it was Harry, irked by my evasions, became a Johnny-on-the-doorstep. He was at my house every minute, *every* minute. He was always there. In addition to what my long-suffering parents described as his "visitations," which might occur at any moment, from sun-up to sunset, it was a date—dinner and dancing—every night. I was getting no rest. None at all. I was becoming thinner and thinner and more and more haggard by the hour. And my parents objected. But when I'd tell Harry that I had to stay at home, get to bed early, that my mother insisted, he'd be furious with me. He'd imply I was using a need of rest as an alibi for not going out with him . . .

. . . and there'd be a quarrel . . .

WHEN, faced by my parents and assured that I was telling the truth when I said they insisted I stay at home Harry, a very positive young man, was not diplomatic. With parents, you know, you do sort of have to handle them. Harry did not, to say the least, "handle" them . . .

. . . and there would be *another* quarrel.

Mid-quarrels, we'd have some happy, peaceful holiday-mood intervals. We'd drive to Laguna Beach for long, leisurely Sundays of swimming there in the jade-green waters. With Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bradley chaperoning us (Oscar directs the orchestra on We, the People) we'd go to Palm Springs, when we could get away, for a weekend, or longer. And on the desert, in the desert moonlight, the abrasions caused by our quarrels would smooth and heal . . .

In town, we'd poke around second-hand bookstores, adding to Harry's collection of first editions and to my collection of old playbills.

But for the most part, there was too much conflict between us, during our courtship, too much tension and, I suspect, too much emotion to make for too much fun . . .

It took sickness. It took the threat of death. It took Harry's very grave illness and his months-long stay in hospital to bring us to our senses, to make us realize how ridiculous we were. It made Harry realize that we should be together, not just for dinner and dancing, but for always; not nine or ten years hence, but *now*.

And so one day, when he was well again, in the cocktail lounge of the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, Harry said, "Well, I guess we'll be seeing the Dartmouth (his Alma Mater) Winter Carnival together this time next year." And I said, or I think I said, because *I knew what he meant* and the glasses in the bar began to dance and there was, suddenly, music playing, "Yes, I guess we will." And so, as a matter of fact, we did.

Five months later, we were married. I don't exactly know why we waited so long. Partly because, I suppose, there were still conflicts between us which I wanted resolved. The conflict, for instance, over my career. Although not as vehement about it as he had been


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when we first started to go together, he still wasn't interested in, still didn't approve of, my career. But what had to happen, happened, and on August 16, 1939, at St. Kevin's Catholic Church in Los Angeles, with all my family present, and some twenty-five friends, we were married.

It was a double-ring ceremony. (Harry's ring was my wedding gift to him.) I wore a blue ensemble, the kind of blue that goes, I remember, with wine accessories. And a bonnet-type hat. And on my charm bracelet, Harry's wedding gifts to me—a little gold heart charm, with key attached; a tiny golden microphone with an "H" engraved on one side of it, an "M" on the other. This meant, I knew, this was telling me that for both of us, for me as well as for Harry, there would be a career in radio.

As there has been and still is . . .

From the day we were married and drove away on our honeymoon to Carmel, in northern California, then on to the Yosemite, to Lake Tahoe, through the giant redwoods, along the seacoast it has been, for Harry and me, like the calm after the storm . . .

True, I did give up my career for a year or two when, shortly after we were married, Harry was brought back to New York to do the Kate Smith show. But, for me, being just a housewife didn't work. I was bored. I was dull. And, realizing what the loss of the work I loved was doing to me Harry finally and completely reversed his "marriage and career don't mix" ideas.

NOW, he is very proud of my career. Proud of my five years as Kathleen in The Aldrich Family. Proud of the work I've done in television. Proud of my ambition to do a stage play. Proud that I am—at this writing—Mrs. Milton Berle on the Milton Berle show. Very proud. Very boastful about it. But very critical, too, of my performances which he always hears, usually at home, where nothing distracts his attention.

And as vice-president in charge of radio production for Young & Rubicam, actually head of all the agency's creative radio, Harry has a career of which I am, and always have been, enormously proud.

In our apartment in New York, in the house we rent in Westport, Connecticut, in the summer, there is room for two careers and room, *plenty* of room, for Susan, our little daughter, who is two—plenty of room for, we plan and hope, two more little sisters, or two little brothers, or one of each.

Time, too, to do many of the "extra-curricular" things we enjoy doing together. We still poke around in old second-hand bookstores usually accompanied, these days, by our portly Scotch terrier Grampf, while Ermentrude, our black cat, keeps Susan company at home.

We're studying Spanish together, Harry and I, and I've been studying French, alone, against the day—soon now, I hope—when we take our long-dreamed-of trip to Paris where we've been invited to spend some time with our good friend, Madeleine Carroll and her charming husband, Henri Lavorel. We go to the theater constantly. We play parchesi. And read. And do things with Susan. And talk. And listen to the radio. And it's fun. It's fine. It's fulfilling. It's good . . .

. . . and so I dare to say that "They lived happily ever after" will be the tag to our story, too.


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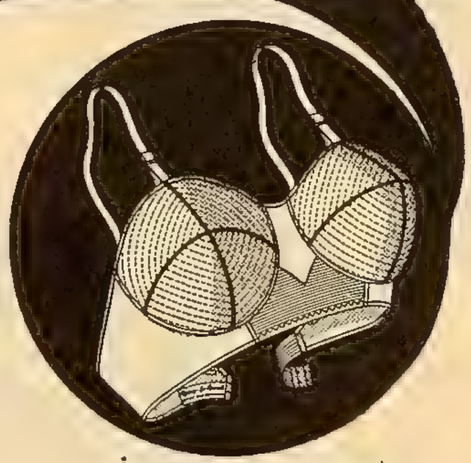

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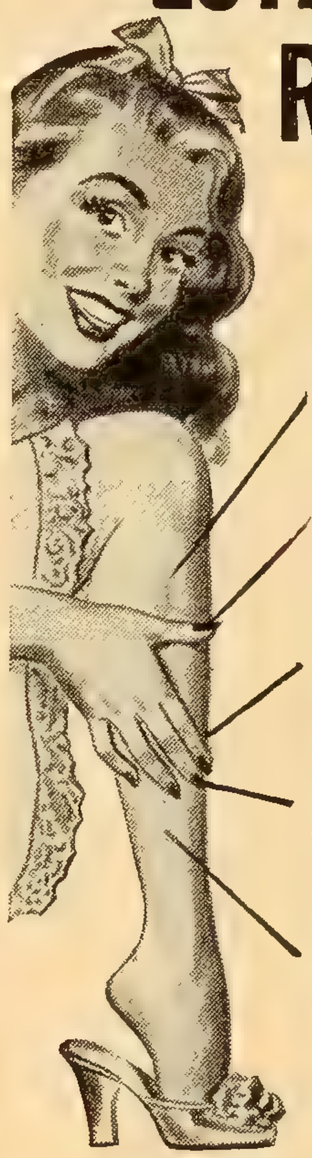

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# Flowers for Mrs. Melanchek

(*Continued from page* 61)

from her shoulders as soon as they'd left the room. Reed Bannister called Ruth back. "She wants to talk to you, alone."

"Is it—is it—" Her voice was thick with unshed tears. Looking at her, it was all he could do to keep from taking her in his arms. He covered up with his driest professional tone.

"I don't know. But go in to her anyway, Ruth. I'll stay with Hope and Neddie."

He left them together, drew the door softly to after him.

"Mrs. Wayne—" Try as she would, the old woman couldn't raise her voice above a whisper. "I—I not try thank you for everything you do. Especial not now. Because now I want ask you do something else for me—look after my Sophie. Is good girl, Sophie. This I know now. But is young, and soon she's not have nobody, no grandmother, think of her, help her. Maybe you look out for her, see she's not do foolish things, help her find how to be happy?"

"Of course." Ruth shook her head to clear her eyes. "I'll do anything I can. But—didn't you say yourself you'd be well again soon?"

Mrs. Melanchek smiled, her eyes closed. "What I say and what I know is be two different things. But I'm not be afraid. I'm have good life, happy. And now, I'm be tired. I'm want sleep—long time. Now we're not talk more. We're just sit, think—is so many wonderful things think—"

"All right, Mrs. Melanchek. But what I'm going to be thinking about—is you. And I only hope that when I get to be your age, I have just half of your courage and wisdom and faith and understanding. Because if I do have—" She stopped. There had been a change, as definite as the closing of a door. "Mrs. Melanchek—Mrs. Melanchek—"

The face on the pillow was utterly peaceful, utterly still. Blind with tears, Ruth put out an unsteady hand, found the thin old wrist, felt for the pulse, knowing that there would be none. . . .

There were flowers in the little chapel just off Main Street, a great bank of them against the altar, a vernal carpet of them, on that sunny autumn day, over the bier. There were few in Glen Falls who had known Mrs. Melanchek, but it was as if those who had known her had tried with these mute, bright offerings to pay tribute twice over.

Dr. Carvell was speaking. The minister had asked him to say a few words before the conclusion of the service. "The times in which we live are difficult and troubled. I confess to you that there have been many occasions recently when I've been afraid to think of the future, afraid of what may lie in store for us. But I am not afraid now. Because I know that there are many Mrs. Melancheks in the world. Not only here in America, but everywhere. And when there are people like her, there is hope. She gave me hope, this frail, sick old woman. She gave me courage and faith. . . ."

Yes, thought Ruth, she did that for all of us. But she had done something more, something special, for her, Ruth . . . and yet Ruth could not put into words, could not shape into thought, what it was. She only knew that under her grief, under the painful realization of the tragic brevity of life, there was

a sudden longing for John, for her husband, sharper and more real than at any other time since he had gone.

Neddie had not come to the funeral. Nor did he join them later, as Ruth had hoped, at the cemetery. It was Ruth who took Hope home, gave her a sleeping pill, put her to bed. And then, as she was ready to leave the apartment, Neddie came in.

"Oh—hello, Ruth," he greeted her. "What are you doing here?"

Her anger rose at his indifferent tone. "I came home with Hope. Have a busy day at the garage?"

"Not terribly. How . . . how is Hope?"

"Dazed—shocked, as might be expected after all she's been through. Neddie—her grandmother was buried today. We held up services for some time, waiting for you. Why didn't you come?"

"Because I couldn't, that's why!" he shot at her. "I couldn't stand even being near Hope!"

"Are you passing judgment?" Ruth asked after a moment. "Have you any idea of how she feels—how she's *been* feeling?"

But she couldn't reach him, for the first time in their lives.

Ruth moved Hope into a spare room at Dr. Carvell's. She had neglected her own work to care for Mrs. Melanchek; she had no time to commute back and forth between the office and Hope's apartment to look after the girl, and she was deeply worried about Hope's physical and mental condition. Hope accepted her care protestingly, gratefully, but she refused to do anything to help herself.

"It's no use, Ruth," she insisted. "I know how Neddie feels, and I don't blame him. I haven't any right to expect him to come back."

Ruth felt beaten. She not only had to fight Neddie for Hope; she had to fight Hope for herself. "Look," she said wearily, "you've said often lately that I've done a great deal for you, that you appreciate it. Now will you do something for me? Just stay here—don't go anywhere, do anything, until I've had a chance to talk to Neddie."

She had it the next day. And nothing she could say would sway him. "I swear," he said, "I can't understand you, Ruth. It was you she always fought with, more than anyone else."

"Shouldn't that prove something, then, Neddie? If I do defend her this way, you should know that it's because I think that in this case you're wrong."

He shook his head stubbornly. "I'm sorry, Ruth, but my mind's made up. And—I want you to do me a favor. I've been sleeping out at the garage, and—well, I'd like you to tell her for me that we *are* through, and ask her if she wants to move out of the apartment, or if she wants me to."

Ruth was firm. "Then you've come to the wrong place, Neddie—on two counts. In the first place, Hope isn't at the apartment, she's here. And in the second place I'm certainly not going to tell her for you. You're a big boy, now."

"Here?" Neddie stammered. "She's here. But, Ruth—" And then Hope herself came down the stairs.

Ruth started to leave, but Neddie motioned her to stay. "Anything I've got to say to Hope," he said, "you can hear too."

Hope smiled, a queer, set little smile. "Let me make it easy for you, Neddie. You want to tell me we're through, that you don't love me any more, that you'd like to forget the whole thing. And—Neddie! Don't look so upset! I don't

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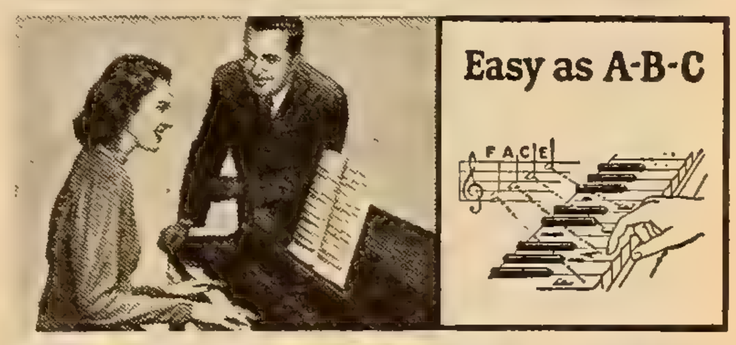


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blame you, not one little bit. It's what I deserve—exactly what I deserve." But Neddie turned without answering, and went out.

"Now," Hope said to Ruth, "do you see what I mean when I tell you it's no use? The only thing for me to do is to go—"

"No," Ruth said. "Stay here with us for just a few more days."

Hope studied her, this sister-in-law who, in spite of all her warmth, had always seemed to her so distant, so wrapped in quiet dignity. "I'll stay," she said, "if you honestly want me to, Ruth. And—" she finished impulsively, "—I think you're wonderful, I really do. Maybe if you weren't so wonderful, maybe people wouldn't take everything you do so much for granted—and realize that you've got trouble, too. In some ways worse than mine. John. You going on here, taking care of Richard, all by yourself . . . while he's in New York. Not knowing when he's coming back, or if he ever will—"

Ruth smiled gently. "It's not as bad as all that, Hope. I'm *not* all by myself—because I have Richard, and a job, and friends, and a place to live. And as far as John is concerned—well, I'm sure he *is* coming home.

As she spoke, Ruth wondered—was Hope's humility, her insistence upon going away, all deliberate, calculated to get Ruth to ask her to stay?

Then one day she passed Hope's door while she was napping, heard Hope pleading with Neddie in uncontrolled, wondering tones, unmistakably talking in her sleep. She was convinced then, and at the end of the week when Hope came downstairs with her bag packed, Ruth knew it was not an act.

"What are you—where are you going, Hope?"

"I—Ruth, what do you think of my going to see Neddie, trying to talk to him?"

Ruth leaned back in her chair, relaxing, feeling that she had won—tentatively, at least—a battle. "I think it's a very good idea, Hope."

"Do you? You don't think it would look like I'm running after him, like I haven't got any pride?"

"And have you?" Ruth asked gently.

"Well—sure I have. I mean, you have to have some pride just to keep going. But when I think of never seeing him again, ever—And if it doesn't do any good—" She gestured toward the bag.

"I see," said Ruth. "Then that's the gamble. Oh, Hope, even if seeing him today doesn't do any good, I wish you'd have just a little more patience, a little more faith. And don't let your pride run things; it can overbalance so easily."

But Hope didn't wait to hear her out. She lifted her hand in a quick little gesture of farewell, and was gone.

Ruth went to the window, looked after her, and saw suddenly, not Hope, nor the quiet street, but the answer she'd been looking for ever since Mrs. Melanchek had died. "When we teach, we learn," Mrs. Melanchek had said.

But if Mrs. Melanchek had known about John, wouldn't she have talked to her, Ruth, as she'd just now talked to Hope? Then why didn't she go to see him in New York? *Oh, John, John. . . .*

At the garage, Neddie emerged from the grease pit, calling for Pete Little—and saw Hope standing quietly, waiting.

"I just wanted to see you," she said.

He steeled himself against her. "I don't get it," he said gruffly.

"And I don't blame you," she agreed. "For wondering, I mean. Not after

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everything that's happened since we were married."

If only she wouldn't look like that, Neddie thought desperately. So pale and tired, so—utterly all gone. "I'm not saying that, Hope. I—"

"But you are, Neddie. And you've a right to. Only now, for once, I'm going to talk straight to you, straighter than we've ever talked before. All I want, Neddie, is a chance to make up for what I've done. I'm not asking you to love me again the way you did, or even try to. All I want is a chance to try to make up. To come back to you and see that you get your meals regular, and—and look after your clothes—" Her voice caught.

"Hope, do you really mean it? Honest? I—"

"Mean it!" said Hope. "Oh, Neddie! Sure I've been bad—but do you think I haven't any conscience at all?" Suddenly she smiled at him, shakily. "Neddie, you look just like always—even the grease on your forehead."

She had her handkerchief out, reached up to wipe away the smudge. Neddie felt his knees turn to water. Hope—the perfume of her, the sweetness—yes, the real, rare sweetness that he alone knew. Her face was close to his, very close, framed in the gold of her hair, a glint of gold at her throat—He stiffened, drew back.

"Where'd you get that, Hope. That pin—that gold brooch?"

Her hand went up to it automatically. "That? That was Grandma's."

"I thought so," he said. And it was over—Hope knew it from his voice. She wasn't going to have her chance after all. "I'm sorry, Hope," he went on dully. "I'm thinking about you and how pretty you are, and how you don't look so well—and then all of a sudden, I see her face, the way she looked just before she died, thin and pale and tired, but her eyes all shining. And I remember. . . . I'm sorry, Hope. I'm not angry at you any more or anything like that, but it's no good. It's going to keep *on* coming back to me all the time, and that's only going to hurt you, make things worse. It's better that we leave everything the way it is now."

She'd gambled, and she'd lost. Hope went slowly up the steps at Dr. Carvell's, thinking of the bag, packed and waiting, keeping her mind pinned to it. She'd have to do that from now on, just think of the next thing to be done, the next thing ahead. Climb the steps, open the door, get your suitcase—

Then in the hall she stopped. Ruth's voice came from the reception room. Ruth's voice—but with a new, quick, alive note in it. She was talking on the telephone. "Please try again, Operator. New York City, Gramercy— Yes, it's very important—"

Ruth—calling John! Ruth, with all her dignity, her self-assurance, sounding—yes, sounding a little as Hope had sounded talking to Neddie! And suddenly Hope understood why Ruth had taken her part so staunchly, why she'd insisted upon her staying there, waiting for Neddie. Because Ruth *knew*. Underneath, Ruth had the same fears, the same loneliness, the same hopelessness. And still she'd waited, patiently, not showing any of it, had waited for months, would go on waiting, believing. . . .

Hope tiptoed up the stairs. Never mind the bag standing beside Ruth's desk. She could pick it up, unpack it, later. Because she wasn't going away. She was staying. And some day, some way, Neddie would come back to her.

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# Life Can Be Beautiful

(*Continued from page* 39)

a few minutes later she came back all smiles and said, "Mommy, Santa Claus don't have to bring the dolly. I said my prayers and God said he would bring me one," you can perhaps imagine my consternation. Her faith was strong and you just can't explain enough to a child for her not to lose faith.

I worried the next two days wondering what to do but on the third day I received a letter from a brother in a western state asking what to buy Mary for Christmas. He said he had been in Reno and saw a Shirley Temple doll and bought it for Sue. He said it was so pretty he knew she would like it. He had not been having an easy time of it financially either. Surely God moves in mysterious ways. I learned that the evening my baby girl prayed for the doll was the evening my brother bought it.

Mrs. K. J.

### THE CRYING PLANT

Dear Papa David:

A few years ago a couple with four children, ages two to eight, moved next door to us. Naturally, we expected the usual spats and crying that accompany little squabbles. There was very little of it, and we wondered. One morning the busy mother was hanging clothes and at the same time instructing the six-year-old before sending her to the store. The little boy, four, burst into tears at not being allowed to go along. The mother said, "Get a plant. Get a plant." The boy stopped and grinned sheepishly.

I learned that when there was any unnecessary crying in that family someone rushed a small potted plant to catch the tears in order that no water be wasted!

B. S.

### EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE A DOG!

Dear Papa David:

When my brother Jimmy and I were small children we lived on a farm in upper New York State. We both loved animals but were especially fond of dogs. Perhaps we were somewhat inspired by the fact that my father raised collie pups to sell. These dogs were very friendly, intelligent animals and appealed to everyone who saw them; added to this is the fact that they make very good cow dogs. However, pure bred collies were expensive and not every farmer could afford one, but nevertheless my father succeeded in selling a few each year.

On my brother's sixth birthday he had a party to which four of his friends living nearby were invited. After the usual party procedures, ice cream, cake and all, the four boys and I went outside to play. It was only natural that sooner or later we should wander to the barn to see the newest litter of puppies.

Two of the boys finally admitted unhappily that they did not own a dog but that they certainly wished they had a dog like Jim's. I guess Jim just couldn't understand anyone not owning a dog for the plight of these two boys seemed to have disturbed him a great deal. After much deliberation and discussion among them the party ended . . . two of the boys carrying home in their arms one of my father's prized collies!

It didn't take my father long to discover what my brother had done and at first he was furious. My distressed

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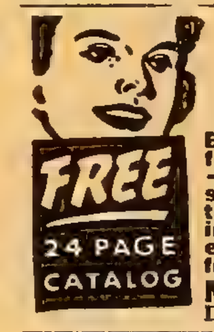
**MEN! THIS FINE SUIT YOURS WITHOUT PAYING ONE CENT!**

**BIG CASH EARNINGS TOO!**

Big news! Wear this fine tailored suit without paying one cent and earn big cash income too! It's easy! Just take orders from a few friends and neighbors. Show actual samples of dozens of rich new fabrics superbly tailored in choice of all the latest styles at low prices. Money back guarantee on every order.

**WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES!** Rush letter or postcard giving your name and address, and telling us about yourself—age, etc. We'll send you big outfit of actual samples FREE, and details of amazing new BONUS SUIT and money-making plans. No experience needed. Send no money!
**W. Z. GIBSON, Inc. 500 S. Throop St., Dept. B635, Chicago 7, Ill.**

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Buy quality stamped goods direct from manufacturer—save one-half. Over 100 new items—pillow cases, seamless pillow tubing, show sheets, scarfs, bridge sets, luncheon sets, table cloths, show towels, bedspreads, aprons, infants' garments, Imported Linens and Novelties. Complete embroidering instructions free. It's easy. Write:

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**Amazing! $25 Is Yours!**

For selling only 50 boxes greeting cards. Sells for $1—your profit to 50c. Costs nothing to try. Write for samples on approval.

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**PICTURE RING $1.**

EXQUISITE PICTURE RING—made from any photo. **SEND NO MONEY!** Mail photo with paper strip for ring size. Pay postman ONLY $1.00 plus postage. Hand tinted 25 cents extra. Photo returned with ring. Money back guarantee. Send photo and ring size NOW.
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Show beautiful assortments of Birthday, Get-Well, Easter cards 14 for $1.00; many other big values. Quick sales . . . easy profits. Big money for clubs, church groups, etc. Write today for FREE SAMPLES of Imprinted Notes.

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*Need* **EXTRA MONEY** *Quickly?*

**NEW PLAN: PERSONAL NYLONS FREE!**

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*"Fittingly Yours"* AMERICA'S LOVELIEST HOSIERY

**DELAWARE HOSIERY MILLS, Inc.** DEPT. M-248 Middletown, Del.

brother was almost in tears for he just couldn't realize what wrong had been done. Jimmy merely explained that two of his friends didn't own a dog but wanted one very much and since we had more than we really needed he wanted them to have a dog the same as he. Apparently my father understood the unselfish kindness which had prompted Jimmy's action for father decided to let the boys keep the dogs and say nothing. He did explain to Jim that it was very kind of him to want to share with others but that if he started giving away all of the puppies there would be no more left to sell to those who might need them for cow dogs such as we had. Jim was consoled and he and his two friends spent many happy hours playing with, teaching and comparing their beloved animals.

Miss J. B.

### THE MOST SUCCESSFUL WOMAN

Dear Papa David:

She used to come to our writers' club, wanfaced, trembling, alone, listening with pathetic eagerness to mutual experiences in our hobby, amateur writing. We would see her shaking hands reaching for a glass of water, watch her crumpling a little white pill into it, drink quickly. For a while, her plain, sallow, middle-aged face would lose its tortured expression, and seem almost calm. It looked as though in those few precious interludes from pain, she tried to squeeze as much information, inspiration and stimulation as possible from us.

One evening she arrived, face radiant, whole shabby being transformed—she had won a fifty dollar prize on a radio program. It was a difficult program to make, entailing research and knowledge worthy of a college professor. We rejoiced with her, but none of us, at that time, suspected from what depths of poverty, isolation, and determination, she had achieved this victory. If we had known, we would have acclaimed her the most successful woman in our group!

Shortly thereafter I missed her for several meetings, and decided to visit her. I walked up the stairs of a forbidding rooming house in one of the poorest sections of our large city, and knocked timidly at the door. A slovenly-looking, bearded man came to the door, and asked gruffly, "Whadda yuh want?"

"Does—does Miss So-and-So live here?" I stammered.

"Yup! C'mon dis way." With fast-beating heart I stepped through dirty rooms, smelling of stale cooking odors to a flight of stairs leading to the basement. Without turning on any lights, he mumbled, "Down there—and back where the coal bins are, you'll find her room."

Clinging to the bannister, I finally reached the floor, and groped my way towards the rear, where fortunately, the sound of a typewriter guided me to the only room in which any human being lived in that dank, black, cellar. It was my friend. We were both embarrassed—she, because I had discovered her ugly surroundings, and I because I had come uninvited. Oh what that small, plain, white-walled room revealed! A narrow cot with blood-like spatters disfiguring the wall above it—where bed bugs had been smashed! Carpetless floor, musty smell, books and papers and confusion all around, a sordid setting for any achievement.

I smiled at her, and began talking enthusiastically about her fifty dollar

tailored to a man's taste..

man tailored—yet excitingly feminine

**For comfort . . .** Adjustable gripper waist bands. No buttons to lose or elastic to bind.

**For longer wear** . . . Fine stitching. Long-lasting fabrics. Easy laundering.

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NEW Easy way to buy

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Fine stones, cut for dazzling brilliance, clustered for sparkle—in a rich setting of 10 kt. Gold.

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Put ring of right size on a piece of paper. Draw pencil circle inside ring. Send paper with this coupon.

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Please send me Birthstone Ring as advertised. I agree to pay Goldcraft $1 weekly until Ring is paid in full.

Ring size_____ Birth Month_____

Name_____

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Today, thousands of happy women are giving thanks—because they discovered this amazing, new way to loveliness of the throat and chin line.

Sagging throats, double chins caused by unexercised muscles and neglect begin to vanish under the gentle action of this marvelous Model Chin Strap. Fat and flabbiness are gently smoothed by its gentle action.

The Model way is Nature's way to beauty. Just use this wonderful Model Chin Strap 15 minutes a day, according to directions, massaging with any throat cream. The natural movements of your chin and neck do the rest. Muscles obtain the exercise they need; circulation is stimulated. Soon you should notice a vast improvement. In a matter of weeks you can expect new loveliness.

**A Lovelier Profile or Your Money Back!**

Fill in the coupon below now. Take this definite step toward new beauty today. The Model Chin Strap will come to you in a plain wrapper. On arrival pay postman $1.50 plus postage. If cash accompanies order, we pay postage. Your money back if not satisfied after 7 days' trial. Rush coupon today.

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Please send me a MODEL CHIN STRAP. I'll pay postman $1.50 plus postage. If I am not satisfied after 7 days, I'll return it for refund of my purchase price. (If you send cash we pay postage.)

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prize. "I used to have to hand-write everything," she confided in me shyly, "but I bought a second-hand typewriter with that money. Do you know I think I'd sent out ninety entries before I won? I never even graduated from grammar school, and my health has been poor for years. If I didn't have medicine—I make it myself, because it's too expensive in the drug stores—I wouldn't be able to come to meetings, and I love them!"

She told me also that she was divorced, had an income so tiny that it covered only room rent for this miserable place, and depended upon any earnings she could make for food and other necessities. What struck me, throughout her recital, was her pride, a pride that would not ask for a favor from anyone. She competed, on such unequal terms, with others, handicapped as she was in every respect! And she had never permitted any of us to know how badly off she was. She would come to the club, hungry, not only for encouragement and friendliness, but even for food!

She is gone now, but I write this letter in tribute to her. Her unfaltering willpower, her acceptance of conditions without whining or wailing, her commendable pride which asked favors of nobody, is proof that you can do anything you want, if you want to badly enough!

Mrs. A. E. P.

### "I'M DOING SWELL!"

Dear Papa David:

During the war, I engaged in hospital orderly work in one of the largest U. S. Army hospitals in the country. I was eager to do anything in the war effort that a man past middle age can do; I had two fine sons in the service.

Since my college days, I have been deeply, sympathetically interested in the study of psychiatry, so I obtained employment in the neuro-psychopathic section of the medical corps service which was not hard to do, because most hospital ward attendants shy away from that physically gruelling, nerve-wracking and frequently dangerous work.

I worked with twenty-five pathetically ill patients, men and boys from all branches of combat service who had cracked up under the strain of battle shock and countless unspeakable horrors of war, in a ward chronically short of help.

One of these stricken lads was Frank. He was twenty-two; had been a handsome, strapping fellow. Somewhere over in Europe he had stumbled on a land-mine. When we received him, both eyes and one hand were gone, his face was horribly disfigured, his body was gored with shrapnel wounds and he was in a pathetic mental state.

At long last Frank responded to treatment; he became rational and comparatively calm, and we were able to feed him without having to contend with violent physical resistance. A phonograph, many musical records, a set of phonograph instructions in the use of Braille and a book of Braille finger exercises were installed in his room. I fed him, played the phonograph records and insisted that he practice the Braille exercises in finger reading every day. For a long time it seemed a hopeless task to get his cooperation for self-help.

But one morning to my surprise he asked for me, and when I entered his room he was sitting up in bed, smiling! "Pop," he said, "Will you play Bee-

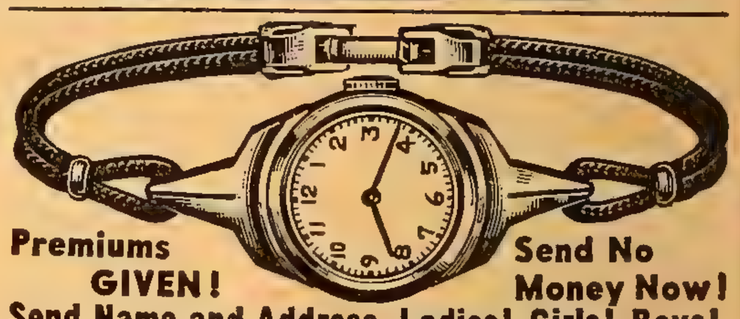

**OH! my aching back!**

For **FAST RELIEF**

"Lazy" muscles, put to unaccustomed use, welcome the comfort given by vigorous rubbing with Absorbine Jr.

**AH! my ABSORBINE JR!**





**Premiums GIVEN!** **Send No Money Now!**

**Send Name and Address. Ladies! Girls! Boys!**

Attractive Wrist Watches with face smaller than a dime. Jewelry, Alarm Clocks, Blankets, Towels, other premiums or Cash Commission easily yours. SIMPLY GIVE colorful pictures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE for chaps and mild burns, easily sold to friends at 25 cents a box (with popular picture) and remit amount stated for premium wanted, as explained in catalog sent with order, postage paid by us. 53rd year. Write for trial order of SALVE and pictures on trust to start.

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**Sell EVERYDAY GREETING CARDS**

Easy to earn extra CASH. Show lovely Everyday Greeting Cards for Birthdays, "Get-Well", etc. Assortment of 14 sells for only $1. Take orders, make up to 100% cash profit. 12 other Assortments, Stationery, Gift Wrappings, retail 60c up. START NOW—write today!

SEND FOR SAMPLES on Approval

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**Get Well QUICKER**

*From Your Cough Due to a Cold*

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**Borrow $50 to $300**

Need money? No matter where you live you can borrow **BY MAIL** $50.00 to $300.00 this easy quick *confidential* way.

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IT IS EASY TO **BORROW BY MAIL!** Completely confidential and private. CONVENIENT MONTHLY PAYMENTS

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Ambitious and energetic, Mrs. M.A.S. learned how to be a trained, practical nurse through the physician-endorsed home-study methods of the Chicago School of Nursing. Now she has steady income, doing work she loves.

**High School Not Required.** Whether you're 18 or 60—you can benefit, as have thousands of men and women, by studying practical nursing at home in your spare time. Nurses are always needed! Nurse B.D.E. writes: "Have all the work I can do at $35 a week." Lessons easily understood. Earn while learning. Trial plan, easy payments. Equipment included. 49th year. Write TODAY!

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Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages.

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Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep or smoke—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle. 25¢, 60¢, and $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists everywhere. Insist on EYE-GENE!

*Weary, irritated one minute . . .*

*Relieved, rested cleared the next!*

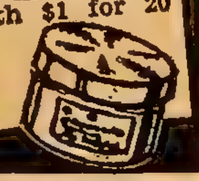
Replacement or Refund of Money — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — If Not As Advertised Therein

**LUSTROUS...ALLURING HAIR**

*Easy to Manage . . . Lovely to Look At*

**with LETA HARRISON PROFESSIONAL HAIR CREAM**

With seeming magic, this wondrous new cream brings breath-taking softness and luster to your hair. A little dab upon your fingertips works marvels of refreshment . . . yet vanishes as you apply it . . . leaves no greasy residue. Your hair becomes wonderfully manageable . . . combs more quickly . . . glows with new radiance. Texture is restored to tired or abused hair. This remarkable preparation was created by Leta Harrison, internationally famous professional hair stylist. Send your name and address with $1 for 20 day trial.



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**EASY MONEY IN EVERYDAY CARDS**

Just show gorgeous greeting cards for Birthdays, "Get-Well", Anniversaries, etc. Box of 15 stunning folders, only $1 retail. Everybody buys. You make up to 50c. Also Gift Wrappings, Personal Notes, Engraved Stationery, Humorous Cards. All fast sellers at 60c to $1. No experience needed. Get samples on approval.
**PROCESS CORPORATION, Dept. R-15, TROY AT 21st STREET, CHICAGO 23, ILLINOIS**

**WOMEN Earn Money With Form Tailored LINGERIE**

**WRITE FOR FREE OUTFIT**

Women go wild about "Form-Tailored" Lingerie—new, glamorous styling, new kind of fitting, high quality workmanship. Low prices bring quick orders. Also fine hosiery, girdles and underwear for the whole family. If you want money, full or spare time, write today for complete, beautiful, illustrated Style Equipment — sent ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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**WOMEN! DON'T BE NEGLECTED**

FEMININE CHARM AND DESIRABILITY are your birthright, but *daintiness* holds the key to over-all allure. Dr. Evan's Sani-Douche is clean, odorless—the perfect wash. It's *safe!* It's the one indispensible for healthy, happy hygiene.

*GUARANTEED!* Try Dr. Evan's Sani-Douche for 5 days. If you are not satisfied with the results, return the unused portion and we will refund your money.

Send 25c in coin for 3 packets to:
ESSEX LABORATORIES, Inc.
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*Kentucky Tavern*
**BARBECUE ASH TRAY**

**ALSO AN INCENSE BURNER!** It's different! It's beautiful! It's useful . . . attractive for home and office. Handcolored to look like the real firestones. Smoke curls out the chimney. Holds generous supply of cigarettes and matches. Has metal fireplace grill cover which lifts out to remove ashes. Ideal gift. $1.98—includes a package of incense.

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[] Rush Barbecue Ash Tray C.O.D. for $1.98 on money back guarantee.

NAME_____
ADDRESS_____


thoven's Fifth Symphony for me?"

When the soul-stirring opus was ended, "Gee, that's beautiful, Pop!" he sighed. "Now give me my Braille book. I've got to learn this finger-reading fast. I've been moping long enough. I want to get out of here and get to work writing music."

Today Frank is back in civilian life, teaching Braille to other blind boys in a government institution, *and writing beautiful music!* Whenever I see him, he says: "Gee, Pop, it's a beautiful day. I'm doing swell. How're you doing?"

C. W. H.

### AN OLD FRIEND

Dear Papa David:

I was nearing the "three score and ten" milestone in my life, but was still active in the business world, happy in my work and in the interesting personal contacts it brought me. Suddenly within a year, during that awful depression time following the first World War, I lost everything, home, income, and finally, through an accident to my knees, I was lamed.

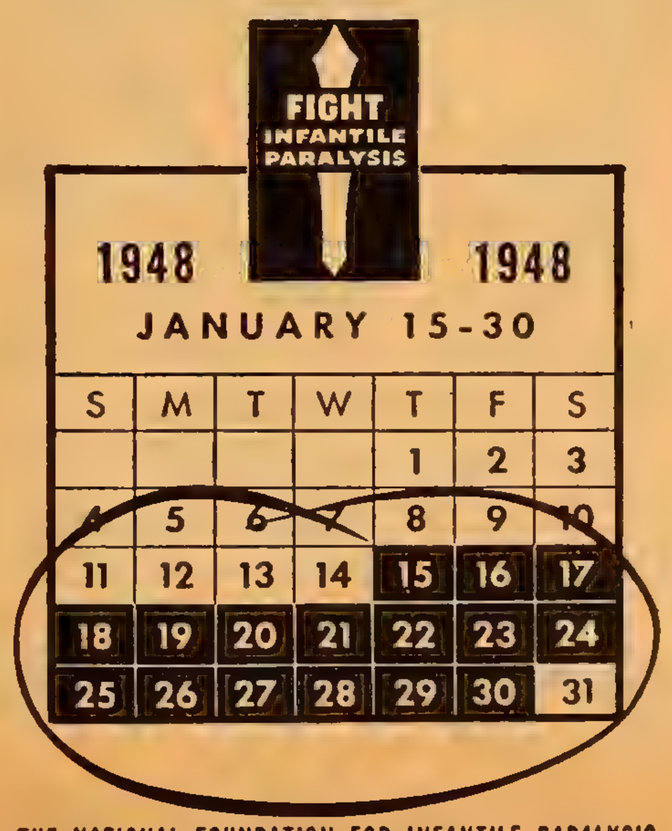
I let myself slump into that condition of self-pity which should be listed among the serious diseases. I began to dread my birthdays, especially since I had once had birthday letters from the man who was then Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt in the days when I had known him and his wife.

One day, about a week before my birthday, I received a letter from the White House, signed Franklin D. Roosevelt, then in his first term as President of the United States, wishing me "many happy returns" and adding: "I am sorry to learn of the lameness; but I know your courage will see you through." This, from a man who well knew what it meant not to walk, but who had been chosen to lead our country in one of its most serious crises.

His letter is before me as I write. It marked not only the greatest moment in my recent days, but was like a bugle call to a soldier in his "zero-hour." From that moment, I began to fight my way back and even though our great President is no longer with us, his ringing message still holds me to my assignment.

C. K. B.


**Join the MARCH OF DIMES**

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*No soap, no water, no drying*

Everybody loves the fragrant way Minipoo restores sheen, retains wave! The handy mitt applicator makes it quick and easy to use—no soap, water or drying! Minipoo removes oil, dirt, unpleasant hair odors!

***Sis' sudden date*** finds her ready with shining hair, thanks to handy Minipoo!

***When Ann catches cold,*** safe, dry, Minipoo keeps her hair clean.

***Mother freshens*** her hair between water shampoos—yet keeps her wave.

*Minipoo*

**THE QUICK *DRY* SHAMPOO**

**30** Shampoos and handy Mitt in each package.

**DRAW for MONEY**

**Be An ARTIST!**

**Use Your Spare Time to Train for a Pleasant, Profitable Career**

Trained artists are capable of earning $50, $60, $75 a week. Our practical, home study training makes it fun to learn **COMMERCIAL ART, DESIGNING** and **CARTOONING** all in one course. No previous training necessary. Write for details and FREE book, "Art for Pleasure & Profit." STATE AGE.

Course approved under "G.I." Bill

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MUST YOU FOREGO
MANY SOCIAL PLEASURES
BECAUSE OF . . . .

# PSORIASIS

*SIROIL* has been an inestimable boon to many people who had hesitated to dress becomingly because of embarrassing psoriasis lesions. Perhaps *SIROIL* can help YOU as it has helped in thousands of other cases. *SIROIL* tends to remove the crusts and scales of psoriasis which are external in character and located on the outer layer of the skin. If or when your psoriasis lesions recur, light applications of *SIROIL* will help keep them under control. Applied externally, *SIROIL* does not stain clothing or bed linens, nor does it interfere in any way with your daily routine. Try it. Certainly it's worth a trial, particularly since it's offered to you on a two-weeks'-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis.

*Write today for booklet on Psoriasis, using coupon—*

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Siroil of Canada, Ltd., Box 488, Windsor, Ont.
Please send me your free booklet on Psoriasis.

*NAME* _____
*ADDRESS* _____
*CITY* _____ *ZONE* ____ *STATE* _____

SIROIL
AT ALL DRUG STORES

**Don't Neglect**
**CONSTIPATION**
**when you have a**
**COLD**

• It's important, when you have a cold, to keep your bowels open. So, if you need a laxative, take Ex-Lax!

Ex-Lax gets results easily, comfortably—it isn't violent or upsetting as some laxatives are. When you take Ex-Lax, you hardly know you have used a laxative, except for the satisfying relief you get.

Yet, gentle as it is, you can depend on Ex-Lax for a *thorough* bowel movement. It is biologically tested for effective action. Many doctors use Ex-Lax in their practice.

And remember, Ex-Lax has a *delicious chocolate taste*—not a bit like medicine. It's a real pleasure to take!

So get Ex-Lax. It's America's most widely used laxative—the favorite of old and young alike. Still only 10¢. Economy size, 25¢.

**When Nature "forgets"...remember**
**EX-LAX**
**THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE**
© 1947, Ex-Lax, Inc.

**BANISH THE BLACKHEAD**
**Says: Beauty Editor**

Banish the bugaboo of blackheads, those dull, dingy spots that make many men and women skin conscious and unhappy. Yes, banish the blackhead before it becomes deeply imbedded and ruins the fine texture of a clear complexion. Since beauty experts agree that the beginning of beauty is a beautiful skin, keep your skin at its beautiful best.

**Ugly BLACKHEADS OUT IN SECONDS**

**Keep your complexion free of Blackheads this new way — look attractive instantly!**

**Try VACUTEX Blackhead-Remover**

$1.00

**The amazingly effective Vacutex extracts Blackheads automatically — WITHOUT squeezing the skin or injuring tissues. Easy to use with three fingers. It reaches Blackheads anywhere. Try it 10 days and if not delighted, return VACUTEX and your money will be refunded.**

**AT YOUR DEALER OR USE COUPON**

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**19 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y.**
☐ Enclosed find $1. Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $1 plus postage; $1 refund if not delighted.
**SORRY, NO C. O. D.'s OUTSIDE U. S. A.**

# Durante's Contagious

(*Continued from page* 43)

Whenever his call comes, I pop into my car and drive out to his house in Beverly Hills, find him, usually sitting beside his notorious swimming pool—the one he contracted to pay $3,000 for and which, as he told the court later, was constructed over a three year period and cost $10,000—wearing a tattered pair of swimming trunks which he must have inherited from Methuselah, his vast nose plastered with white sunburn cream, and shouting at the neighbors' dog, normally the *only* swimmer, to get out of the water.

The first few times I went there to work, I kept my notebook and pencil discreetly out of sight, thinking it best to wait until some of the people had gone.

But the people don't go: that's the first thing you learn about Jimmy Durante.

THIRTY-ODD years ago Jimmy broke into the spotlight with a vaudeville act he shared with two other comedians, Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson, and a drummer, Jack Roth.

The act is still going on. Wherever you find Jimmy you find Clayton, Jackson and Roth, and a fourth, constant Louis Cohen, who has been managing Jimmy's personal affairs for most of the thirty years. Lou Clayton is now his business manager, Roth is in charge of a filing system housing a vast horde of malaprop jokes which have made Americans laugh since the first World War.

Jimmy chats with Lou Clayton about his next picture assignment, with Roth about the routines for next week's radio show, and with Cohen about the size of the grocery bill—"all that, just for corn flakes?"—*while* he dictates. It takes a selective ear to know just which of his comments are for the fellow who's to get the letter.

There are other hazards.

The phone rings constantly, and while Maggie, who has been Jimmy's maid for fifteen years, is a genius about handling the calls, a good many must be answered by the boss. Jimmy wants to talk to all of his friends, and he has thousands of friends.

Thousands of friends and hundreds—or so it seems—of nephews. There is always a nephew staying at the house, usually practicing on the piano.

I can count on seeing Phil Cohan, producer of Jimmy's show, and my other boss, most of the times I turn up at the house, and unless Jimmy has dispatched them to the beach because they've been working too hard—Durante *is* different—I am face to face again with my pals of the all-night revising sessions, the writers.

At anybody else's house this many people would comprise a party and somebody would open up the bar. But at Jimmy's, it's strictly routine. If there are any refreshments they are apt to be cornflakes and milk—which Durante thinks will cure anything.

After awhile you take the mob scenes strictly for granted. You keep the notebook and pencil in a "get set" position, and put down the stuff whenever, wherever, Jimmy gets around to it.

The "wherever" is as unpredictable as the whenever. Jimmy flits a lot—complete with entourage. He may be in the middle of dictating a paragraph,

when the idea hits him that he must rush at once to have a Turkish bath, a haircut (or a hair-growing treatment) a grease job on the car, or a fitting at the tailors. This doesn't mean that Jimmy walks out on us all—we all go along, Clayton, Jackson, Roth, Cohen, Cohan, Whizen and assorted nephews, and get Turkish baths, haircuts, or whatever is going along with the boss (I so far have been able to skip the hair-growing treatments)—and the work goes on, but in a new setting.

It may seem incredible, under such conditions, but a lot of work gets out. Jimmy insists upon answering personally every letter he gets, including requests for broadcast tickets, and every letter from a person he remembers even faintly includes a paragraph or two of personal comment—no form letters for the pals—and a fond "Love and kisses". And Jimmy has a gargantuan memory. He may get a little mixed up about whose face—or signature on a letter—is which, but he remembers that he met the fellow. And usually he remembers that he was a fine fellow, a real pal.

Often people write to apologize to Jimmy for being unable to return money borrowed years ago. "Forget it," Jimmy replies, "I did, long ago."

Jimmy is such an individual character, his charm and flavor so peculiarly his own, that I take special pride in trying to get on paper exactly what he says. This takes a reasonable flexibility in following the rule books of grammar, spelling and punctuation. This is no job for a girl who wants to improve her boss's English. Jimmy's talk may not be English, but whatever it is, it's too good to be improved.

WE once threw the words "femme fatale" out of a script—mistakenly, I think—because Jimmy insisted upon pronouncing it "ferm fatal." He was very fond of the phrase, and he did *too* know what it meant. For six weeks later, he told me admiringly when I turned up at a party all dressed up that I certainly looked like a "firm fatality."

Sometimes when we come up against a Durante-ized word which will not be budged, we have to do something drastic as, for instance, when we changed a vocalist's name to Suzanne Ellers when Jimmy persisted in pronouncing Dorothy as Dorty.

Usually, the Durante version stays in the script. Catastrophe becomes catastroscope after the first rehearsal, subservient becomes sub-servant, magnitude something mag-nana-mit-tood.

It's contagious. After two weeks with Durante, everyone begins talking like that—complete with gestures, tone of voice and inflections—which bewilders Jimmy who doesn't seem to know that that is the way the original comes out.

All now automatically greet every passer-by, including our doctors, with Jimmy's standard "Hello, how do you feel?"

To all of us, as to Jimmy, every pretty girl is "Sweets."

We mispronounce words almost unconsciously. We have found after long experience that it's best to let Jimmy do his own word-mangling. When, once or twice, the writers have tried to hurry the process by putting an obviously unpronounceable (for Durante) word in the first script, Jimmy has spotted it—and removed it.

"What does it mean?" is his point of attack. While Phil Cohan or one of the writers endeavors to explain, he follows


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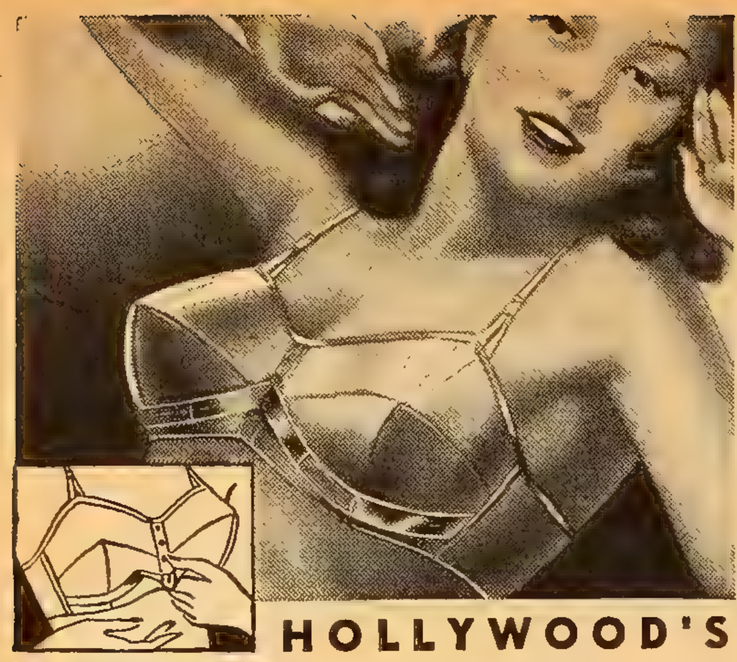

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through with: "See, nobody knows what it means."

Then he'll make a deal.

"I'll ask the first five people I see what it means, and if they don't know it goes out."

Cohan agrees.

Jimmy proceeds to ask four—Clayton, Jackson, Roth and Cohen.

"That's only four," Phil argues.

"Me, I make five," Jimmy replies in triumph, and the word is out.

His judgment usually is sound. He knows what is right for him.

We never worry if he seems tired or let-down during rehearsals (which he certainly has had reason to be with the rigorous film and radio schedule he has been keeping for the past few years). When it's Wednesday at 7:30, Pacific Standard Time, Jimmy is at the NBC mike bouncing with all the vigor of a young colt—prancing, scattering charm and vitality in all directions, never forgetting the gallery.

THIS magnetism before an audience is unaffected by circumstance—Jimmy is in peak form whether the show is for money, for fun, or for free.

He never, when he can fit it into his schedule, turns down an appeal for a benefit performance. He appeared recently before the patients at the Braille Institute and stayed *on stage* for over two hours. This would have killed an ordinary performer. Durante, when the director wrote in amazed gratitude, was amazed in turn that anybody should be grateful.

"*I* was thrilled to be there," he wrote in reply.

We all went to Denver last year for a March of Dimes broadcast, and Jimmy did ten appearances for the cause in two days.

Jimmy, in addition to carrying the burden of performance, was footing the bills himself—for cast, staff, Clayton, Jackson, Roth, Cohen, and so on, and on. He is as generous with money as with his time and talent.

There was an embarrassing moment when we all piled on the train for the trip home, and Jimmy, turning out his pockets, showed the club car waiter that he didn't have a cent. He had given it all away.

All of us scrambled for our wallets and purses—but Jimmy would have none of it.

"Wait," he said, "we have plenty of money, see?" and he produced a book of check blanks.

"Look at all these tickets!"

Like all the big names in his business, Jimmy has long ago resigned himself to the fact that everything will cost him three or four times as much as an ordinary customer.

His gullibility will go, indeed, to comic lengths.

When, after the show went off the air last spring and he gave us all a bang-up party at the Beverly Hills Club, he showed no surprise at all when the waiter—having conspired with the rest of us for a gag—presented him with a bill for $8,000.

Such items as $500 for flowers, $2,000 for food, worried him not at all. The only listing which got a rise from Jimmy was $150 for a "broken door."

"What kind of a door was it," he bellowed, "gold?"

Money does ugly things to some people, but on Jimmy "it looks good."

His big, expensive house is expensively decorated—but since Jimmy lives in it the lavish Chinese modern interiors look almost cozy.

Maggie, his maid, has been with

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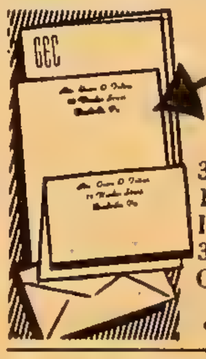

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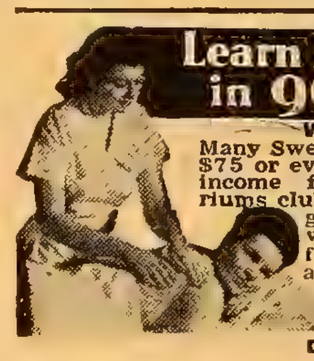

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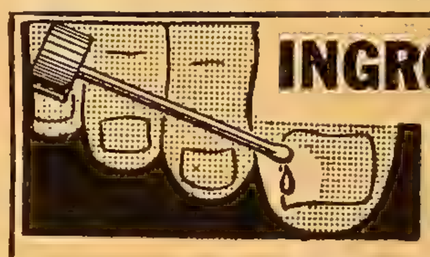

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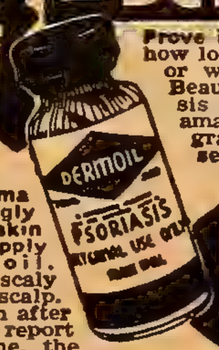


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Jimmy for fifteen years, and looks after him like a mother . . . but there is nothing of the servant about her. You can spot a stranger in the house by the fact that he is telling slim, beautiful Maggie that she ought to be in pictures. Maggie always gets a gasp of disbelief when she explains that she has a twenty-one year old son.

Her tone implies that she really has two grown sons, one of them named Jimmy.

No matter what the chronological facts of the situation, Jimmy is still a youngster at heart.

He is childlike in so many ways. He loves presents. He is delighted with approval, and worries if he gets in the dog house with any of his retinue of friends.

He makes a father-confessor of Phil Cohan, who is young enough to be his son. Whenever a romance item linking Jimmy with yet another girl turns up in the paper, he phones Phil anxiously.

"Do I know her?" he asks.

Unless the name happens to be that of Margie Little, the only girl with whom Jimmy goes out with any regularity, the answer is apt to be negative.

And from his relief, you gather that Jimmy agrees with all of us that he's much too young to go steady.

Jimmy will never be anything but young. Nor will any of the people who come and go in his happy squirrel cage.

Stay around Durante, seems to be the moral of his and so many other Durante stories—stick around and you'll stay young.

Speaking for myself, I am getting younger by the minute. I quite often forget that my own daughter is in high school, and feel young and giddy enough to go to one of my husband's Punch and Judy soda shops—yes, he's the villain—and devour one of those "Moron's Ecstasies."

The long years I worked before I wangled this cushy job seem in retrospect just an apprenticeship—*this* is what working for a living should be like.

Okay. You agree? But how do you get such a job?

Why, it's easy—

Just spend four years in college and become a graduate librarian, run a bookshop, take ten years off to raise a family, write a column—for free—for your local paper, and countless radio scripts, on speculation, which don't sell. Sell one! Then two! Get a hard radio job. Then a dull one. But keep at it. Then, comes Durante.

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# Bride and Groom in the Clouds

(*Continued from page* 37)

important part of her life. But, as she explained to Phil: "I've always said that when I fell in love it was going to be for keeps—something I was certain about, so it would last forever."

"Darling," Phil had protested, "we can be sure of this. We've known each other all our lives . . ."

"No, Phil," Rosanne interrupted gently. "We've really known each other only these past few weeks. It's fun to remember when we were children together; but we *were* children, and those years can't be counted. Let's wait, Phil; wait until we know each other as we are now."

Waiting didn't mean being apart; and in the following weeks they became really acquainted. "For one thing," Phil said, "we discovered that both of us were probably world champions at being absent-minded. Why, once we started out for an airport picnic, and wound up landing in Cheyenne, a hundred and sixty miles away!"

IT was this absent-mindedness that led to the day when tragedy seemed inevitable. Phil was flying that afternoon, piling up more hours towards his commercial license, and had decided to visit a friend of his at another airport.

Rosanne was on duty in the Denver tower, and as the afternoon waned her worried eyes searched the skies for Phil's plane—a storm was closing in fast, which meant it was no time to be aloft in the small "Cesna two-five-six."

An hour ticked ominously past—now the tower was almost obscured in the gathering rain and darkness. By the time the evening operator relieved her, Rosanne was frantic with worry. "Something's happened to Phil. I can't stand it, just waiting here! They've got to let me go up to search for him!"

She raced toward the stairs, the other operator calling after her, "Rosanne, you can't! This weather—even an experienced flier . . ." But Rosanne was outside, running through the storm to the hangar that housed the little plane she had soloed in.

At the other airport, the storm was at its height when Phil finished his visit. "You can't fly back in this," said his friend. "Wait, I'll drive you over in my jalopy."

Phil is the first to admit a phone call to his home field was definitely in order. But—absent-mindedness. By the time he remembered, he was only a few miles from Denver in his friend's car, so he decided to deliver the message in person.

At the field, the excited evening operator told him where Rosanne had gone. The tall flier raced across to the little hangar, but it was empty. Rosanne's plane was gone!

"I'll never be able to tell anyone what I felt when I saw that empty hangar," Phil said. "No amateur flier in the world could have lasted more than a few minutes in that storm."

Just then one of the flying instructors entered the hangar, and Phil started a wild pleading—they had to let him go up, he had to find Rosanne! Strangely enough, the instructor grinned and said: "What is this—National Suicide-By-Plane Day? You're the second one who wanted to take off in this weather. when even the birds


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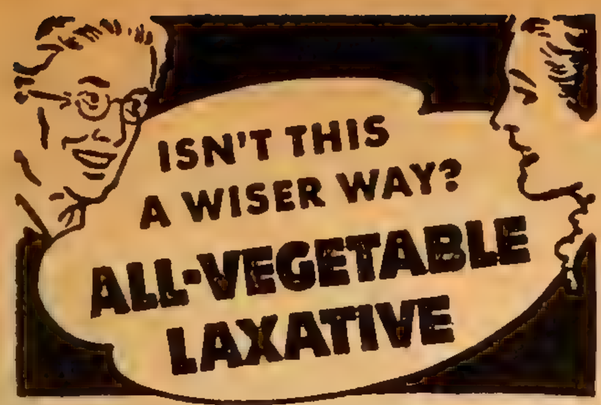


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are walking. The other one was even worse—she had only six hours solo to her credit."

"*She?* Six hours? Quick, was it Rosanne?"

"Yes. And, believe me, I'd have had a job stopping her, if her plane had been here. She's so absent-minded she forgot it was over at the shop, being overhauled."

But Phil was already brushing past him on his way to the hangar-office. As he opened the door, Rosanne looked up. For a long moment, they stared into each other's eyes. Remembering that, Rosanne says, "When you think that the one you love might be lying dead somewhere, or lost high in a stormy sky—and then suddenly he's there with you, his arms holding you close . . ."

If proof were needed for either of them, that day brought them proof. What Rosanne and Philip had found was what they had always wanted. In Rosanne's words, it was " . . . for keeps. Something we were certain about, so it would last forever."

Their intriguing love-story, and their very evident sincerity, were two of the major reasons for their application being approved by the Bride and Groom's board of judges—a clergyman, attorney, and radio official, who pass on all applications received at our offices.

The date for their wedding and for their appearance on the program was arranged by correspondence. Shortly before that date, they arrived in Hollywood, and came to our studios in the Chapman Park Hotel. Roberta Roberts helped them in arranging the preliminary details—obtaining the marriage license, choosing Rosanne's wedding gown from the selection furnished by the program, determining their preference in ring styles, etc.

WE on Bride and Groom consider the wedding ceremony itself to be a very sacred and personal experience, to be conducted entirely separate from the program. Each ceremony, therefore, takes place in a picturesque chapel in Chapman Park. Like all Bride and Groom couples, Rosanne and Philip—with the guests of their own choosing—rehearsed the ceremony in the chapel, just as such ceremonies are rehearsed in the usual wedding.

Too, the minister was of their own choice—the white-haired Reverend Alden Lee Hill, whose gentle dignity added new beauty to the age-old words: "Dearly Beloved, we are gathered here . . ."

Of course, for Rosanne and Philip there were the added rehearsals for their participation in the broadcast. Not a rehearsal of what they were to say—no one knows what that will be until the program is actually on the air . . . which leads to some pretty dramatic, or completely hilarious, moments!

In my pre-broadcast talk with Rosanne and Philip, I had only two prepared questions to ask them. First, was there any special subject they didn't want me to bring up during the broadcast-interview? Sometimes there are tragedies in a bride's or groom's life, and a casual question might cause unnecessary sorrow or humiliation. Second, I asked them if there was any special subject they *did* want me to discuss with them while we were on the air. This gives a couple a chance to bring in perhaps the name of some distant favorite relative or friend, who will be thrilled to be mentioned in the interview.


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Aside from those two questions, Rosanne and Philip and I talked as any three friends would talk. From their quick friendliness and alert conversation, I knew these two would prove to be one of our favorite couples.

Also, they were one of our most excited couples, when they arrived at the studio the morning of the broadcast. They came at nine in the morning, which gave us two hours and a half before air-time (11:30 A.M., PST.) Part of that time, of course, was taken up with their being photographed by Bob Stum, our regular photographer from Bernard's of Hollywood.

Then came Rosanne and Phil's selection of a pattern for their sterling silver gift, and their choice of a place for the week's honeymoon given to each couple. Dana Clark helped them to choose the beautiful Arrowhead Springs Hotel, in the mountains near San Bernardino, California.

BY the time the red hand on the clock was nearing the "On The Air" mark, Rosanne and Philip were ready—waiting nervously outside the door of the crowded broadcast studio. Phil was tall and handsome—Rosanne was tiny (five feet four inches) and lovely, her deep brown hair and laughing green eyes enhanced in beauty by the white wedding gown and veil.

The light blinked above the door—Bride and Groom was on the air. At the organ, Gaylord Carter softly began the first chords of the "Wedding March"—the door was opened, and Rosanne and Philip walked arm in arm to the little elevated stage.

Seldom has a couple more quickly won the approval and liking of the audience—almost before I knew it, it was time for Rosanne and Philip to leave the studio, walk down the tree-lined path to the little chapel, and there take the vows that these two were so determined would last "forever and ever."

There's a magic moment during each broadcast—when the newly-married couple return from the chapel, to complete their interview and to receive their gifts. Certainly that magic has never been more evident than it was with the brand-new Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bradford. The audience "oh-ed" and "ah-ed" as I presented the couple with a gas stove, matched luggage, sterling silver, camera, beauty kit, jewelry—but not Rosanne and Philip. The happiness in their eyes was not for the prizes—it was for each other.

When the half-hour ended—all too soon—there was the inevitable post-wedding noise and excitement. A group of the newlyweds' relatives and friends held a whispered conspiracy near the door—but we'd rehearsed that part of it, too. Rosanne and Philip ducked out through another door and ran to the glistening black convertible that Bride and Groom had furnished for their honeymoon.

We had a letter from them during their week at Arrowhead Springs. After telling about the wonderful holiday they were having—swimming in the hotel's famous Emerald Pool . . . riding together over ancient Indian trails—Rosanne ended her letter by writing:

"Phil and I have found out that being a Bride and Groom is like being the hero and heroine in all the fairy-tales we've ever read. So could you keep a wedding date open for a broadcast in about 1965—we want another Bradford on your program then!"


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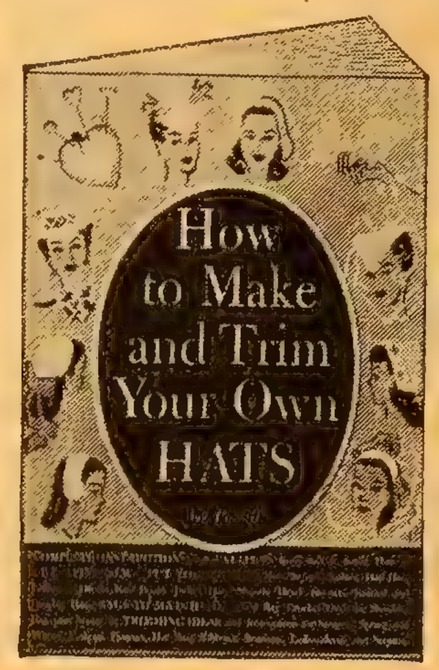


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(*Continued from page* 55)

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### BAKED BLUEFISH WITH HERB DRESSING

1 3-pound bluefish
¼ cup butter or margarine, melted
1 tablespoon chopped chives
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
¼ teaspoon thyme
¼ cup hot water
2 cups soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 slice bacon

Have head and tail removed, then clean fish thoroughly. Next remove blood vein next to backbone, wash again and dry. Sprinkle fish inside and out with salt and pepper. Mix together butter, chives, seasonings, water and bread crumbs. Fill fish with stuffing and sew or skewer the edges together. Place in greased shallow baking dish, sprinkle with lemon juice and lay bacon lengthwise over fish. Bake in 375 degree oven about 1 hour. Makes 6 servings.

### CORN CASSEROLE

2 tablespoons butter or margarine
¼ cup chopped green pepper
2½ cups (No. 2 size can) cream-style corn
½ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
⅛ teaspoon celery salt
½ cup milk
¼ cup fine bread crumbs

Melt butter or margarine, add green pepper and simmer for 5 minutes. Add to remaining ingredients and mix thoroughly. Turn into greased casserole and bake in 375 degree oven for about 30 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

### SCALLOPED TOMATOES

Use your favorite recipe for this, but instead of cooking on the top of the stove turn them into a casserole and bake for 30 minutes.

### BAKED PEACHES WITH SHERRY

6 large or 12 small canned peach halves
¼ cup brown sugar
2 teaspoons butter or margarine
¼ cup cooking sherry

Place peach halves, hollow side up, in shallow greased baking dish. Sprinkle each half with sugar and dot with butter. Pour sherry over peaches, and bake in 375 degree oven until sugar is melted, about 15 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Here is a second fruit dessert which would also go nicely with this fish dinner if wine-flavored dishes are not favorites with your family.

### FRUIT NUT PUDDING

1 cup chopped cooked prunes
2 cups sweetened apple sauce
½ cup sugar
½ cup chopped nuts
2 teaspoons grated lemon rind
1 cup bread crumbs

Place half the prunes and apple sauce in greased baking dish. Combine sugar, nuts, lemon rind and bread crumbs and spread half this mixture over the prune and applesauce in the baking dish. Repeat the prune and apple sauce layer, and top with the remaining crumb mixture. Bake in a 450 degree oven until mixture is bubbling hot, about 25 minutes, and serve hot. Makes 6 servings.

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# Coast to Coast

(*Continued from page* 13)

forced to cancel his scheduled appearance for the Screen Guild Players. When Robert Young heard of Bill's problem, he promised to fill in on the show any time Lawrence needed him and for any type of role. You'll appreciate how fine a gesture this is, when you remember that all stars on the Screen Guild Players broadcasts turn over their husky fees to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

* * *

The USO-Camp Shows organization has been disbanded. The entertainment industry has taken over that outfit's work now, with a new organization set up, called Veterans Hospital Camp Shows, and provides live entertainment for disabled veterans.

* * *

Recently, we told you about The Greatest Story Ever Told shows being available in albums. Word comes that the recordings are being widely used already. In Los Angeles County, the Sheriff has made listening to the Greatest Story Ever Told part of his treatment designed to rehabilitate wayward juveniles brought within his jurisdiction.

* * *

In a strange way, Morton Downey is making some kind of history in his new, late evening song series. You may not know it, if you're outside New York, but Downey's Mutual program reaches New Yorkers via station WINS. Mutual bigwigs felt that Downey's soothing, soft singing should follow the eleven o'clock news broadcasts. But the execs couldn't clear the air time on Mutual's New York outlet, WOR, so, at the last minute, they bought time over WINS to serve as Mutual's local outlet for this one program until such time as the period can be cleared on WOR. This marks the first time in Mutual's radio history that the network has purchased outside time for a thrice weekly program.

* * *

Twelve years ago a lovely, red headed songstress by the name of Kitty Willigan quit her job as singer for Ray Noble's orchestra, left San Francisco and went to Hollywood to try for film fame. A few months ago, for the first time since 1935, she sang professionally again—and with Ray Noble's orchestra again. She recorded a tune which is in Noble's latest Columbia album.

The girl?—Singer Kitty Willigan is now known as Cathy Lewis, star of My Friend Irma! and feature player in many motion pictures. Cathy says she prefers radio to picture work. Radio stints leave her more time for a quiet, normal home life, which is what she wants.

* * *

Shades of the late Major Bowes—CBS is packaging units of eight acts composed of talent which has appeared on Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts show and sending them out on road tours.

# Coast to Coast

Incidentally, CBS stands to make approximately a half million dollars annually with these units.

* * *

Jack Carson's stooge and announcer, Hy Averbach, has a sideline that he's turning into a money maker. He's an excellent caricaturist. Now we learn that he has stopped doodling for his friends and is selling his stuff to leading magazines.

* * *

Personally, we're in favor of the idea that Don McNeill worked on awhile back. He did a twist on the programs which give away things all over the place. He asked visitors and listeners to give him something for the neediest families in Chicago. His appeal brought in over $10,000 worth of stuff.

* * *

Behind the scenes in Hollywood radio studios, agencies and networks alike are showing great concern over studio audiences at the broadcasts. The big complaint is that the same old faces look up from the same old seats week after week, in spite of everything done about the distribution of tickets. Most past attempts to manage proper ticket distribution have failed and, in an effort to free themselves of jaded audiences, several shows are going to "hit the road" with 13-week tours to major cities across the country. According to Hollywood agencies, the worst abuses occur at audience participation shows where the clique of gift-grabbing girls shows up at program after program and limits the attendance of more desirable "one-time" studio guests.

* * *

What you'd call the Long Voyage Home note—we hear that Lyn Murray, whose music and choral arrangements you've all known for years, had a much more romantic future mapped out for himself than being a musician. He even went so far as to run away to sea when he was seventeen.

* * *

A long time ago, we remember writing about Murray Forbes and how he was writing a novel, working every spare moment including times when he was resting in a studio from his acting chores on soap operas. Now comes word that Murray's novel is a hit, has been bought by the movies and Murray is likely to play a leading role in the screen's adaptation of his work, "Hollow Triumph."

* * *

Hollywood is buzzing about a transcribed co-op show boasting top stars and which isn't doing as well as had been expected. It's rumored that prospective sponsors in the hinterlands refuse to pick the show because it costs too much. Could it be that the stars waited just a little too long before embarking on their venture? That wolf's been threatening to sit on the doorstep for some time, now, and even the fancy payers in the past are zipping up their bankrolls.

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Its AMAZING . . . how long, thrilling hair adds allure; helps win romance, love.
LOVELIER GLAMOROUS HAIR may result when dry, brittle breaking off hair can be retarded, and scalp and hair are healthy, vigorous . . . so hair has a chance to get longer, more beautiful. Just try Beauty-Glo System 7 days. Your mirror will tell. Send $1 (if C.O.D. postage extra) with name and address.
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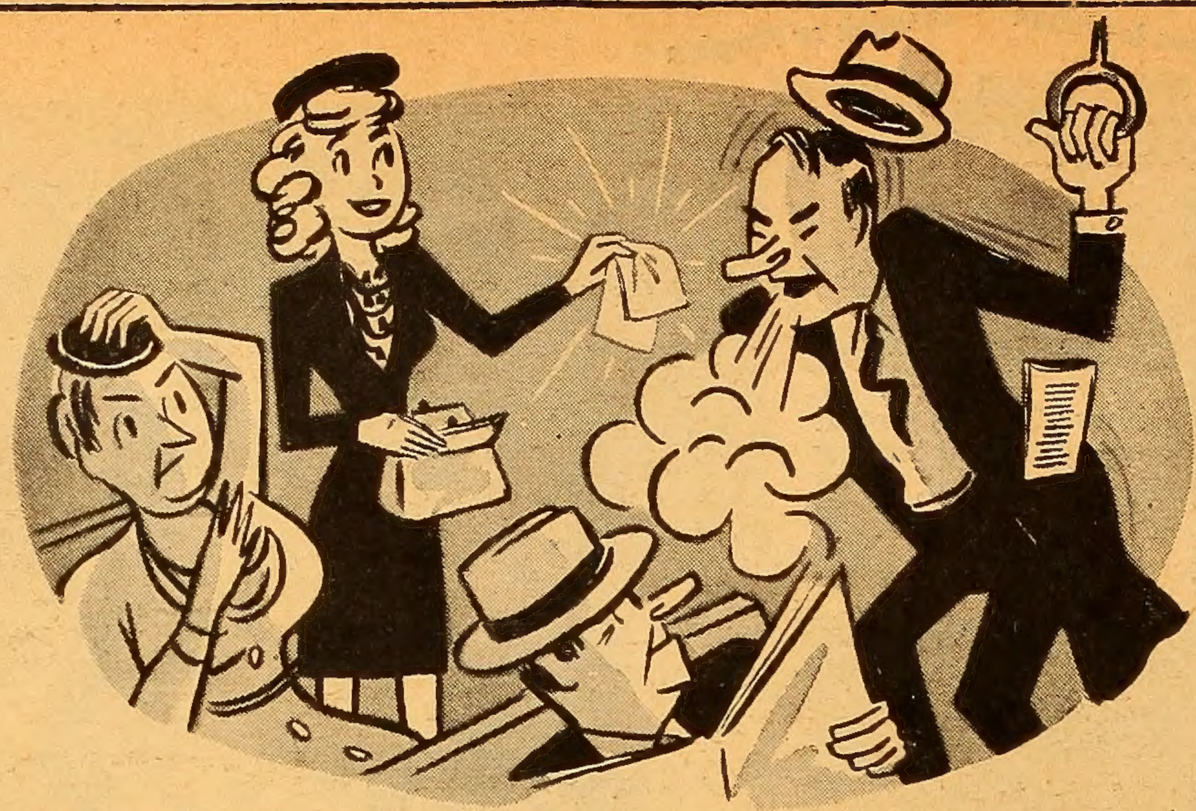

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The New Family Mutual Hospitalization Plan Protects your entire family. Costs only 3c a day for adults, 1½c a day for children.

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# Coast to Coast

## TELEVISION

Seeing that radio bigwigs are turning more and more attention to Television and prospect of video expansion, we're going to turn a little attention that way, too. And the veepee fellows are thinking in big terms. NBC Vice-president Frank E. Mullen estimated recently that within the next few years, television would get to be a 6 billion dollar industry and he looks for this kind of business to solve some of the economic headaches of the country. He sees the industry as supplying employment to some 250,000 people beyond those already engaged in the industry, as providing a stimulant for our business life as a whole and as inevitably bringing with it some tall changes in advertising.

Of course, going over all the stuff we could collect about this expanding industry, we got a little confused. Mr. Mullen estimated that by December 1949 there should be at least 2 million sets in use in the territory east of the Mississippi, which part of the country should also, by then, be adequately serviced by the relay systems being worked out now. On the other hand, Allan B. DuMont, prexy of the DuMont laboratories, says that while 125,000 sets were manufactured this past year, the industry will turn out about 750,000 sets next year. Prices will come down, he says, but not too much because parts are still high. We can't make these two sets of figures jibe. Anyway, it sounds like lots of sets.

* * *

Surveys are being made and figures are coming in. CBS research department estimates that in October 1947 there were 65,000 video sets receiving in the Greater New York area. A census taken in Chicago recently indicated that there were 7,273 sets in operation in and around the Windy City—56 percent in homes, 29 percent in restaurants and taverns and 15 percent in stores and demonstration halls.

* * *

In New York, television set owners can now go house-hunting in their own living rooms as a result of the new Previews, Inc., program being aired Thursdays at 8:15 via WABD. The program is sponsored by the National Real Estate Clearing House and features pictures of homes for sale and ready for occupancy.

* * *

Television broadcasters are organizing to arrange full video coverage of the political conventions in 1948. That ought to be something to see as well as hear all the way through. Movie newsreel coverage never quite gets across the whole picture.

* * *

From Hollywood comes word that Harold Peary, whom you probably know better as The Great Gildersleeve, has been beefing around radio studios for months because the radio execs aren't doing enough experimenting with television shows. He claims that the major movie studios are going to corner the show selling market because they have been fooling around with ideas like preparing half-hour movies from video transcription, while radio idea men have been letting time pass without any similar gimmicks cropping up.

# Make Spare-time Money Quick!

## THIS EASY WAY

### AND GET YOUR OWN DRESSES WITHOUT COST as an extra bonus

Just think what you could do with $18, $20, or $25 a week to spend for anything you want! And think of getting your own lovely Spring dresses *without a penny of cost!* That's the wonderful chance we offer you! Really—all this can be yours, just by taking orders for FASHION FROCKS in your spare hours.

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### NO PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE REQUIRED

These stunning FASHION FROCKS are such a wonderful buy for such a low cost, you can't *stop* women from buying them. Every woman knows about FASHION FROCKS, and especially the sensational new styles designed by Constance Bennett. Miss Bennett is famous as "one of the world's ten best-dressed women." She lends her smart style sense *exclusively* to designing FASHION FROCKS. The minute women hear that Constance Bennett herself designed these charming originals, you get orders right and left. You surely don't need selling experience when you make sales as easy as *that!*

### EVERY DAY'S DELAY COSTS YOU MONEY

Openings for FASHION FROCK representatives have been filling up fast, especially since the news about Constance Bennett's new designs got around. Don't put it off—*don't wait.* Get started today. Develop a steady group of regular customers who order dresses through you every season. Your Style Presentation Portfolio contains handsome rich samples of America's most beautiful fabrics. It's *free*—costs you nothing. Mail the coupon now to reserve this Free Portfolio. No obligation—nothing to pay. Just paste coupon to postcard and mail it *today!*

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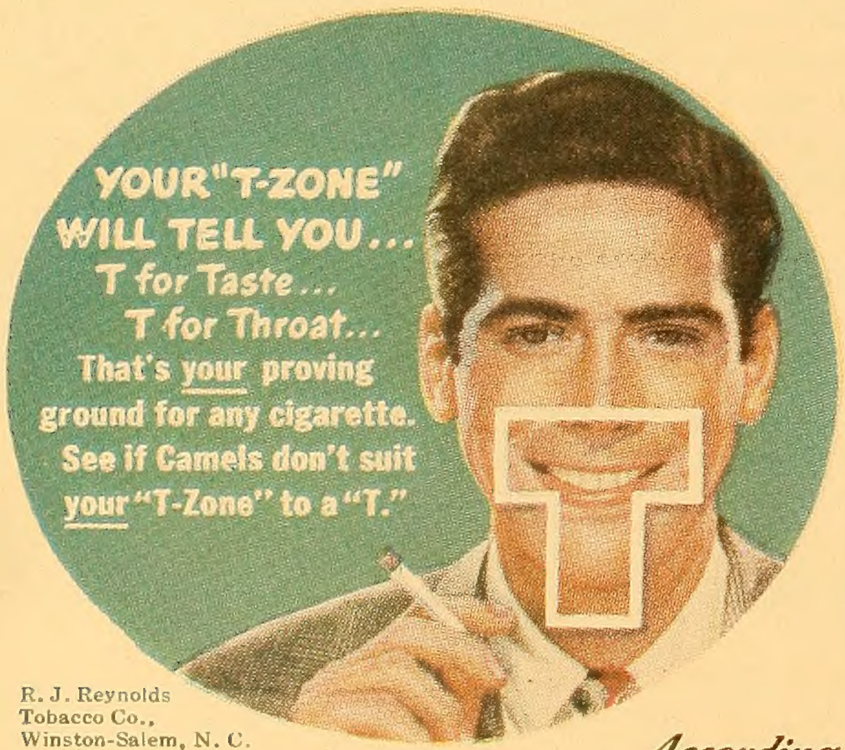
# More people are smoking CAMELS than ever before!

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BALLET STAR Kathryn Lee has her own reasons... from her own experience: "During the wartime cigarette shortage, I tried many different brands," says Miss Lee. "I compared . . . learned by experience that Camels suit my 'T-Zone' to a 'T.' I've smoked Camels ever since!"

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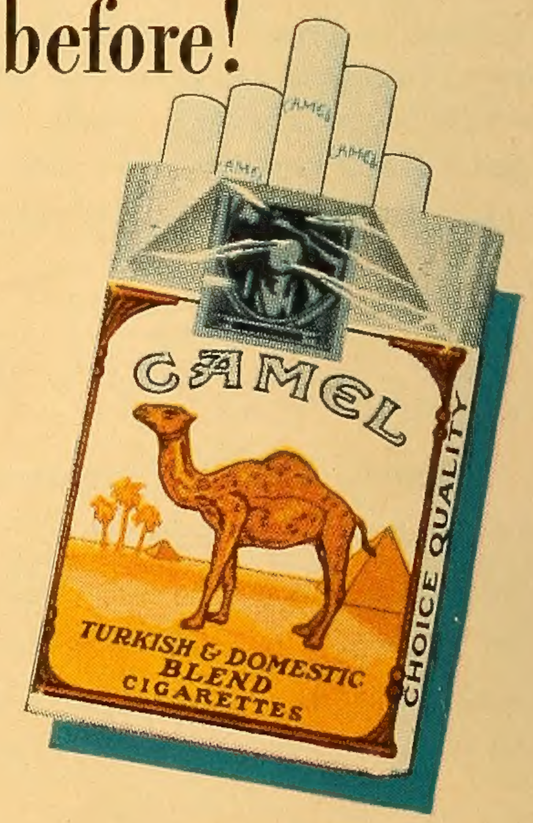


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